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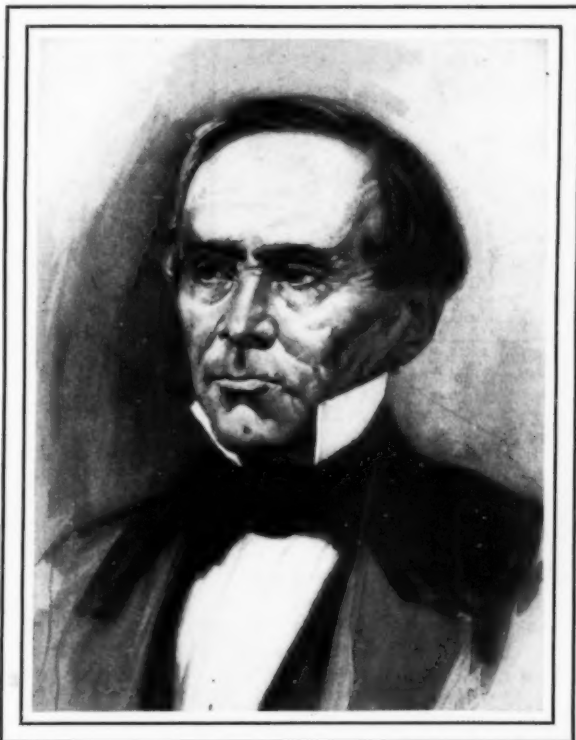
Number 1

THE PASSING OF THE PLUNGER

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WITH the death of James R. Keene, not only did Wall Street lose its master manipulator, but a whole dramatic era of personal and adventurous prowess in speculative finance came to an

end. Here was a man whose career was linked with the bonanza kings in the West, and in the East with the pirates of Erie; who was in, but not of, a large part of our corporate development; who regarded the



DANIEL DREW, A STOCK-DROVER, WHO BECAME ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE WALL STREET PLUNGERS, BUT WHO FINALLY DIED POOR

Drawn by S. G. Cahan from a photograph

vast checker-board of speculation as a Spanish main. With the restless spirit of John W. Gates stilled forever, he was the very last of the great plungers—the fading embodiment of the creed of the Street That Was.

Yet had he not yielded to the burden of

the story of American business. It enriched a few and impoverished many; it disorganized finance, and made more than one legitimate enterprise the pawn and plaything of gamblers.

Clearly to understand the tremendous importance which attaches to the eclipse of the professional manipulator of the old type, it is first necessary, perhaps, to give some explanation of a tangled and troubled phase of our market business, and to show the tools of his trade.

Both the manipulator and his adventurous brother, the cornerer of crops, were made possible by the abuse of the machinery of investment. They could never have plied their game without the stock exchange and the board of trade. Yet both of these institutions are economic necessities. Without them there would be no place to standardize security prices and establish values. The quarrel, therefore, is not with the machine, but with the men who perverted it, and with the long and costly laxity which permitted this perversion of what is rightfully a legitimate function of financial trade.

The average man may not realize that stock prices obey the fundamental law of physics, which is, that a body at rest remains at rest until acted on by some outside force; on the other hand, if put in motion, it has a tendency to remain in motion. The art of manipulation consisted of accelerating this motion by various processes, making the public believe that the stock was

really changing in value, and was actually being bought or sold.

The two chief purposes of the professional manipulator were to "make a market" for new securities and to secure large profits as a result of fluctuations carefully planned in advance.

Most of the manipulation designed to "make a market" for a new stock—or sometimes for an old one—has been effected by what are known as "wash" or fictitious sales, and through "matched orders"—activities in which Keene and his kind were past masters. In such cases, if the trans-



JAMES FISK, JR., WHO WAS CALLED "THE EVIL GENIUS OF ERIE,"
AND WHOSE CHECKERED SPECULATIVE CAREER
ENDED IN HIS MURDER

Drawn by S. G. Cahan from a photograph

the years, the time was at hand when he and the type he represented must inevitably have bowed before the aroused intelligence and organized supervision which marks the dawn of the new financial day. Out of this transition may be drawn a helpful lesson of far-reaching significance, because the railroads, the crops, the industries, upon which his speculative activities were based, are essential elements in our national life, and touch all the people in some way.

The panorama of the plunger, which now seems to have reached the end of its film, has contributed a dazzling episode to

action is anything more than a mere pretense, it consists of buying and selling the same stock for the same operator, so that there is no real transfer of the security, and the only money that changes hands is the brokers' commission.

The glaring evil of this transaction is that the public, seeing a stock bought and sold in large quantities at rising prices—for the operator constantly marks up his fictitious figures—rushes in and buys, and then is left to "hold the bag." This was one of the familiar practises of the manipulator, who might either be operating for himself, or be engaged by some outside interest, as Keene was repeatedly. The hired manager of a speculative pool was a Hessian of the Street, waging war for a fee, and with no further personal concern at stake.

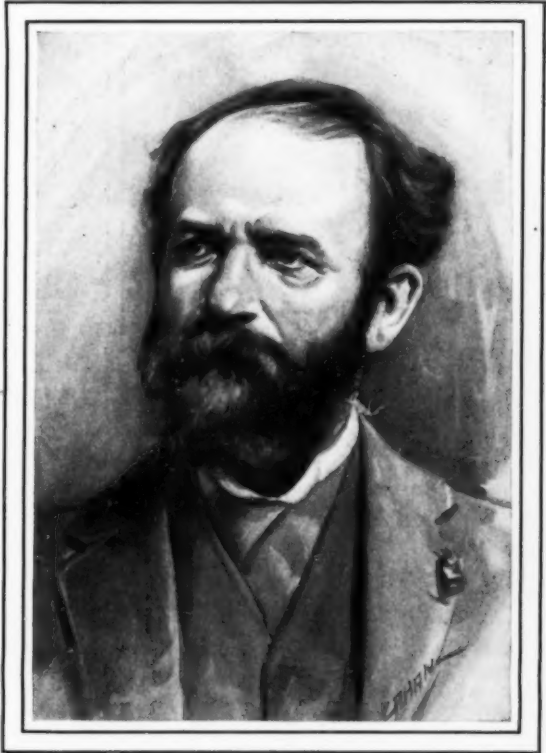
The corner, which is full kin to manipulation, and which created a whole school of plungers, grew out of trading in futures—the system that enables a man to sell a commodity which he does not own for delivery at some future time. Most of these so-called "short" sales are made by "bearish" speculators, who expect to buy, later, at a lower price than the figure at which they have sold. This opens the door to the cornerer, the deadly enemy of the "bears."

What almost invariably happened in the historic corners was that one man, or, more often, a group of men acting together, "bulled" the market, buying all the futures in sight, and putting up the price so high, for a time, that the unhappy "shorts" were squeezed to death. Such corners are simply hold-ups, legitimized by speculative tradition. If successful, they make the trade and the public pay ransom, as well as the vanquished speculators.

In the case of grain corners, very little of the actual grain ever went to Chicago, which was the scene of most of these transactions. In the case of manipulated stock, little of the actual security need be handled by the men who "make the market."

In a word, the whole process of manipulating and cornering consists of starting a big market conflagration, running to cover, and collecting insurance, in the shape of profits, from the scorched victims.

But what, you may ask, is the connection between the manipulator and the plunger?



JAY GOULD, WHOSE MANIPULATIVE GENIUS WON HIM THE TITLE OF "THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET"

Drawn by S. G. Cahan from a photograph

They are closely allied, in that both are the by-products of speculation; but there is also this distinction—a plunger like John W. Gates was not necessarily a manipulator, but a manipulator, like James R. Keene, was always a plunger.

We have come to regard both types as a menace to the legitimate business of Wall Street. Down in that narrow Golden Lane, sentineled at one end by Trinity Church and washed at the other by the East River, the nation's financial pulse throbs, and the tides of credit ebb and flow. If the prices which are fixed in the marble pile of the New York Stock Exchange, and which leap



B. P. HUTCHINSON, FAMOUS AS "OLD HUTCH," A GREAT CHICAGO WHEAT PLUNGER WHO DIED IN POVERTY

Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph

on electric sparks to the remotest ends of the world, prove not to reflect legitimate values, then thousands may suffer, and the fabric of vast industrial enterprises may be shaken.

The big fact that justifies the title of this article is that we have come to a time when the Stock Exchange is ceasing to be the playground of cupidity and selfish speculative ambition, and is at length beginning to realize its true economic function as a barometer of trade, an incentive to corporate expansion, and a medium for constructive investment.

The approach to this bettered condition has been along the turbulent highway of financial piracy, bitter personal warfare, and the intermittent hurling of the marketplace into chaos, panic, and widespread disaster. Yet the very story of this approach conveys an illuminating lesson, and points a pertinent moral; for, stripped of everything else, it is the chronicle of the rise, decline, and fall of the plunger.

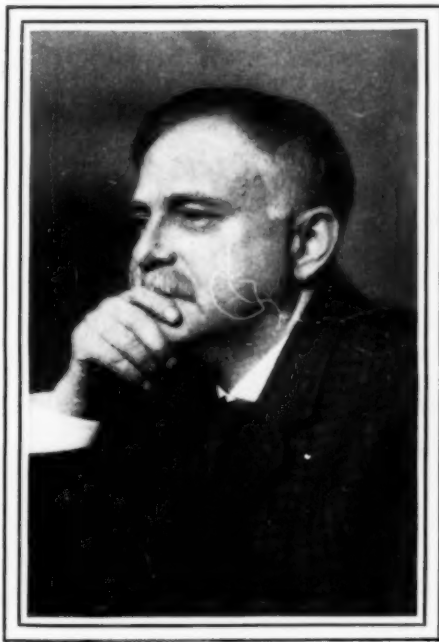
The circumstances which enabled him to flourish form a chapter in our business record that every man should know. They

will aid him in making some measure of the upheaval which has shaken our whole corporate system to the core, and has given to the investment of the average citizen's money a rebirth of character, stability, and permanency.

WHEN KEENE CAME EAST

When James R. Keene came to Wall Street like a speculative *Lochinvar* out of the West, he discovered a friendly soil on which to thrive. He had matched the powers of the bonanza kings in the mining market of the Pacific coast; and in the New York of the seventies he found an atmosphere that stirred his imagination and whetted his appetite for the sport of financial monarchs.

It was the golden era of the "personal" attitude toward great public properties. There had risen up that group of militant overlords who regarded railroads as their individual possessions, and who gave American finance its most picturesque tradition. Commodore Vanderbilt was master of the New York Central; the Erie was a seething battle-ground of sordid and de-



JAMES A. PATTEN, WHOSE WHEAT CORNER OF 1909 WAS ONE OF THE FEW SUCCESSFUL DEALS OF THE KIND

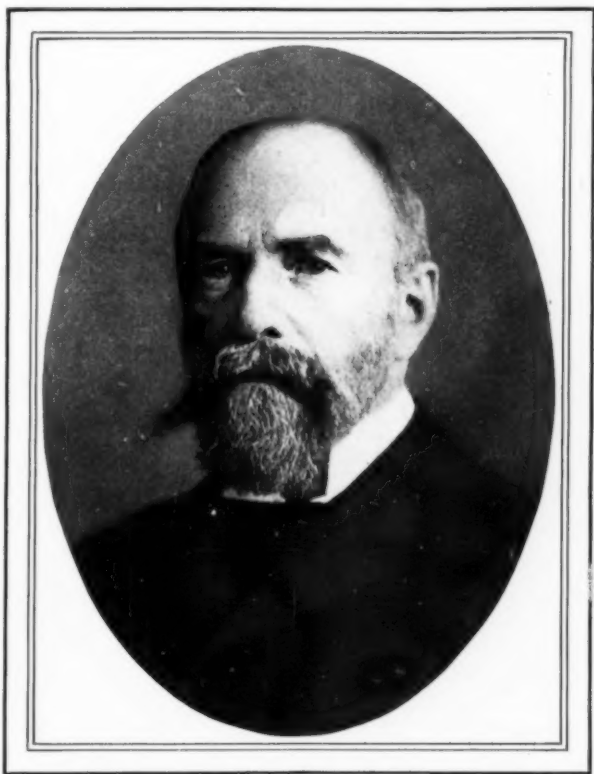
From a photograph by Palmer, Chicago

structive ambition; men quarreled and fought over the Western Union as if it were some beautiful human prize.

Nor was there any sectional line in this state of mind. As the railroad spread its network of conquering steel across the land, linking East and West, new autocrats arose

worthy was equally willing to wreck the Erie in order to settle scores with Jay Gould or Jim Fisk. The plunger plunged against his kind.

When these men needed stock to carry on their campaigns, they simply hired a printing-press and turned it out overnight,



JAMES R. KEENE, THE GREATEST PROFESSIONAL MANIPULATOR OF HIS TIME, AND THE LAST OF THE OLD TYPE OF PLUNGERS

From a photograph by Tillotson & Terrell, Chicago

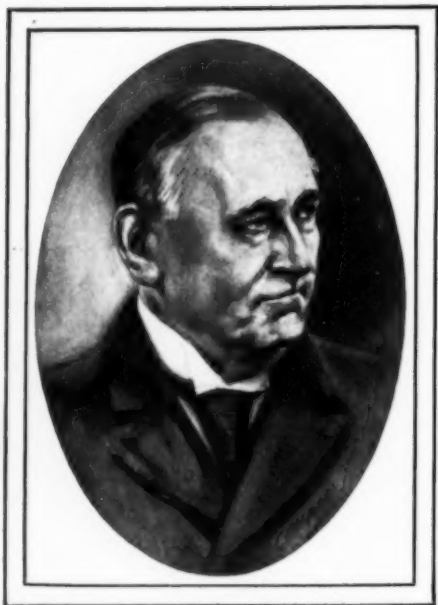
to wield new scepters. Men of the type of Collis P. Huntington, for instance, regarded the early Pacifics as their very own. It may be recalled that when Huntington got his celebrated bill for the Central Pacific through Congress, he sent home the laconic but impressive message:

"We have drawn the elephant!"

Almost everything in big finance was "personal." A merciless manipulator like the first of the Vanderbilts had no scruple about making the Harlem Railroad the weapon for settling a grudge with his astute foe "Uncle" Daniel Drew. The latter

as the story of Erie shows. They corrupted courts, pillaged the public, and made the loot of corporate properties a fine art. The lure of their fierce gambling drew the public into the market, and thousands dropped their savings in the periodic crashes that followed these speculative duels.

Nor was the Stock Exchange solely to blame for this carnival of unbridled speculation. The laws relating to business were crude or lax. There was no official supervision at Washington. Whole States were without organized or statutory resistance to the aggression and avarice of the promoter.



EDWIN HAWLEY, A GREAT SPECULATOR IN RAILROADS, WHO ALSO FIGURED IN THE SULLY COTTON CORNER

Drawn by S. G. Cahoon from a copyrighted photograph by Thompson, New York

As a result, water flowed without check into the securities of the day. No safeguard had been placed about the distribution of franchises, and these precious rights to corporate life went to the strongest political pull and the most silent and unscrupulous purse. There was no Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate common carriers and compel publicity in their management and financing; there were no public service commissions to censor securities and set up a transportation tribunal for all the people.

It must not be forgotten, of course, that the railroad was still a comparatively new thing. Its construction and management had not been perfected or standardized, as is the case to-day; its commercial success was precarious and uncertain. It lent itself naturally to speculative control, and the very same stocks that have now become seasoned and sterling investments were then mere counters in the gamblers' hands.

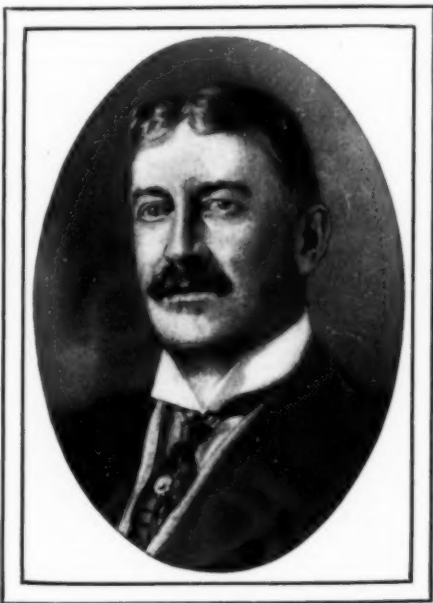
The listing of securities was a joke. The operation of the Stock Exchange in those days was well-nigh a continuous performance, for a branch was maintained up-town. Many railroads were run from brokers'

offices. The ticker was more important than the expert accountant and the practical master of traffic. A road might have enormous concealed assets, or it might be virtually bankrupt, and no one knew the real condition of its affairs. Whole systems were tossed from speculative pillar to manipulative post.

Out of this chaos the plunger and the manipulator drew their choicest asset, which consisted of "inside" information. Here you touch a characteristic phase of Wall Street psychology, or, for that matter, of the psychology of all human nature, which is in constant quest of some opportunity to avail itself of the forbidden or the secret.

So long as a railroad was personal property, it was easy for the insider to know, in advance of the public, of any important step which would enhance or depress its securities. The capitalization of this knowledge—a feat of which the late E. H. Harriman gave the last shining example in 1906—has long been one of the abuses of speculation.

It made the insider a personage in Wall Street, courted, sought, and flattered. No



DANIEL J. SULLY, WHOSE IMMENSE COTTON SPECULATION OF 1903 AND 1904 ENDED IN DISASTER

Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph by Underwood, New York

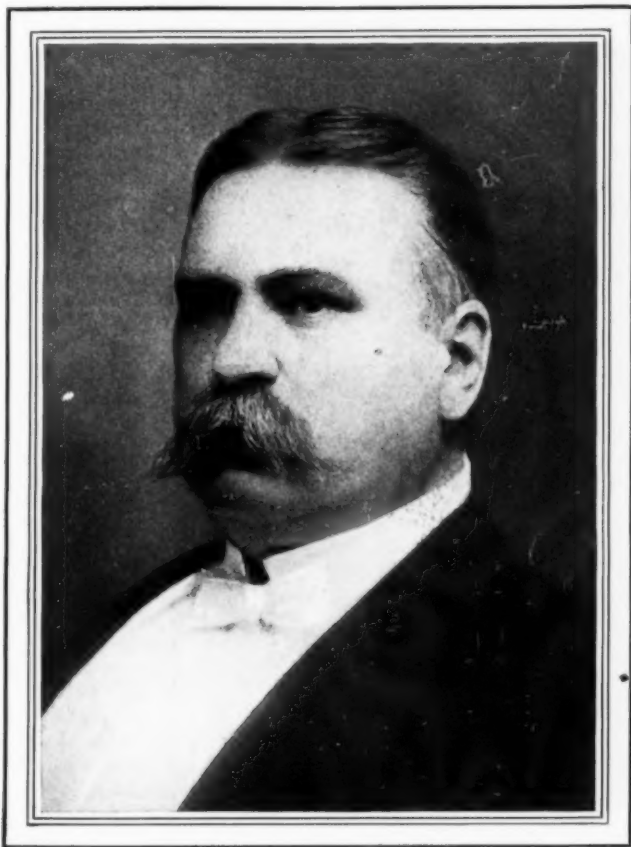
comment on this state of affairs was more apt than that made by old Daniel Drew—himself one of the fraternity—when he said in the saddened twilight of his broken life:

"To speckilate in Wall Street when you are no longer an insider is like buying cows by candle-light."

but neither of them ever lost the instinct for daring speculation.

THE MASTER AND HIS METHODS

Take, for example, the case of Keene. No commentary on his methods could be more eloquent than the simple fact that



JOHN W. GATES, WHO WAS A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE IN BUSINESS AND FINANCE AS WELL AS THE MOST SPECTACULAR PLUNGER OF HIS DAY

From a photograph by Brown, New York

Hence one of the great games of speculation was the pursuit of "information." Men who were supposed "to know" began to have large followings. Rumors and rumors of rumors—those will-o'-the-wisps of the Street—began to hover before the eyes of eager pursuers.

Such were the conditions that brought about the era of Keene, Gates, and the latter-day plungers. Both lived to see a complete breakdown of the old financial order,

although he was intimately involved with the securities of dozens of great railway and industrial enterprises, ranging from Sugar to Steel, he never had any part in their upbuilding. Shares of stock were to him as so many counters cast out on the green cloth of a gigantic game of chance.

To see Keene in action was to behold the very incarnation of the manipulative spirit. Once I had this opportunity, for I went to get his views on speculation. His



DANIEL G. REID. ONE OF THE LAST OF THE "PERSONAL" LEADERS
IN THE STOCK MARKET, AND SPECIALLY IDENTIFIED
WITH ROCK ISLAND AND AMERICAN CAN

From a photograph by Marceau. New York

office, which was in a big Broad Street building well within the shadow of the Stock Exchange, was characteristic of the man and his trade. Mystery pervaded it. You could not enter without a careful inspection of credentials.

When you knocked—the door was always locked—a boy poked out his head cautiously and inquired your business. If you were admitted, you saw a large, simple

room, hung with pictures of race-horses. In the center was a roll-top desk, and near it the unfailing symbol of the master's calling—the ticker.

Beside this ticker I saw the man—sometime cowboy, editor, and broker—who was more feared, perhaps, than any other person of his speculative generation. He was small, thin, and gray, and had the eyes of a lynx. A silk hat was tilted back on his head; an unlighted cigar stuck between his teeth; his hands were dug deep in his pockets.

Before I could speak, the ticker sputtered. It was like a trumpet-call to battle. The little man's eyes flashed, and his body seemed to galvanize into a terrible energy, as he turned to the tape and let it rustle through his long, thin fingers. One look was sufficient—a word spelled to him a whole transaction—and he began to pace the room like a caged cougar. Every now and then he went back to the ticker.

During one of the brief calms I asked him about his idea of speculation. This is what he said, in substance:

"Without speculation—call it gambling, if you will—initiative and enterprise would cease, business would decay, values would decline, and the country

would go back twenty years in less than a twelvemonth."

This was Keene's creed, and it is part of the Wall Street philosophy. But the speculation of Keene, which was that of a soldier of fortune, and the speculation of Harriman, which was linked with the creation of wealth and constructive public service, are two entirely different things.

Keene developed and perfected the

daring, dangerous, and fascinating art of the professional manipulator. He was a sort of Warwick of stocks—the greatest of all market-makers. His profession required cunning, resource, courage, intimate knowledge of human nature, and the very highest strategic genius. Applied to actual war, these gifts would have won a field-marshal's baton. Viewing the net results of such a career, it is lamentable that they should have been devoted to driving prices up or down in the stock market, generally in defiance of true values.

Few captains of capital dared to wage war without making terms with him. When Henry O. Havemeyer wanted Sugar exploited, he got Keene to do it. When Henry H. Rogers launched Amalgamated Copper, it was Keene who helped to lead the speculative way. William C. Whitney, alternately his friend and his foe, put him at the head of Third Avenue and Tobacco. J. P. Morgan engaged him to make the market for United States Steel after the great billion-dollar flotation.

Yet in these and in other great manipulative campaigns that he carried on, the gray wizard always remained under cover. Entrenched in the seclusion of his office and behind a battery of telephones he drove the conflict. One set of brokers bought for him; another sold. His allies, working side by side on the floor of the exchange, did not know that they were serving a common chieftain.

Keene's manipulations are interwoven with the record of the last thirty years of Wall Street, and not all of it is pleasant reading. He made and lost half a dozen fortunes. Once he was caught under an avalanche of wheat—for nothing speculative escaped him—and at another time Jay Gould took his scalp.

Somebody once asked him to tell the secret of his success, and he made this laconic reply:

"I can lay it bare in a single sentence. The whole world is my spy, and I pay the highest price for information."

Once, when I asked him if men should speculate, he said:

"Tell them to keep out! With all the resources at my command, I have never been able to win oftener than four times out of seven."

One final fact is illuminative of the man and his calling. In his inner office was a copper brazier. Every night, before he

went up-town, Keene piled it full of all the correspondence, memoranda, instructions, and general evidences of the day's work. Then he applied a match himself and watched it dissolve in smoke. From the pile of ashes no secrets could arise to confound him.

"BET-YOU-A-MILLION" GATES

While Keene stood in a class by himself as a manipulative genius, he represented only one type of the plunger—the professional who works from the outside. There are also plungers who operate from the inside—that is, who are officers or accredited promoters of the enterprises exploited. Such, for instance, are Daniel G. Reid and Judge W. H. Moore, whose big transactions have ranged from Diamond Match to Rock Island and American Can. Then, too, there is the free lance of the market-place, the operator who works from both inside and outside. The greatest and most pyrotechnic example of this type was John W. Gates.

Gates differed from Keene in many interesting particulars. Indeed the one was the physical and speculative antithesis of the other. Where Keene was aloof, mysterious, and secretive, Gates was bold, blunt, and buoyant. Keene had no connection with the corporations he manipulated, while Gates was an organizer and a promoter.

To use his own phrase, Gates believed that "all life was gambling." As he saw it, the farmer who plants seeds, the merchant who buys a stock of goods, even the traveler who sets out on a journey, participate in the hazard of speculation.

Gates began with barbed wire, and his first important venture made him a wire king. This brought him into our most militant industry, for he became the father of Federal Steel, the immediate forerunner of that biggest of all combinations, the United States Steel Corporation. He wanted to be a director, but was turned down by J. P. Morgan, who is said to have declared that the Western speculator's advent into Wall Street was "like a bull going into a china-shop."

Gates was the most spectacular of plungers. During an active market it was not uncommon for him to carry a line of twenty or thirty million dollars' worth of stocks on a margin. He was badly scorched more than once. In 1903, when things went badly with him it was reported

that he was "broke." When a reporter asked him about it, he made the characteristic reply:

"Not broke, but badly bent!"

INCIDENTS OF A PICTURESQUE CAREER

His largest single operation, perhaps, was his purchase, in the open market, of the control of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He really did not want the road—few plungers ever want actual possession of the thing they plunge on—but he heard that August Belmont and his circle were short on the stock, so he sailed in, and a whirlwind buying campaign ended in putting the road into his vest-pocket.

The spectacle of this wild plunger controlling a great, standard railroad struck horror to the heart of conservative finance, and especially that part of it which had to do with Southern transportation. Gates might have created a situation which would have menaced the general commercial interests of the South. J. P. Morgan thought so, and he bought back the road, at a big profit to Gates.

Gates and gambling were well-nigh synonymous terms. Many stories are told of his "bet-you-a-million" proclivities. On one occasion he went to San Antonio to look over some property. Some business men there, desiring to entertain the great operator, raised a fund of sixty thousand dollars for a game of poker. When Gates arrived, he was put up at the leading club, and asked if he would care for a little game.

"Fine!" he said. "How much have you got?"

"We have sixty thousand dollars," said the spokesman, with pride and pleasure.

"All right!" replied Gates, pulling out a silver dollar. "Which do you call—heads or tails?"

So thoroughly was Gates immersed in the plunging spirit that even his servants were infected, as this characteristic story shows. One winter, when he went to Palm Beach, he had such an attentive waiter in the hotel dining-room that he gave him a regular fee of ten dollars a week. After a few weeks, he noticed that this darky was missing, and another waiter served in his place. Gates called up the original servitor and demanded an explanation, which he got as follows:

"Here am de explanashun, sah. You big folks, you goes down to de Casino to gamble. We waitahs has ouah own little

game o' craps. I put up all de money I got from you, sah, and lost it. Den, Mistah Gates, I put you up, and I done lose you!"

Gates, like most of his kind, was not without a keen wit. Once the son of an old friend came to him with a letter of introduction. The young man was fresh from college; he told the plunger his story, and then added:

"I want to make an honest living in business, and I have decided to start down here in Wall Street. What do you think of my chances?"

"You couldn't start in a better place, with that ambition," responded Gates. "You won't have any competition!"

In one sense, Gates was a less dangerous force than Keene, because he was always an optimist and a bull; but throughout his career he remained a menace to the equanimity of the market. His kind of plunging raised almost endless possibilities of disastrous complications.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORNERS

Stock speculation, with all the manipulative accessories that disorganize business and make great public properties their helpless prey, is bad enough. But, bad as it is, it pales in far-reaching costliness alongside its colleague of unrest, the corner. Here you find the plunger on different and more dangerous ground, often hurling the whole country into terror and trouble.

No activity in all the huge drama of business is quite so fateful. The corner in a staple commodity works a far greater hardship than the manipulation of a security. It mulcts the consumer, and seldom benefits the producer. The price of the very necessities of life are sent soaring, for a time. When the almost inevitable "break" comes, it brings disturbance and depression; and all because of a selfish ambition which has no constructive end.

By some curious irony, the cornerer has almost invariably reaped the whirlwind. In most instances, whether he has operated in wheat, in corn, in lard, or in cotton, he has had to fight, not only against his market antagonists, but also against the whole community's legitimate desire to live and to be clothed, and against the great law of demand and supply.

There is no need of rehearsing here the long and tragic story of American corners. Run the whole list, from the Lyon wheat

collapse, back in 1872, up to Patten's great coup in 1909—one of the few really successful deals of the kind—and you behold a series of disasters that have wrecked lives and crumpled fortunes.

Despite the elaborateness of their preparation, corners have almost without exception foundered on the unexpected. Joseph Leiter, for example, became a Napoleon of wheat, with a clean-up of five millions in his grasp, but he overstayed the market and went to smash. Daniel J. Sully, likewise on the top wave of a tremendous fortune in cotton, was "sold out," and tumbled to bankruptcy. James R. Keene, in his one great wheat operation—the unsuccessful corner of 1879 and 1880—underestimated the sources of supply, and was inundated under the rush of the grain that came hurtling from a thousand hidden bins. John H. Inman, one time conqueror of cotton, played against the weather and lost; and so on.

THE COMMON FATE OF THE PLUNGER

What, then, is the fate of the plunger? A few like Keene, Gates, Reid, Judge Moore, P. D. Armour, James A. Patten, and Edward Partridge, have made and kept fortunes. But among a host of others, and especially those who sought to corner crops, financial disaster finally overtook them. Take the cases of B. P. Hutchinson, the "Old Hutch" of sensational wheat trading; S. V. White, better known as Deacon White, once lord of Lackawanna; E. L. Harper, of Cincinnati, who went from wheat tragedy to a felon's cell; Charles Coster, who passed from corn failure to a suicide's grave, and scores of less conspicuous colleagues. An avenging hand seems to have smitten them.

The case of Edwin Hawley was a peculiar one. He had the instincts of the plunger, without the courage of a Keene or a Gates. I once heard him make a singular prophecy.

It was at the very high tide of his career. His ancient foe, Harriman, lay dying up in the Ramapo Hills, and many people believed that this silent, pallid man might step into the vacant overlordship of our steam transportation. He was thought to be welding a railway empire all his own. Powerful Wall Street banks seemed entrenched behind him; his interests reached from sea to sea.

Yet in that slow, monosyllabic way he had of talking, he said:

"They will get me in the end!"

And they nearly did. For, as most people know, when Hawley died, what was supposed to be a very large estate was found to have shrunk to comparatively small dimensions. He had been trimmed by the Nemesis that stalks in the Street.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA

More cheering than this old spectacle of manipulated market and corner crash is the vision of the new financial day. The abuse of the machinery of investment has been its own undoing. On every side the strong arm of regulation is being raised against the plunger and his methods.

As this article is being written, the New York Stock Exchange, anticipating drastic action at Albany, has begun to reform itself. Manipulation through "matched orders" has been forbidden. This means that stock transactions hereafter must involve an actual transfer of the ownership of securities. There is a plan to incorporate the exchange under the supervision of the State banking department.

Evils like overcapitalization, the abuse of the holding company, the creation of fictitious stock values, and the cornering of commodities—which is real restraint of trade—are all coming under a process of elimination which is part of the new gospel of corporate regulation.

What is the significance of these changes? For one thing, it means that when the public seeks investment for its money, it will have fair treatment; that it will not be lured to drop its savings into the pitfalls of fictitious values dug with the tools of manipulation.

It means, too, that the old era of "personal" financiers, who regarded public properties as their private possessions, has ended. There is less "inside" information, and more "outside" information, for the fierce light of publicity beats about the corporate throne. The time is gone when men of the Keene and Harriman type can regard the field of speculative finance just as Drake and Cortez looked on the geographical world in the brave, swashbuckling days of old. The individual "killing" must give way to organized and regulated conquest.

The genius of these militant captains of capital may find a reincarnation, but their methods cannot. The day of the plunger is over.

AMALGAMATION No. 3

A Discussion in Which Some Facts and Conclusions Are Stated That Have a Pretty Direct Bearing on the Present Political Situation—The Bread - and - Butter Issue, Constructive Statesmanship, Form the Corner-Stone of a Political Party—No Hope of Overcoming Democratic Power Save in a Combination of Voters Opposed to Democratic Principles and Practises

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

IN party spirit and party prejudice, the line of cleavage between the Republican and Progressive parties is more distinct to-day than it was at any time during the campaign. In the early weeks of the new party's life, many men who finally remained in the old organization were well-nigh persuaded to join the new. But the decision finally made to stay where they were, they naturally proceeded to justify themselves in what they had done. This was inevitable, the way human nature always does it.

So, with the Republicans we now have a body of men stubbornly opposed to the Progressives. They have so buttressed themselves in their position that they lean backward in their prejudice against the new party.

On the other hand, the Progressives, for the most part, are even more openly hostile to the Republicans than the Republicans are to them. When my first article on amalgamation came out, Mr. Bird, the recent Progressive candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, said, in a letter to me, that amalgamation, or union with the Republicans, was simply unthinkable. I hope Mr. Bird's attitude is not representative of the entire party. I do not believe it is. Certainly in this utterance he did not voice my views.

If it were a question of the Progressive party merging with the Republican party, I should take as strong a stand against it as Mr. Bird or any other man anywhere. But for the Progressives to meet the Republicans half-way, to meet them on neutral ground in a national conference, with a view to forming a new party into which each should merge, would be quite another matter, and would be free from all the objections and prejudices that each holds toward the other.

I have said much the same thing before, but so few people understand my proposal—especially so few Progressives, who hold to the idea that my scheme of amalgamation means surrendering to the Republican party all the ground we have fought for and won—that it is well to repeat it. Of course,

I mean no such thing, and no one who will take the pains to read my articles can draw any such conclusion from them.

We have had six or eight weeks of discussion of my proposal, which has passed through the satirical stage and is now occupying the serious thought of the voters of all parties, the Democrats as well as others.

Nothing could be quite so disturbing to the Democrats as to see an amalgamation of the vote that is opposed to them. This opposing vote, welded into a single solid organization, would be the controlling vote in the nation. Naturally, the Democrats are not very keen to see anything like this happen.

By a good many Republicans my suggestion has been cordially received, but the men in control hold doggedly to the grip they have on the organization, and to the old party name. Their present scheme, as it is shaping up, is largely or almost wholly to preempt the ground now occupied by the Progressives, not for love of reform and better ideals, but to get into the field where the persimmons grow. With political bosses, principles are easily readjusted to opportunities.

But if, as is not probable, the Republicans should succeed in reforming themselves within their own party, casting out the rascals and squaring themselves to the preferential primary, to social justice, to industrial evolution, and to first-rate ideals, they would be a puny thing in the strife for political supremacy without the numerical strength of the Progressives.

The Republican name has done its work. It does not fit the situation to-day. It cannot be the emblem of a nation-wide party, and anything short of a nation-wide party doesn't measure up to the requirements of the hour. The economic principles and wider nationalism of the men composing the Republican party would not be less virile and forceful under a new name that made them nation-wide in scope and application. To restrict these by clinging to a name against which there is an undying prejudice, as there is in the South against the Republican name, is neither big nor broad nor intelligent nor patriotic.

A mere name is nothing. The principles and the heart back of a name are everything.

The Progressives oppose amalgamation on the ground that it is not necessary, believing confidently, as they do, that the Republican voters in large numbers are sure to come over to them. But this isn't likely to happen. There is just about as much chance of the Progressives going over to the Republicans as there is that the Republicans will come over to the Progressives. And there isn't the slightest probability that the Progressives as a body, or in any considerable number, will ever return to the Republican party.

Indeed, if the Progressives as a party were to disband, not more than fifteen per cent of them would join the ranks of the Republicans. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that there is any apparent possibility of the Progressive party breaking up. I use the expression merely to bring clearly into the foreground the attitude of the Progressives in their hostility to the old party, and to point out how idle it is for Republicans to look for any considerable accession to their depleted ranks from the Progressives.

The Republicans, as a matter of fact, are relatively much better off with the Progressives in the field, for the reason that if the latter were to go out

of business, many more of their voters would go over to the Democrats than to the Republicans, probably three or four to one. This would enormously increase the already overwhelming lead of the Democrats over the Republicans.

Nothing is clearer at this writing than that the incoming administration will be emphatically progressive, and that the Democratic party will be under the control of its progressive wing. The chances are that the ground of the Progressive party will be well covered by the Democrats under Wilson's and Bryan's leadership, and that the Democrats will even sweep far over into the territory of utter radicalism.

Apart from the questions of tariff and wider nationalism, there is nothing of a strictly progressive or radical nature that the Democrats cannot take on without in the slightest degree moving from the foundational rock on which they stand. The Progressives have no patent on ideals or uplift or reform that the Democrats cannot adopt. Neither have the Progressives a patent on any ideal or reform measure that the Republicans cannot adopt.

There is little in the Progressive platform to which the great bulk of the Republicans seriously object, save the one plank on the recall of judicial decisions. And one plank alone, a plank of this nature, does not furnish differentiation enough to justify the maintenance of two distinct parties, rendering each hopelessly ineffectual in combating the solidified Democratic forces.

I can understand how a single issue, if it be big enough, justifies a firm and unyielding stand against any compromise whatever. Lincoln had such an issue in his fight against slavery. It was more than an issue—a cause, a great human cause. It was so big, so overwhelming, that all else in the platform of his party was, for the time, incidental to it.

Some members of the Progressive party, I might well say a good many of them, have somehow or other come to fancy that we, like Lincoln, are fighting for a great cause. This, to my mind, is an error. It cannot be squared to the facts. A great cause is one thing, and political policies are quite another.

The policies of the Progressive party go further in the matter of primaries, in the square deal of man to man, in social justice, equal suffrage, industrial evolution, the initiative, referendum, and recall, than either of the two old parties. Moreover, there are in the platform of the Progressives a spirit of uplift, a pledge of reform, a measure of idealism, and a human note of brotherly love, that do not exist in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties.

But no one of these, nor all of them combined, constitutes a real cause, a cause like that of striking the shackles from a fraction of the human race.

This reform idea has so possessed the thought of the new party, and the spirit of uplift and idealism has so dominated it, that the bread-and-butter issue has been largely obscured. And without the bread-and-butter issue as the corner-stone of a party, without economic policies that mean good business and general prosperity, without constructive statesmanship that turns the wheels of enterprise, no party, however big in ideals, can live. True, the Republican party started with an ideal, but it speedily developed great, broad, economic policies under which we have made the greatest material advancement of any country in the world.

I am certain that our position as Progressives would be enormously strengthened if we would get down to the business side of things, and getting down to the business side does not in any sense mean abandoning our ideals. It simply means that, to win the confidence of the American voter, we must convince him of our fitness to handle better than any other party the business of the government, and to shape up business policies so that they will produce the greatest measure of prosperity and the greatest measure of happiness for our people as a whole. Failing in this, we are building without a substantial and lasting foundation.

Much as the great bulk of the people crave social justice and other reforms, they crave a good deal more three full meals a day and a decent habitation in which to live. They want both, and should have both, but if it comes down to a question of having the ideals and the reforms minus the full dinner-pail, and minus a reasonable measure of comforts and luxuries, they will always choose the latter.

There is a great natural division between the voters of America, a rugged, rock-ribbed range that separates men of opposing views. On one side of this range are the adherents of a wider nationalism and a protective tariff. On the other are the adherents of State rights and free trade, or a tariff for revenue only. Over this range Republicans cannot pass and still be Republicans. Over this range Democrats cannot pass and still be Democrats. As things stand in our country to-day, this is the true and only definite line of political cleavage.

The Progressive party, in respect to the tariff and to a wider nationalism, stands essentially with the Republican party and opposed to the Democratic party. Its place is on the Republican side of the range. And these policies of protection for American industry, the American merchant, and the American wage, are the vital, bed-rock differences between the Democratic party on the one hand, and the Republican and Progressive parties on the other — these, together with the question of a wider or restricted nationalism.

Apart from the difference of opinion on these two great issues, there is nothing in the three parties, Democratic, Republican, and Progressive, to prevent men from going freely from one to the other without sacrificing any deep, underlying political principle. In these two questions of nationalism and protection we have the only distinctive, bed-rock issues. The measures of reform, party management, attitude toward big business, equal suffrage, social justice, and other policies, are as free to one party as to the other. The policies of each party, in respect to these issues and others that are constantly coming up, are matters of day-to-day, month-to-month, year-to-year determination.

No such latitude, no such freedom, exists in the matter of a tariff that primarily stands for protection, and a tariff used as a scheme of raising revenue. The Democrats are committed to the latter policy, the Republicans to the former, and with the Republicans stand the Progressives.

Likewise, no such latitude and freedom exist with regard to a wider or restricted nationalism. The Democrats are committed to the latter and the Republicans and Progressives to the former.

These, then, form the real line of cleavage between the voters of America—

all, or practically all, except those committed to the theories and principles of socialism.

In view of this fact, it would seem to me to be the part of common sense—the kind of common sense that obtains in the business world—to bring about a realignment of voters without regard to whether they are now of Democratic, Republican, or Progressive faith—a realignment that will bring into a compact body all who believe in protection and a wider nationalism; and, on the opposing side all who stand for restricted nationalism and a tariff for revenue only, or for free trade, as the case may be.

There are an enormous number of men in the Democratic party to-day who are at heart as thorough protectionists as any Republicans, but who, because of political associations, or geographical location, or inherited politics, or for one cause and another, are all the while voting against themselves, are all the while disloyal to themselves in their political attitude and political affiliations.

On the other hand, there are doubtless some men in the Republican party, and a considerably larger percentage, I should say, in the Progressive party, who, on the question of the tariff, are at heart in sympathy with the views of the Democratic party. These men, as is the case with the Democrats on the other side, are equally untrue to themselves in lining up with organizations that do not honestly and sincerely represent their convictions on fundamental economic policies and national scope. They are influenced in their political affiliations by the same causes that influence Democrats to remain Democrats against their convictions.

But is this good enough, and can it be lasting? With the wider spread of knowledge, with wider reading, and with a better understanding of political problems, and with the freedom that comes from education and individual independence, party grip has less hold upon us than in the old days, and the party boss is less of a terror in the land.

Under these conditions, I repeat, it would seem to be the part of good judgment, an act of free, courageous Americanism, for men who think alike politically, whose honest convictions would lead them into one organization, to get together under some name, it doesn't matter a little bit what, so long as it is not offensive to the community and restricted in scope. By so doing, they would form an organization that would have something definite to say about what shall and what shall not be done in this government of ours.

I have no quarrel with the Progressives because of their stand against my proposal for amalgamation with the Republicans—my proposal or any kindred proposal that could be realized. From their point of view they are right—right because they do not believe amalgamation is necessary—right because they do not believe the Republicans are sincere in their cordial reception of my suggestion, right because they distrust the Republican party, controlled as it still is by the bosses and bandits who looted the Chicago convention.

Feeling as they do about it, the Progressives are perfectly right in their stand. And in part I am in absolute accord with them, in absolute sympathy with them. The one point on which I am not in sympathy with them is their belief that the Republicans are certain to come over to them. Of course, I do not believe this will ever happen, especially here in the East. And failing of its realization, it puts an entirely different complexion on the situation.

With the attitude of the Progressives, as concerns the bosses and the bandits of the Republican party, I am in perfect accord. But the bosses and bandits are not representative of all the individual Republican voters, and it is these individual Republican voters whom we want with us, and who want us with them, men who are in substantial accord with us, both in economic and national policies, as well as along all progressive lines.

To get together the men of all parties who think alike would be well-nigh an impossibility without enrolling their names in a new party against which, as a matter of course, there could be no party prejudice.

It is not an easy thing for a lifelong Democrat, or the son of a lifelong Democrat, to go over to the common enemy, the Republican party, and the converse of this is equally true in going from Republicanism to Democracy.

The Progressive party is new in the field and but for the fact that it came into being through a row in the Republican party, it would be as free from prejudice as a brand-new party formed to-morrow. But under the circumstances of its origin, it is as bitterly hated by the Republicans as the Republican party is hated by it. Consequently, there will be no amalgamation by either going over to the other—there will not be and there cannot be.

Assuming this to be the fact, and assuming that it were possible to bring about such a conference as I suggested, looking toward the formation of a new party, to be called, let us say, the Liberal party, isn't such a step eminently worth while to Republicans and Progressives who are genuinely opposed to the policies of the Democratic party, and isn't it an eminently patriotic and honest thing to do?

As concerns the Republicans and Progressives, the latter are stronger in numbers and occupy a better battle-ground to-day than the Republicans. But the Republicans are better entrenched and better equipped for an endurance siege. Their roots run deep into the ground and they have a great history back of them. Moreover, they have the sinews of war in a much larger measure than the Progressives.

Organizations cannot be developed and maintained, and battles fought, without money and without newspapers. The Republicans are long on these; the Progressives are short on these.

We might as well look at the facts as they are, and not permit ourselves to be deceived by our wishes or our enthusiasm. The Republicans have with them a very large percentage of prosperous and well-to-do citizens. The Progressives are not yet over strong in this respect. And without such men, and without newspapers in any considerable number, the Progressive party lacks essential munitions of war.

Zeal and enthusiasm and consecration to ideals make up for these in a measure, but in a measure only.

Again, the Republicans are stronger in the commanding figures of their party. We have one man beside whom the best of theirs make an indifferent showing. But apart from this great figure, the Progressives have much fewer men of national stature. Naturally, this would be true with a young party, and time will overcome it, but, all the same, in measuring the relative assets of parties, their relative strength, men as well as means, and organization and newspapers must be taken into account as of to-day.

It is a popular idea with all parties, and with the public generally—and I think this idea is particularly in vogue with many of the Progressives—that all the money necessary for political purposes should be and can be raised in small amounts from the populace. This is a mistake. It cannot be done. All attempts to raise money in any considerable amounts in this way by any party have been flat failures, and there is no evidence to sustain the belief that the situation in this respect is going to get any better.

Everything considered — rents, postage, salaries, and all expenses of conducting an organized campaign to collect funds — it costs a dollar and a quarter, often a good deal more, to get in a dollar as a popular subscription from the populace.

Though a Progressive myself, and one who had much to do with the formation and development of the party, I am discussing the situation and the question of amalgamation from a strictly independent position. This does not mean that my interest in or attitude toward the Progressive party has changed in the least. I am, however, keenly interested in the plan of a bigger party that could be of greater use in the nation.

From my point of view, the independent point of view, I see the strength of the Progressive party and the strength of the Republican party, the strength of each in its respective position, and I see, as well, the weakness of each. And each is weak, separated from the other. Make no mistake about this, Mr. Republican; make no mistake about this, Mr. Progressive.

Of course, in the outset, I did not have an idea that either party would frantically clutch at my proposal for amalgamation. I realized then, as I realize now, that a matter of this kind takes time and thought, for considering, weighing, and measuring calmly and well. That this consideration is going on, is certain. The chief purpose of this particular article, "Amalgamation No. 3," is to be of service in the process of weighing and measuring the problem. What I have said here is carefully thought out, and will, I am convinced, stand the test of the measuring-stick.

Just how amalgamation can be brought about is not altogether clear, but if the rank and file of the Republican voters in large measure would, in perfect good faith, assure the country of their willingness to enter upon some such plan as my amalgamation proposal, I am satisfied that the attitude of the Progressive voters would be a good deal more favorable to the plan than it is to-day.

I am not speaking for the Progressives, or for any one of them. I base the assumption on what I know of human nature and on the common sense and patriotism entering into the proposition.

To get down to actualities, suppose forty per cent or more of the Republican voters of the country were to pledge themselves in a signed agreement to send delegates to a national conference, with a view to getting together on principles and to forming a new party, something would be doing, real action begun. Politicians may say that this is not practical and the do-nothings generally may oppose it. But it is clear that such a move, carried out in good faith, would pull off a victory.

Forty per cent of the Republicans, pledged to such a conference with a like percentage of the Progressives — and my guess is that the latter would

be found — would be enough to form the new party, and once formed, it is a certainty that the other fellows hovering around on the outskirts would hustle to get in out of the wet.

The crux of the whole matter is this: Are the Republicans — the rank and file of the Republicans, independent of the bosses — ready to join such a movement, and ready to give up the old name for a new one under which they could be a strong and efficient power? This fact established, the other side would look to me to be easy.

IN THE AMERICAN STYLE

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "FATHER IN ENGLAND," "AN IDYL UNDER THE TERROR," ETC.

"I THOUGHT you had more sense of humor, Brinton, than to be a political reformer. I can't imagine you on a platform, uttering platitudes about the poor working man, with a circle of fashionable faddists behind you."

Brinton Clark listened to Evelyn Vancourt with the meekness of a man already chastened by his experiences in a new enterprise. The other women of his acquaintance were inclined to regard him as a modern knight going forth to wrestle gallantly with such elusive dragons as the mistakes and shortcomings of the opposite political party, whereby, in the time-worn phraseology, business was paralyzed, confidence destroyed, and the nation going to the dogs generally. Brinton, however, had not yet got so far as the nation. He was still in the pastures of an Assembly district.

"I saw signs of this idealism in you years ago," Evelyn went on sadly. "I believe you used to go without your dinner, on occasions, because your chum at college was poor, and you wished to put him quite at his ease. If the truth were known, you probably made him very uncomfortable!"

Brinton grinned.

"I was a silly ass in those days—always tilting against windmills."

"What are you doing now, I'd like to know?"

He grew serious.

"Ah, but, Evelyn dear, this is a life's work. This is the real thing!"

"You've found the real thing, then, at last?"

He smiled and sighed.

"You should have been a lawyer, Evelyn. I confess to a few shams and a sprinkling of disappointments."

"Your companions in crime probably think they've got hold of a good thing in you, Brinton. You're a walking seal of integrity—a visible warrant of good faith. And then the immense condescension of it! The son of one of our oldest Knickerbocker families, heir to millions, arraying himself with the proletariat, the dear working class, as if we didn't all work like galley-slaves in New York, every mother's son and daughter of us—only in different ways!"

She paused for breath. Brinton took advantage of the opportunity.

"Evelyn," he said, "don't scold. I'm here on business of much importance to myself. Will you furnish me a house—as quickly as possible?"

"Furnish you a house! Why are you furnishing a house?"

"Well, to live in it. That hasn't much force, I know, as a reason."

"Where is it?"

"Down in Varick Street. It belonged to one of my great-uncles, and reached me somehow by a series of deaths or marriages, I don't know which."

"Varick Street!"

"It's a bully house, Evelyn, close by old St. John's Church. You ought to see the

mahogany doors and the carved mantels. I want it furnished in the American style."

"I didn't know there was any American style," she answered, a little rudely. "But why do you want to live down there?"

A blush overspread his boyish, handsome face, where strength and ideality were singularly commingled.

"Well, you see, since I've been in politics, and standing for all these plain, rock-bottom principles, I've wanted to adjust my life as far as possible to the people's. I don't fancy living on the East Side. I don't believe in wrenching yourself violently out of your own orbit all at once; but I'd like these working men to know that I'm living in a plain, substantial style—the old American way, Jonathan Edwards with a touch, just a touch, of Thomas Jefferson. You see, everything I do now is chronicled, as a matter of course. I hate it; it's cheap; but so long as it exists one might as well recognize it, and turn it to good advantage."

"Of course! So I'm to decorate a house in the American style—whatever that may be—to please a political party," she sighed. "By and by there'll be a style for suffragettes and another for socialists and another for prohibitionists. Brinton, I see infinite artistic possibilities stretching out before me!"

"Please be serious, Evelyn," he pleaded. "I don't know why you jest so over important matters. Alice Spenser is heart and soul with me in this work."

His voice hesitated over the name.

"I never knew before that Alice Spenser was interested in politics. The last time I heard of her she was the reigning belle of the season. Why this change?"

He looked troubled.

"They—they say she cared for a man who wasn't what she thought him, and she found it out after a while."

Evelyn smiled.

"They used to go into the cloister; now they go into politics or socialism. Do you think Miss Spenser has any clear idea of what she is working for?"

"She ought to have," he said grimly. "She is entirely devoted to the cause. Her mind is on nothing else."

"You mean that she has put romance out of her life—as well as gaiety?"

He blushed.

"She could not live the usual butterfly

existence. She is a very thoughtful woman."

"If you are young and pretty, you can think as much as you like. After thirty, or if you have a bad dressmaker, it's rather dangerous. Men always like to see a pretty woman attacking politics. It's like a kitten toying with a volume of Huxley."

"Evelyn, I protest! Return to my house, please. Did I understand you to say there was no distinctive American style? Can't you invent one?"

"I wish I could, Brinton!" she said fervently. "If you only could know how tired I was of putting French rooms into Manhattan houses! I suppose, as you're going in for simplicity, you'll want mission or colonial furniture."

"Not mission—colonial would be better. Evelyn, we must do it. I want a plain American house—everything simple, but good. I shall reserve one room on the ground floor for a kind of office, where any man can come to me with his tale or his plea; but this office will be a part of my home. The house will be seen by these people going in and out, and they'll judge me more or less by its aspect."

"It's good you are a bachelor, Brinton."

"Why?" he asked, with more eagerness than she thought the question warranted.

"I can't imagine any woman wishing to share her home with a party or a cause."

"She would if she loved the man enough," he said stoutly. "Now, what are you going to do for me?" he demanded.

"The best I can," she answered.

"Like the trump you are!"

II

SEVERAL days later Evelyn went to the Varick Street house. She found that the office had been already opened, and also that the proletariat was aware of the fact. Three or four men, in appearance rough and dirty enough to touch the heart of any reformer, were lounging on the steps outside. Within, Evelyn found a formidable desk, several patriotic pictures, among them that historic anachronism, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," with the sun rising an hour after midnight in December, and the American flag, not then in existence, proudly floating on the breeze.

Buckle's "History of Civilization" and Giddings's "Social Economics," in very new bindings on a highly varnished shelf, witnessed to the beginnings of a reference

library. Behind the desk sat Alice Spenser, in company with an enormous ink-well, a file with nothing on it, and blotters enough to blot out the iniquities of all political parties. She blushed prettily and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Good morning, Miss Spenser," Evelyn said. "What a vision you are! Not an object-lesson, I'm afraid, of the advantages of being born in obscurity!"

"I have on my plainest frock," the young lady protested, smiling. "Of course you've read the great news?"

"If you are referring to our mutual friend's career, I will say at once that I haven't looked at a newspaper since Monday. He may be running for the Presidency by this time."

"Not quite such a height of glory, but something very good indeed! He was nominated yesterday for—well, I don't quite understand what, but here's the morning paper. Aren't these head-lines splendid for the cause?"

It was evident that what Miss Spenser lacked in comprehension of the event she made up in enthusiasm. Her clear-cut, high-bred face was bright with her zeal. She made the platitudinous room somehow significant. Above all, she made it cheerful—a winsome object for eyes used to ugliness.

"And they'll never guess how expensive her clothes are," Evelyn reflected.

"Mrs. Malcolm came with me," Miss Spenser said, suddenly mindful of the proprieties, "but she's out buying some *eau de cologne*. She says it is a good disinfectant, though no one has come into the office yet. I think they're waiting for Mr. Clark—the men on the steps. They seem peaceable enough, but they talk very loud—alarmingly loud, at times. I'm glad you're here. You are going to decorate the house, I believe?"

"Yes, if I can."

The girl opened her eyes inquiringly.

"I mean, there are conditions attached," Evelyn explained. "It must be in the American style, you see." A smile flitted over her face. "Perhaps I shall not be able to find that for Mr. Clark," she concluded.

"Of course you will! Your houses are always dreams. And now that he's running for office, it's so important that his tastes and ideals should be known, and no doubt left as to their simplicity. The men

will see that he's one of them—just a plain American citizen!"

"I am afraid that the type is as extinct as the dodo."

"Oh, you mustn't be skeptical! You're too nice. You must help us."

Evelyn smiled grimly.

"I am to be an integral part of the campaign, I suppose. Well, I'd better get to work, then. Does this door lead into the house?"

She found herself in wide, spacious drawing-rooms, with the substantial air of things built long ago and built well. The window-frames and the fireplaces delighted her soul.

Before long, Brinton Clark and his aspirations were forgotten. She wandered from room to room, rejoicing in the possibilities they offered with their old-time dignity and generous space—a splendid background for colonial furniture. In imagination, she hung Gilbert Stuarts and Copleys upon the walls, and filled the sideboards with Queen Anne and Georgian silver.

Into her creative trance Brinton Clark walked suddenly. His manner was gay and expectant.

"Well, what do you think of it? Isn't it a livable old place?"

"It's a treasure!"

"Can you carry out my ideas?"

"I think I can. I've had a sudden inspiration."

"Good! Spare no expense. Forage all over the country for furniture, if you want. It must be plain and substantial—in the old-fashioned American style."

Evelyn laughed.

"A simple little home to impress the voters! By the way, allow me to congratulate you. I see you are running for office."

"Yes. I'm very proud," he said humbly. "This nomination shows their trust in me, and I want to justify it. We had to get a few sticks of furniture into the office quickly, for we are going to make it a kind of annex to headquarters. Miss—Miss Spenser's taken hold in such a wonderful way! She asks these working men about their wives and babies in the prettiest fashion, and looks such a dear when she's doing it!"

"Immortal condescension of the rich and fat!"

"Ah, Evelyn!"

His pleading tone restrained her, but she waved him away imperiously.

"I wish to be alone with my muse, Brinton. She is almost as capricious as the popular vote."

Brinton returned to the office. Alice Spenser, directing envelopes, did not even look up as he entered. He found himself resenting her power of concentration, though when she first came he had applauded it as a valuable asset in the work that she had undertaken. He had been no easy taskmaster, for he had perversely desired to test the staying qualities of this charming wanderer from the gilded and, as he believed, frivolous world.

But a week sufficed to prove her earnestness, and a month to awaken in Brinton—such is the perversity of masculine nature—a faint resentment of it. He wondered if he were always associated in her mind with "the cause." To be treated as a comrade working for a noble aim was all very fine, but one did not wish to be entirely identified with figures and facts.

"Don't wear yourself out with those envelopes," he said. "It really isn't worth it."

She raised her head with an air of gentle surprise.

"It is important to get these out before six o'clock."

"The stenographer can do them."

She smiled. The smile brought into play a dimple quite out of place in such serious surroundings.

"But you said my handwriting bore conviction."

"It does," he answered fervently. "It will make votes. It's strong and beautiful, too—just as beautiful as—"

He broke off suddenly, for he saw a change in her manner. Something inaccessible and withdrawn about her forbade the personal note. He recalled with a pang Evelyn's comment that Miss Spenser was substituting a cause for the cloister, and did not finish his sentence.

The office seemed all at once narrow and dreary. He took his hat.

"I'm going out to investigate that Martin matter." He hesitated, then added: "Don't you want a breath of air, too?"

She looked up, her brows lifted as if she were asking herself more than the obvious question.

"I think I'd prefer to finish these," she said gravely.

When he was gone, she sat for a time with suspended pen, gazing at the piles of

envelopes. Then, with a little sigh, she bent again to her work.

III

THE campaign and the decoration of the house were synchronous. The former proceeded with the usual hurtling of pots and kettles through the blue air; the usual utterance of noble sentiments, brought forth as strictly original; the usual pained references to the slipshod morality of the opposing party, its greed and savage indecency.

Both sides turned archeologists and dug diligently for discrediting incidents in the past. It was remembered that Clark's father owed a bill for years to a plumber for twenty-three dollars and fourteen cents—and he a millionaire! It was recalled that Smith's mother had not named any of her children after Abraham Lincoln!

At this time Evelyn caught flying glimpses of Brinton as a pale and battered man, rushing from one point to another, his voice continually hoarse. Between stumps he found moments, however, in which to signify his approval of her proceedings. When she was asked to pay eight hundred dollars for a high-boy of rare design, he cut short her inquiries with his overwhelming permission. He gave an hour of his precious time to her on the day when she concluded the purchase of a Gilbert Stuart.

Little by little, the vision in her mind took outward shape. Diligent research, combined with a lavish expenditure of money, had evoked from the past an American dwelling, apparently simple.

By Brinton's urgent entreaties the work was pushed through and completed before the end of the campaign. Within a fortnight of the election he was to give a housewarming, to which the humblest of his constituents would receive an invitation. Evelyn shuddered at the thought of the rare chairs and tables being given over to these myrmidons, the brocades filled with smoke from their pipes. She entreated him not to offer them libations in the eighteenth-century glasses. He answered:

"It's a plain home, Evelyn. I want them to use everything. I want them to see how I live. It certainly has the real American look, solid and dignified; hasn't it?"

His gaze wandered admiringly to the ladder-back chairs and the Gilbert Stuart over the mantel.

"You have spared no expense to make it so," she murmured.

He did not hear her.

IV

THE smoker took place. A day or two later, Brinton Clark entered Evelyn's office with an air of haste and confusion. In his hand he held a morning newspaper. With an apology for his abruptness he spread it on her desk and pointed to the report of a speech made at a mass-meeting the night before.

"Read it," he said, "and tell me if those figures are right!"

Evelyn glanced quickly down the column. The speaker had attacked Brinton Clark as a masquerading aristocrat with the usual tastes of his tribe—a man who, while preaching the gospel of simplicity, was furnishing a house in the very refinement of luxury, paying extravagant and fantastic prices for old pieces of furniture, giving for a chair what would keep a poor family a year; and then presuming to invite workmen there to be deluded by a gilded simplicity.

These moneyed men, the trenchant critic continued, had no real conception of other classes of society than their own, and no real sympathy with them. The matter, small as it seemed, and personal as it was, had a deep bearing upon Clark's political character. His virtues, like his house, would be high-priced, his simplicity gilded. He was incapable of any real sacrifice. If he did go to Varick Street to live, his dwelling was furnished in the costliest style.

What do you think of a man who poses as one of the people, as an old-fashioned commoner, an advocate of simple living, and then pays a thousand dollars for a high clock, three thousand for colonial mirrors, twelve hundred for a sideboard, two thousand for a set of chairs? And these are the smaller items. I won't distress you with the cost of the chinaware and silver, but I'll give you the round sum which, in a hard year, this frugal gentleman expended—not on the poor, but on the furniture of a humble dwelling for himself—just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

"Tell me, Evelyn," Brinton demanded, "are those figures correct?"

"You ought to know. You passed upon every one of them."

"But how did these people get hold of them?"

"Goodness knows, Brinton! I suppose a muckraker can wiggle in anywhere. Perhaps they bribed the office-boy."

He looked rueful.

"I never dreamed it was costing so much!"

"Well, you wanted it in the American style, plain and simple. You have to spend money to get such an effect."

"I know, I know—now! I never thought of that aspect of it." Suddenly he laughed—a hearty, ringing laugh, that made him Brinton Clark again, and not an apostle to the people. "Are my ears very long, Evelyn?"

"No, Brinton, they are very normal ears; but the simple life is costly."

They laughed in chorus this time. He picked up the newspaper.

"Well, I can't refute this, can I? In my effort to get back to primitive republicanism I've writ myself large a bloated capitalist—a collector of beautiful things, priced above the comprehension of the man in the street."

"Exactly. Did he like your house when he saw it the other evening—the man from the street?"

Brinton smiled a deep and sad smile.

"While he was sober, he seemed uncomfortable. After he had overcome that condition, I was uncomfortable. No, it was not exactly an easy evening!"

V

ELECTION DAY came and went. Brinton, the discovered wolf in sheep's clothing, was defeated.

The next morning he wandered down from his hotel to the dwelling of a plain American citizen. The office door was closed, and some one had chalked a jest upon it which he had not the spirit to efface. Like a novel with a low circulation, he had failed to be "convincing." He wondered whether he should eliminate the house and try it again, with no object-lesson this time, or whether he should retire for a couple of years and get his ideas in order for a new point of departure.

He let himself into the office, its litter of campaign papers, its flags and posters, looking as inadequate in the morning light as a bouquet from last evening's ball. He sat down at the big desk and turned the accumulated mail over idly, afraid to examine it, lest he should find premature letters of congratulation.

What was Alice Spenser thinking of his defeat? The question brought the sharp consciousness that to her, at least, he had desired to be the hero, the righter of wrongs, the defender of the helpless.

He got up at last and strolled into the adjacent drawing-room, whose ostentatious simplicity had aided his downfall. Yet it looked comfortable and homelike, with the morning sunshine lying in broad squares on the polished floor and in ruby patches on the brocades of the chairs and hangings. It was a place to be cozy in, especially at nightfall, and if one were not alone!

At that moment he heard the office door open, and Alice Spenser entered, followed by her maid. He came forward eagerly to meet her. After their first greetings, he led her into the drawing-room and lit the wood fire on the broad marble hearth. She seemed surprised and a little embarrassed by his presence.

"I though you received the returns from your country place," she said.

He smiled.

"Does it matter now?"

She turned to him, the old enthusiasm still in her eyes.

"You've been splendid. Nothing matters but that! They can't down what you stand for."

"But this house! Perhaps, as they say, I am not the real thing. Perhaps I can't really enter into the lives of the people. We do it always in our own way, even when we try to be simple."

She shook her head impatiently.

"I'm a woman, and I don't know much of these matters, but I think all of you miss the point. If there was real fellowship, you wouldn't know you were rich and the working man wouldn't know he was poor. You'd both go beyond all that to a greater issue." She broke off, laughing. "You see, I'm still in the campaign!"

He looked at her wistfully. Their eyes met, and he saw in hers something more than enthusiasm for a cause. Was it pity she felt for him? He could not bear the thought of that. Suddenly he knew that he must not be any longer in doubt.

"I'll take the work up again some day." He hesitated. "Just now I want to be at home, quietly." He looked about the room. "What shall I do with this house?"

She followed his glance. A warm flush overspread her face.

"It's a good house," she said softly; "a homelike house!"

"It's pretty far down-town," he challenged.

"But it's so quaint!"

"It's roomy."

"Yes, it's roomy."

They looked at each other. The big, noisy world in which they had been living for the last few weeks receded to an incredible distance.

"Dear, let's live in it!" he cried.

She put her hand out—her eyes smiling through sudden tears.

"Plain American citizens?" she said.

TO CYNTHIA

WHEN little Loves, new-hatched in spring,

First spread their wings and fly,

They stint their pretty fluttering

To bask 'neath Cynthia's eye;

They hop about her dainty feet,

Her tender bosom seek,

And coyly taste, for banquet sweet,

The roses of her cheek.

Ah, little Loves, ye kiss and touch—

Your privilege is great!

But I, if I should dare so much,

Would meet a sterner fate.

For eyes can wound poor loving hearts,

A glance hath killing power,

And swains transfixed by Cupid's darts

Are dying every hour!

George H. Jessop

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT

BY

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE RAFT," "SUSAN'S BIRTHDAY," ETC.

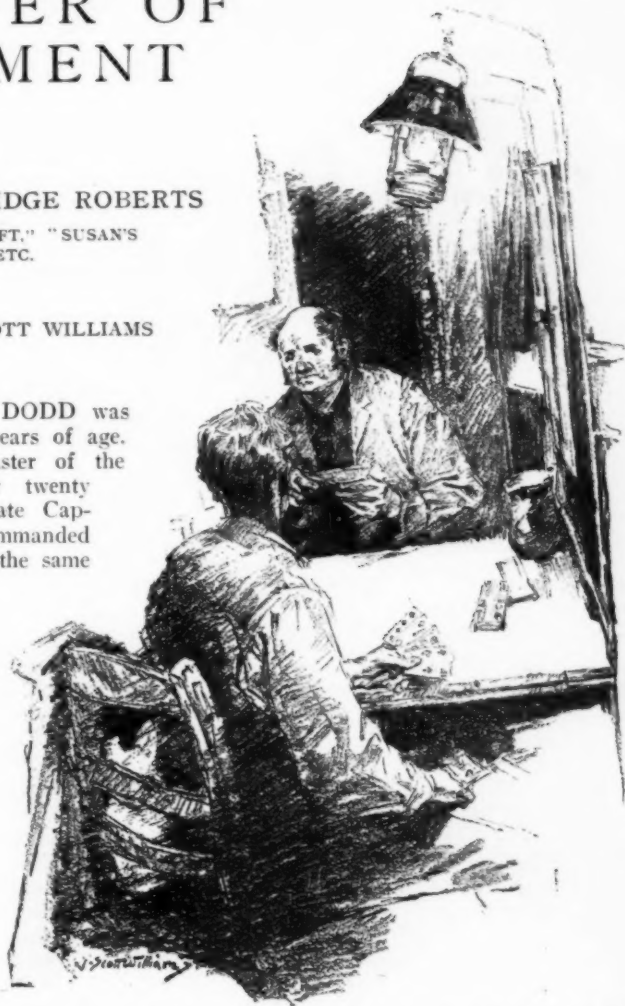
ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

CAPTAIN HENRY DODD was now about forty years of age. He had been master of the barkantine *Mistletoe* for twenty years. His father, the late Captain John Dodd, had commanded the same stout vessel for the same length of time.

Captain Henry Dodd and the barkantine were of the same age to a month. As man and woman, after years of well-mated union, frequently develop traits of character, habits, mannerisms, and points of view in common, so it was with Henry Dodd and his ship. The captain was ponderous; the barkantine was known in many ports as "the ark." The captain was slow; so was the barkantine, goodness knows!

The captain was so honest, care-taking, and discreet that the owners would have as readily trusted him with a freight of bullion as with a freight of fish, had the occasion arisen for such a display of confidence. The barkantine had never once "sweated" a cargo during all her forty years of carrying the staple export of Newfoundland into tropical climes.

The captain was a sentimentalist, and in a secluded corner of his unhasty heart he harbored a romance of many years' standing. The barkantine was credited by her crew with the possession of a harmless



MR. HINCHY WAS PERMITTED TO PLAY CRIEBAGE IN THE INNER CABIN

ghost, said to be that of a one-time cook who had died of fever in Pernambuco.

This uneasy spirit was supposed to be in the habit of haunting the scene of his innumerable culinary crimes—namely, the *Mistletoe's* galley—in the stilly watches of the night, and there remorsefully rattling the coppers and beating the deck with the rolling-pin. The ghost has nothing at all to do with this story, however. I mention him simply as the barkantine's possession corresponding with the captain's romance.

Nine mates had sailed with Captain



"MISS MAGGIE BARTON IS THE LADY CONCERNED"

Dodd, one at a time, during the past twenty years; but until the advent of Hiram Hinchy the captain's attitude toward the second in command had always been ponderous, unsociable, purely official.

Born in Aroostook County, Maine, Hinchy had followed several lines of activity before accepting the sea as the field of his career. He had worked in a sawmill. He had imparted instruction in the rudiments of orthography and the lower mathematics in a backwoods school. He had sold Dr. Cribber's "History of the World" in twelve volumes, two dollars on delivery and twenty-five cents a week until paid for. Yes, and he had even contemplated the profession of dental surgery as a likely means of extracting a livelihood out of an etherized and open-mouthed public, before the lure of the seafaring life took possession of him.

Considering these things for all they are worth, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hinchy had a way with him that is not often found in the equipment of the mate of a Newfoundland wind-jammer. During his initial voyage in the Mistletoe, he first dismayed Captain Dodd, next puzzled and interested him, and finally won so far through the skipper's ponderous reserve as to be permitted to play cribbage in the inner cabin,

and to address him by the flippant abbreviation of "cap" with impunity.

It was not until well along in the second voyage, however, that he succeeded in scattering Captain Dodd's reserve so utterly as to be made the recipient of the story of the captain's perennial romance.

II

THE Mistletoe was well down in the summer latitudes, and captain and mate sat on the high poop-deck, stitching industriously on a patched fair-weather staysail. The mate had been talking of women.

"The pressure on us men is terrible," he said. "Jist consider it from a mathematical point of view, cap, an' you'll see what I mean. To every one free an' full-grown man in the world there's one hundred marriageable women."

"Thunder, Hiram! Not so many as that, I'll bet ye a cigar," protested the captain.

"Guess you're right, cap. Ten to one—that's the figger. I was readin' about it a few days ago. Well, ten to one ain't much better. The pressure is still somethin' fierce."

"What d'ye call marriageable women?"

"Well, cap, I call some of 'em peaches, an' more of 'em blamed nuisances."

"That's not what I'm askin' ye, Hiram. When ye refer to a woman by the term o' marriageable, what manner o' female do ye refer to?"

"That's easy, cap. My idea of such a lady is any full-sized female who wants to git married."

"Then I don't agree with ye, Hiram. The fact that a lady wants to marry, either some one man in particular or any man in general, don't make her what I call a marriageable woman. She should have some other qualifications, in my opinion. That's no more than ordinary common sense, Hiram. You and me are both qualified for our jobs, an' we wouldn't have 'em if we wasn't. We wouldn't be navigatin' this vessel, Hiram, if we didn't have our tickets."

"That's right, cap; but marriage ain't navigation."

"I don't agree with ye there, Hiram. Life is a v'yage, an' when ye sail that v'yage in the married condition it's like puttin' two skippers into the one vessel. There's lee shores, squalls, an' fogs to contend with in the v'yage of life, an' if ye take aboard a lady that don't understand the dangers, an' ain't qualified to help ye master 'em—one that maybe knows so little about her job that she gives contrary commands—then there'll be mutiny, an' maybe a wreck."

"Then how would you have her qualify, cap? Suppose you was lookin' for a wife for yourself, cap, what kind of certificates would the lady have to show?"

"Well, Hiram, she would have to prove to me that she understood the conditions of the v'yage, to begin with. She'd have to be the style of person I wouldn't object to havin' around, an' she'd have to pay something toward the workin' expenses of the ship of marriage."

"You mean you wouldn't marry a woman without she had money? Why, cap, I didn't think that of you! That ain't like a sailor, cap. I give you credit for more heart—more sentiment—than sich an idee as that!"

"What's wrong with the idee, Hiram? It's only ordinary common sense; an' ye make a big mistake, Hiram, when ye jump at the conclusion that I am not a man of heart and sentiment. The fact is, ye don't know much about me. If ye could get a sight of my heart, ye'd change yer opinion."

"Maybe I would, cap. What's the trouble with your heart, anyway?"

Captain Dodd laid aside his curved needle and slipped the sailmaker's "palm" from his right hand. From the pocket of his pajama jacket he hooked out a pipe, a knife, and a plug of tobacco.

"Ye're not an ordinary mate, Hiram, by any manner of means," he said. "Ye're a well-informed man of the world. I call ye by yer given name, an' look upon ye as a very particular friend."

"Thank you, cap. Same here," replied Mr. Hinchy.

"Considering which facts," continued the captain ponderously, "I'll confide to ye the romance of my life, Hiram."

He lit his pipe with care, extinguished the match between a calloused thumb and finger, took up his needle and "palm," and set to work again at his patching.

"You can trust me, cap," said Mr. Hinchy. "I've often wondered how it was that a handsome, highly respected gent like yourself, an' the smartest captain sailin' out of Newfoundland, wasn't spliced long ago. A romance! Well, say, cap, that's mighty interestin'!"

"Miss Maggie Barton is the lady concerned," began the captain, gazing reflectively to port. "We was boy an' girl together. Our pas were friends an' our mas were friends, an' we lived on the same street in Harbor Grace. She was the only child. Captain Barton was skipper of a sealin'-ship—aye, an' one of the best that ever laid a vessel against the ice an' come home log-loaded. When he died, which he did sudden, he left a pot of money and a sight of property for his widow and daughter. That happened about the time I made my first v'yage as bo's'n with my father, Captain John. Aye, Hiram, that was in this very vessel. I've never signed on in any other, but I've sailed in the Mistletoe as ordinary seaman, AB, bo's'n, mate, an' skipper. Well, Hiram, Mrs. Barton went off with a cold on her chest a couple of years after her husband. I was a mate by then, an' just home from a v'yage to Brazil—the same as we're makin' now. I was mighty fond of Maggie—always had been—an' so I went right along to her house an' asked her to marry me. That was twenty year ago, Hiram. I was just twenty year old, an' Maggie was seventeen. Aye, Hiram, I was mate of this vessel at eighteen and skipper of her at twenty. Aye, skipper of her at twenty, for Captain John died that very same year I first asked Maggie Barton

to marry me, an' I took command of the Mistletoe the next v'yage. How old are ye, Hiram?"

"I'm thirty-five year old, cap. I didn't take to the seafarin' life as early as you. But go on with the story. Wouldn't Miss Barton have you, cap?"

"She would and she wouldn't, Hiram. Ye see, it was like this with her—she hadn't any objections to make to me, but she objected strongly to the idee of marryin' a man who would naturally spend a good two-thirds of every year on the deep sea. She was lonesome, she owned a snug fortune, an' she had always been given her own way in everything.

"I'll marry ye, Henry," said she, 'if ye'll promise me to live ashore.'

"Now, that I couldn't agree to, Hiram, bein' a sailorman with the hunger for jump-in' decks and haulin' sails born in my mouth, so to speak.

"I'll take ye along with me every v'yage, Maggie," said I.

"But she wouldn't hear of that, her dislikin' salt water as much as I like it. So I asked her flat what she intended to do about it. She said that I'd change my mind after a v'yage or two, an' that we'd be engaged to be married until I did. That suited me, for I loved Maggie next to the seafarin' life, an' she owned a snug little fortune in money and house property."

"Well, cap, that was twenty year ago," said Mr. Hinchy. "What happened next? I suppose the lady died while you was away on the next trip, an' so you ain't never looked at a woman since."

"Ye're wrong, Hiram," returned the captain. "Miss Barton is still alive an' hearty, an' we are still engaged to be married."

The mate gaped at him.

"Still engaged!" he exclaimed. "Engaged for twenty years, an' you ain't married yet! Blame my eyes, cap, that's the limit!"

"Now, Hiram, don't ye get disrespectful," said the captain, flushing darkly from his chin to the bald crown of his head. "It's a romance, as I told ye, an' there's no call for ye to forget that ye're mate of this vessel an' I'm master."

"I beg your pardon, cap," replied Hinchy, quickly. "I didn't mean no disrespect. Sure, cap, it's a great romance, an' no mistake! May I ask, with all respect, when you and Miss Barton figger

on terminatin' the engagement in the closer bonds of matrimony?"

"That's what I can't tell ye, Hiram," answered Captain Dodd. "Ye see, it's this way—I'm as fond of Miss Barton as ever I was, an' that's sayin' a good deal; but I get fonder an' fonder of the seafarin' life with every v'yage I sail. I'd go mad, Hiram, if I was forced to live ashore. I'd rather be dead than have to wake up every mornin' of my life an' look out of a square window at a street with never a roll or pitch to it. Dry land is too steady for me. There it is every mornin', always the same; an' ye could sit in a house from April till April, an' never be so much as a foot away from where ye was at first. I like to know I'm movin' over the map, Hiram, an' yet sittin' at home all the time, with the same table an' the same books an' the same bed to sleep in, even in a foreign port."

"An' what about the lady?" asked Mr. Hinchy.

The captain wagged his heavy head and smiled.

"Miss Barton still holds to the idee that I'll change my mind after the next v'yage—always after the next v'yage."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the mate. "She must have the patience of Job!"

"Patience?" returned the other. "What d'ye mean by that, Hiram? She ain't flighty-minded. If she was, I wouldn't be engaged to marry her, ye kin lay to that!"

"Don't she ever get mad at you, cap?"

"Mad? No, Hiram, she has a sweet temper, an' is very fond of me. Her only objectionable characteristic is her stubbornness. She still refuses to marry me unless I give up the sea."

"Why don't she marry some one else? There's plenty of men in the world who ain't so stuck on the sea as you, cap."

Captain Dodd eyed him in pained dignity.

"Ye forget, Hiram, that she is promised to me, an' has been for twenty years," he said, sternly. "She is an honorable an' lovin' woman, Hiram, an' the men in Harbor Grace are honorable men."

Mr. Hinchy looked slightly confused, and stitched away in silence for several minutes. At last he looked up from his work with an expression of admiration and good-will on his thin, clean-shaven face.

"Cap, you're right—dead right!" he exclaimed. "It would be a mistake for you to give up the seafarin' life, even to marry

Miss Barton. You love the sea, cap—jist like me, only more so—an' you must keep right on followin' it till old age changes your way of thinkin'. Nothin' but old age will ever cool the love of the briny that's in your blood. Then, cap, and not till then, you kin marry the lady you've bin sich a loyal an' unfalterin' fiancney to for all these years, an' live in pceace an' comfort an' connubial bliss until you die. You'll make the lady a good husband, cap, jist as you've always made her a good fiancney; but if you was to go an' marry her now, an' give in to her about stoppin' ashore, you'd always be feelin' as how you'd sold your birthright for a mess of money an' houses. Yes, cap, you're in the right of it, though I couldn't jist see it at first. You see deeper into these vital problems than what I do, cap!"

"Thank ye, Hiram. That's how it has always seemed to me, an' I've put my mind onto it through many a long watch, ye kin lay to that," replied the captain, with a ponderous and self-satisfied smile.

"Well, cap, I give it to you straight, that's the slickest romance I ever heard tell of," said Mr. Hinchy with no small amount of admiration, as well as a note of envy, in his voice. "Never again will I ever say as you lack sentiment!"

III

THE Mistletoe plowed her slow but substantial way southward to Pernambuco. Between his work and his games of cribbage with the captain, Mr. Hinchy found plenty of time to turn his commanding officer's story upside down and inside out in his active mind, and to wonder what manner of woman this Maggie Barton might be.

The Mistletoe discharged her freight of fish in good order, took in a hundred tons

of sand for ballast, ran northward again to one of the West Indian islands, and there disgorged her sand and took in molasses until the Plimsoll mark on her plump side was almost submerged. Still Mr. Hinchy pondered the captain's romance in his active mind.

Twenty days later, caught in a furious and unexpected gale, the old barkantine was driven heavily ashore near Cape Race.



"AND WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW, HENRY?"

Her stout timbers were wrenched apart, and the sea was stained with all those thousands of gallons of prime molasses; but Captain Dodd, Mr. Hinchy, and the crew managed to reach dry land in safety. Moreover, there was consolation for the disaster in the fact that both ship and cargo were well insured.

Captain and mate spent a day in St. John's together, after which the skipper went on alone to Harbor Grace.

Immediately after supper he called on Miss Barton. A maid in a cap opened the door to him, for the spinster lived in a style befitting the heiress of a successful sealing captain.

Miss Barton met her visitor in the hall, and placed both her hands in his. He

stooped and kissed her on the cheek with an air of cool, unhurried proprietorship. She received the salute as calmly as it was given.

"So the poor old Mistletoe has gone at last, Henry!" she said.

"Aye, Maggie, but she did her duty, with never a cargo sweated in forty years," returned the captain. "She was a good vessel an' a comfortable vessel; but her work is finished now, an' her timbers are all abroad on the rocks. Forty years is a long life for a ship, Maggie, though it ain't much for a human."

By this time he had made himself quite at home beside the sitting-room fire. Miss Barton did not immediately take the chair opposite him. She seemed uneasy, even anxious.

"And what are your plans now, Henry?" she asked.

The captain did not look at her. His eyes were intent on the red coals in the heart of the fire. He rubbed his big hands together and cleared his throat stentoriously.

"Well, Maggie, I must sail again on Monday next," he said. "Ye see, my dear, I couldn't say no to Mr. Goodlin when he begged me to take command of his new bark, the Flora."

"Even now, Henry, with the old barkantine a wreck, you are not ready to give up your roving and live ashore?" queried Miss Barton.

There was a strong note of indignation in her voice—and perhaps, though the captain did not detect it, a slight inflection that may have expressed relief. There were lights in her eyes, too, which might have puzzled even a wiser and more experienced man than Captain Dodd.

But the skipper had not looked at the woman who had been his betrothed for twenty years. He continued to gaze at the fire and rub his hands briskly together.

"Now, Maggie, I hope ye ain't goin' to be unreasonable," he protested. "Why should ye expect me to give up the sea just because the old barkantine chanced to git wrecked after forty years without an accident?"

"I don't expect you to, Henry," said Miss Barton.

It may have been the words, or it may have been the tone of her voice, that caused the captain to turn his eyes from the fire and look at her searchingly.

"D'ye mean that you don't expect me to be obligin'?" he asked.

A slight frown wrinkled the spinster's white brow.

"Obliging?" she queried.

"Well, Maggie, I was thinkin' ye'd maybe consider 'it obligin' of me if I'd marry ye now an' settle down ashore with ye," replied the captain somewhat lamely. "An' so it would be, Maggie, so it would be; but I've often explained to ye how it would be misery to me to give up the sea yet a while."

"I understand, Henry," said Miss Barton. "I am not complaining, and I will not be unreasonable. When you are ready to stay ashore and close your seafaring career, then is the time you will do it, Henry."

"Yes," said the captain, leaning forward and patting one of her smooth hands. "Yes, Maggie. Ye understand me perfectly, my dear. Bless my soul, Maggie, ye're the finest woman in the world, an' well worth waitin' for!"

Miss Barton smiled a somewhat strained smile as she turned away to get the captain's favorite decanter and glass from the dining-room.

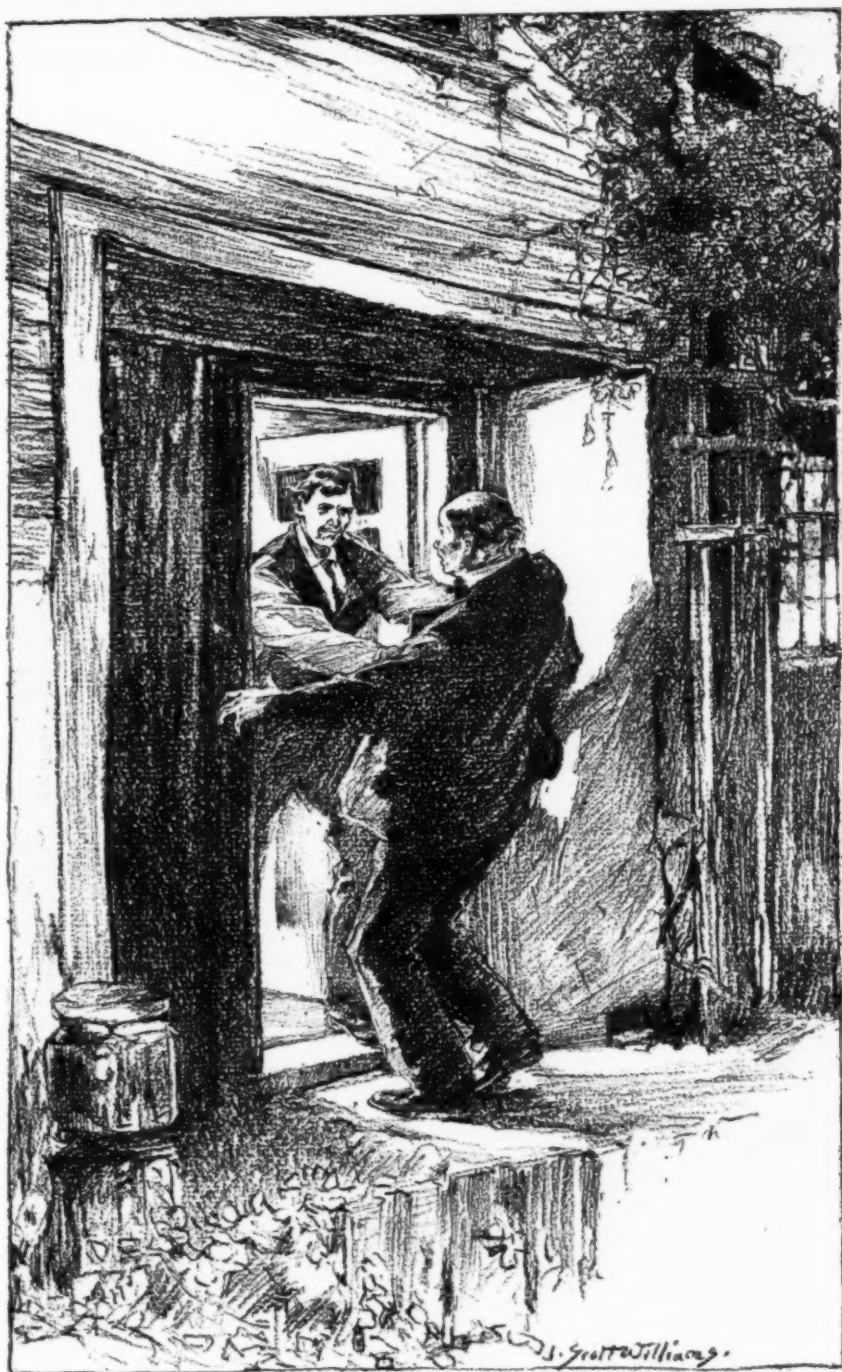
IV

CAPTAIN DODD spent a very peaceful evening with his betrothed, and went home shortly after ten o'clock. Early the following morning he telephoned to St. John's, to ask how his new command was shaping with her cargo. Mr. Goodlin, the owner of the Flora, informed him that the bark was taking her freight splendidly, but that Mr. Hinchy had just been in to say that he could not accept a berth aboard the Flora after all, as private business called him out of town immediately.

This last information distressed the captain keenly.

"I'll miss Hiram," he soliloquized. "He was an intelligent young man—an' not too young, either. He was a man of wide experience, like myself. I could make a friend of Hiram; but now I'll have to ship with a ordinary mate again."

Though he stuck to the telephone for another half-hour, Captain Dodd failed to obtain any trustworthy information as to the nature of Mr. Hinchy's private business, whither it had taken the former mate of the Mistletoe, or how long he expected to be occupied by it.



"GO HOME, CAP, AN' STUDY OVER WHAT A SELFISH FOOL YOU'VE BEEN!"

Again the captain visited Miss Barton after supper, patted her hand, drank his toddy, talked about his career, and altogether spent a peaceful and enjoyable evening. When he bade her good night and good-by, he kissed her on both cheeks.

Next morning he set out for St. John's, and on Monday he sailed away in the new bark, dully aware that he would miss his nightly games of cribbage with Hiram, dully aware of a vague sensation of homesickness and dissatisfaction. Homesick? Had he not often told his friends that he was never homesick for anything but the sea?

Captain Dodd did not sleep well that night. His berth was long enough and wide enough, finished in white and gold, and curtained with blue silk; but aboard the old barkantine he had always occupied an ordinary bedstead lashed to the deck of the cabin.

Nor did he like his new cabin any better than he liked his new berth. It was too big; the carpet was too new and bright; the bulkheads were white, instead of the brown he had always been accustomed to; the skylight was too high, and the table was too low. He wondered that he had not noticed these glaring defects in the berth and cabin before sailing.

He was early on deck, greeting the new day with a lowering brow. The iron deck looked to him as long, narrow, and hard as a paved street. He didn't like it. Give him a wooden deck like the old Mistletoe's, every time!

He gazed aloft at the mainmast and foremast, each with its white clouds of square sails.

"I don't like it," he muttered. "There ain't no vessel afloat is handled so easy and sails so steady as one barkantine-rigged!"

He looked up at the Flora's topmasts, and frowned.

"Stiff and straight as telegraph-poles!" he muttered.

The topmasts of the Mistletoe had been sprung forward like the extreme joints of overtaxed fishing-rods.

The new bark made the trip to Brazil in five days less time than the old barkantine had ever made it; but the captain felt no glow of pride. When the fish were winched out of her iron belly, about fifty tubs were found to be slightly sweated. Captain Dodd did not deny the fact or try to excuse the ship.

"It's the first time a cargo of mine ever gave a rebate," he said. "These iron vessels ain't worth a tinker's darn, anyhow!"

Now he knew that it was the old Mistletoe that he had loved, and not the sea; that it was the old barkantine for which he had always been homesick between voyages, and not the rolling deep.

"The sooner I settle down ashore, the better I'll be pleased," he said.

At Barbados, on the homeward journey, he wrote a letter, which he addressed and mailed to Miss Barton. The conclusion of the missive was as follows:

I have decided, after hours of deep thought, to give up my seafaring career. You have waited a long time; and though the sacrifice is great, I am willing to make it for your sake. I am coming home to marry you as fast as the wind can blow this beastly iron teapot along.

V

ATTIRED in his best suit of shore-going clothes, Captain Dodd rapped on Miss Barton's door. The oak flew wide on the instant, as if there had been magic in his knuckles.

"Good evenin', cap. I'm mighty glad to see you!"

"Hiram!" exclaimed the captain, in amazement.

"Come in, cap; come in," returned Mr. Hinchy, cordially. "My wife will be glad to see you. You were an old flame of hers, I have been told."

The captain swayed, grasping the frame of the doorway for support.

"What—what in thunder d'ye mean?" he roared.

Mr. Hinchy's thin face lost its smile. He stepped out and placed both his hands on the captain's shoulders.

"Cap," he said, "you're a blamed fool. You've been a blamed fool for the past twenty years. Man, I tell you I'm sorry for you! Mrs. Hinchy is the finest little woman that ever was. Marriageable? Well, I guess! An' do you think it's because I wanted to live on her money? No, cap; I've got a job ashore here, as a Lloyds surveyor, an' for all I care she kin give her property to you. Now go home, cap, an' study over what a selfish fool you've been these twenty years!"

Captain Dodd turned and stumbled away through the dark.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

BY COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY

COMMANDER OF MOSBY'S PARTIZAN RANGERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

WITH A PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE)

On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted.

—Longfellow

A LITTLE more than two years before the outbreak of hostilities in April, 1861, I had opened a law office in Bristol, a new railroad town on the Virginia and Tennessee State line. I resided on the Virginia side. The town has now grown to be a fine city. I was the first lawyer to settle in Bristol, and have always claimed the credit of discovering it.

In the latter part of 1860, a cavalry company had been raised at Abingdon, the county seat of Washington County, where I attended court. The move was inspired by the strong sectional feeling aroused by the controversy over slavery, which resulted, in November of that year, in the election of Abraham Lincoln. To oblige an acquaintance, who had been my college mate, and who expected to be made a lieutenant, I permitted him to put my name on the roll of members; but I took little interest in it, and was not present when the company was organized. It was understood that W. E. Jones, a resident of the county, who was a West Point graduate and had served in the army, would be our captain.

Our first drill was on January court-day, 1861. On the same day Governor John B. Floyd, whose home was at Abingdon, made a speech that was a powerful appeal to the people to prepare for the coming conflict. Floyd had been Buchanan's Secretary of War, and had just left the Cabinet. Buchanan, in his history of his own administration, denies that Floyd's resignation was

voluntary, and says that he demanded it for reasons in no way connected with secession.

The Floyd family was said to be part Indian; and that day, with his fine physique, the Governor certainly looked like a big chief. I sat on the platform near him, and was greatly impressed by his appearance and manner, which reminded me of descriptions I had read of Tecumseh. The red man seemed to predominate in him.

Three months later, when there was a call to arms, our company went into camp; and in the latter part of May we left for the seat of war on the Potomac. Fifty years have since rolled away, but I have still a vivid recollection of the scene as we passed through the town in a drizzling rain, amid—

The gathering tears and tremblings of distress.

Many never returned; and of one hundred and one men who marched away that day in our company, not a dozen now survive.

We were ordered to join Joe Johnston's army. Early in July, we reported to Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, afterward popularly known as "Jeb," who commanded the First Virginia Cavalry, and was watching Patterson's advance into the Shenandoah Valley.

I well remember Stuart's personal appearance at that time. He was a man of fine physique, and of medium height, with a blond beard. He still wore the blue blouse and cap which he had worn in the United States army. I took a long-distance view

of the man who was to be for some years my commander, and whose death I was destined to mourn; but I did not approach him, and little thought that I would ever rise from the ranks to intimacy with him. I owe to him all that I afterward was in the war.

Born in Patrick County, Virginia, Stuart was then twenty-eight years old. While in the United States army, he won distinction fighting Indians on the plains, and was shot by a Cheyenne warrior whose skull he split with his saber. He was a lieutenant in the First United States Cavalry, under Edwin V. Sumner as colonel, and John Sedgwick as major. Both of these officers became corps commanders in the Army of the Potomac; and both Stuart and Sedgwick were killed soon after Grant's Virginia campaign opened in May, 1864.

STUART AND JOHN BROWN

In October, 1859, Stuart was in Washington, on leave of absence from his regiment, when John Brown took possession of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry. At that time Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the Second Cavalry, happened to be at his home, Arlington, on the Potomac, opposite Washington. He was ordered to go to Harper's Ferry, take command, and recapture the arsenal. A company of marines went with him from Washington.

The order was carried to Lee by Lieutenant Stuart, who volunteered to go as his aide. Stuart's regiment had been stationed in Kansas, and he had had some experience there in the Free Soil war, in which John Brown was a leader of the Free Soil party.

In a letter written shortly afterward, Stuart gave the following account of the part he played in the affair:

Colonel Lee was sent to command the forces at Harper's Ferry. I volunteered as his aide. I had no command whatever. The United States marines are a branch of the naval service. There was not an enlisted man of the army on hand. Lieutenant Green was sent in command. Major Russell had been requested by the Secretary of the Navy to accompany the marines, but, being a paymaster, could exercise no command.

I, too, had a part to perform which prevented me, in a measure, from participating in the very brief onset made so gallantly by Green and Russell, well backed by their men. I was deputed by Colonel Lee to read to the leader, then called "Smith," a demand to surrender immediately, and I was instructed to leave the

door after his refusal, which was expected, and wave my cap, at which signal the storming-party was to advance, batter open the doors, and capture the insurgents at the point of the bayonet. Colonel Lee cautioned the stormers particularly to discriminate between the insurgents and their prisoners.

I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spectators, and told Mr. "Smith" that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand; hence his remark, after his capture, that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito.

The parley was a long one. He presented his propositions in every possible shape, and with admirable tact, but all amounted to this—that the only condition on which he would surrender was that he and his party should be allowed to escape. Some of his prisoners begged me to ask Colonel Lee to come to see him. I told them that he would never accede to any terms except those he had offered; and as soon as I could tear myself away from their importunities, I left the door and waved my cap, and Colonel Lee's plan was carried out.

When "Smith" first came to the door, I recognized old Osawatimie Brown, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. The prisoners having been turned over to the United States marshal, Colonel Lee and the marines were ordered back to Washington.

To return to the war in 1861, Stuart soon discovered that Patterson was only making a feint, to attract Joe Johnston's attention, and to prevent his reinforcing Beauregard at Manassas. When McDowell attacked the latter, and Johnston was ordered to join him, Stuart covered his superior's movement so successfully that Patterson thought Johnston was still in his front until, on July 21, he heard that his opponent had helped to defeat McDowell that day at Bull Run.

STUART IN THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

Stonewall Jackson reported that at a critical moment of the battle Stuart rendered valuable service in charging and dispersing the Ellsworth Zouaves, who were coming upon his flank. General Heintzelman, their division commander, said that he was not able to rally the zouaves, and that he believed they fled all the way to New York. Then, with a battery, Stuart moved around and opened fire on the flank of McDowell's column, which was advancing against Jackson. In the evening he conducted Early's brigade,

which had just come on the field, in the turning movement that created the great stampede.

Of Stuart's share in the victory of Manassas, or Bull Run, General Early speaks thus:

Toward 3 P.M. we neared the field of battle, and began to perceive the scenes usual in rear of an army engaged in action.

As I approached the open space beyond, a messenger came galloping to me from Colonel—afterward General—J. E. B. Stuart, who was now on our extreme left with two companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery under Lieutenant Beckham, stating that the colonel said that the enemy was about giving way, and that if we would hurry up they would soon be in retreat. This was the first word of encouragement I had received after reaching the battle-field.

The fact was that Stuart, who had been in position for some time beyond our extreme left, watching the enemy's movements, had, by the judicious use of Beckham's guns on his right flank, kept the enemy in check and prevented him from flanking Elzey, then on the extreme left of our infantry. It was mainly by the fire poured by Beckham's guns into the enemy, who had moved a column in front of the lower end of the ridge mentioned, in order to flank Elzey, that that column had been forced to retire, just as I was approaching behind the ridge, producing on Stuart the impression that the enemy was about to retreat.

Stuart did as much toward saving the battle of First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it, and yet he never received any credit for it in official reports or otherwise. His own report is very brief and indefinite.

In the following September, the cavalry was organized into a brigade, and Stuart was made a brigadier-general. Captain Jones succeeded him as colonel of our regiment. For six months we did outpost duty in front of Washington, and I had to go on picket three times a week. Often, during that winter, I sat on my horse from midnight till sunrise at some crossroad in Fairfax County, and listened to the screams of owls and night-hawks.

ON GUARD IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA

Occasionally small parties would come from McClellan's lines and relieve the monotony by taking a shot at us. There were many ludicrous incidents growing out of false alarms. Some men were so nervous that they could not be trusted on the picket-line, and were kept as camp-guards. Nearly

every night McClellan's balloon could be seen hovering over us. Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers's poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac," is a good picture of our army life at that time.

In March, 1862, Johnston withdrew to the line of the Rapidan, and our regiment was the rear guard of his army. I was then the adjutant. At that time McClellan's army was still in winter quarters, making no sign of movement against Richmond. If, as Mr. Lincoln urged him to do, he had attacked Johnston before he retreated, striking him in front and flank with an overwhelming force, we might have seen an immediate end of the war. But McClellan had no suspicion that Johnston was getting ready to leave, and was greatly surprised to hear that he had evacuated Centreville.

It was about this time that I became personally acquainted with Stuart. McClellan waited about a week, and then sent a force after us; but it moved so slowly that it gave us no trouble, and our generals were puzzled to decide what it meant—whether it was an advance of the Union army, or only a demonstration.

One morning I was sitting on my horse, talking to Stuart. The enemy's skirmish-line was in sight, advancing upon us. He said to me:

"General Johnston wants to know if this is McClellan's army, or only a detachment."

Seeing that Stuart wanted me to do something that he did not like to order me to do, I quickly replied:

"I will find out for you, if you will give me a guide."

"Here is one," he said, pointing to a lame man standing near.

The man's name was Mort Weaver. He recently died in the Soldiers' Home at Richmond.

Weaver and I started off immediately, passed the moving flank of the hostile column, and were soon in rear of it. About the time that we got behind them, the enemy reached the Rappahannock, and opened an artillery fire on our cavalry, which had just crossed. I soon discovered that this was only a detached force, commissioned to deceive Joe Johnston; and I rode all night to carry the news to Stuart. As I came from the direction of the enemy, I was near being shot by our own pickets on the river, about daybreak.

I remember Stuart's delight when I

reached him, and the joy with which he ordered the cavalry to recross the river in pursuit of the enemy, who were now retiring, concealed by a dense fog. No doubt they were greatly surprised that we had found it out so soon. It was now clear that McClellan would not take the route overland, but would go down the Potomac to the Peninsula, and advance from that base on Richmond.

At that period of the war, such a piece of scouting was a novelty; not long afterward, it would have been commonplace. So is crossing the Atlantic to-day; but it was not so in 1492. Stuart, in his report, gives me full credit for it. A few weeks later, however, instead of getting a reward for a purely voluntary service, I was disgraced. The regiment was reorganized, Colonel Jones was left out, and his adjutant went out with him.

DURING THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

I did not sulk, but went to Stuart's headquarters, and volunteered to do any work he had for me. McClellan's army was now in front of Richmond and astride of the Chickahominy. One morning Stuart asked me to take breakfast with him; no one else was at the table. He told me he would like to have me find out if McClellan was fortifying on the Totopotomoy, a creek that empties into the Chickahominy.

I started off immediately, with three or four men, and had not gone far before I was halted by finding that a flag of truce was on the road. As I did not want to go back without doing something, I turned off and made a wide détour toward the Pamunkey, where McClellan had his depot of supplies. When we got near there, I discovered that his line of communication was covered only by a screen of cavalry pickets. I saw the opportunity for a blow, and hastened back.

It was a hot June day when I got to Stuart's headquarters. He was sitting in the shade of a tree. Being tired, I lay down on the grass to tell him what I knew about the situation behind McClellan. Stuart was not a mathematical general. He knew that war cannot be reduced to rules; but with the inspiration of genius he instantly saw the chance to strike a damaging blow.

He asked me to go into his adjutant's office, and write down what I had told him. At the same time he ordered a courier to

get ready to go with him to General Lee's headquarters. When I came back, the courier was there, holding two horses ready for mounting. Stuart read what I had written, and then called my attention to its not being signed. I went back and put my name on the paper, though I could not understand why he wanted my signature to it, for General Lee had never heard of me.

STUART'S RIDE AROUND MCCLELLAN

It was on June 10 that I returned from scouting. General Lee's instructions to Stuart are dated on the 11th; and on the morning of June 12 he started on the memorable ride that eclipsed any feat of ancient or modern war. I was with him when he left his headquarters. His adjutant, whom he left in charge, had no idea where the general was going, and asked him how long he would be gone. Stuart answered quickly, and with some sadness in his tone:

"It may be for years, and it may be forever."

He knew the risks of war, and the hazard of what he was about to undertake. Like many great soldiers, he was of a poetic temperament; he always went into battle singing. Napoleon carried the poems of Ossian with him as a companion in his campaigns. Wolfe, floating down the St. Lawrence at night to attack Quebec, recited Gray's "Elegy," and said:

"I would rather have written that poem than to capture Quebec."

In his "Crisis of the Confederacy," Captain Cecil Battine, an English officer, gives this graphic description of Stuart:

James Stuart, or "Jeb," as he was called in the army, from his initials, proved himself, in his short career, the greatest warrior amongst the great men who have been so called. Whether or not he was really descended from Robert the Bruce, he certainly inherited the kingly talent for leading men and making war. His blond beard and noble figure on horseback recalled the Norman heroes who led the van at Hastings, singing the "Song of Roland."

Of the great ride around McClellan, in which Stuart had twice to cross the Chickahominy, and once to build a bridge over it, the Comte de Paris, who was on McClellan's staff, says:

They had in point of fact created a great commotion, shaken the confidence of the

North in McClellan, and made the first experiment in those great cavalry expeditions which subsequently played so novel and important a part during the war.

Stuart returned safely, after riding in a circle with a radius of less than ten miles around McClellan's headquarters, and inflicting enormous damage upon the Northern commander. It made him the hero of the army, and from that time forward the sight of Stuart on the field was like a blast from Roland's horn.

All that I got for promoting the achievement was to be mentioned in Stuart's report of it, and also in a general order which General Lee published, announcing it to the army. But I was still devoted to Stuart, and only a few weeks later I was mixed up with him in another adventure, in which he lost his hat, and both of us came near being caught.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE

General Pope had come from the West to take command of the Union forces in northern Virginia. Lee had transferred Jackson's and Longstreet's corps from Richmond to his front on the Rapidan, but Pope did not suspect it. The plan was for Jackson to make a frontal attack on Pope, who was then in Culpeper County, while Longstreet moved around him under cover of a mountain and crossed the river below him. He would then have been assailed simultaneously in front and rear, and his army destroyed.

Stuart's cavalry was to cross on the right, below Longstreet. Stuart came on by rail to see General Lee, leaving Fitz Lee with orders to bring on the cavalry, and to be at a designated place at a certain time. I went with Stuart to the appointed rendezvous on the plank road, which we reached about midnight. Fitz Lee had not arrived. He had taken a different route from the one prescribed by Stuart, and was a day behind time.

Stuart sent a staff officer to find Fitz Lee. Meanwhile, thinking that we were inside our lines, we lay down and went to sleep on the porch of a house near the road. Early in the morning, the tramp of cavalry was heard on the plank road. We thought it was Fitz Lee's; but, not wishing to take any chances, a Lieutenant Gibson and I rode off to see what it was.

We came upon a body of cavalry who told us what they were by opening fire on

us. It was fortunate they did so. It aroused Stuart, who mounted his horse, jumped the fence of the back yard, and escaped, losing his hat.

The enemy chased me and Gibson, but stopped at the house, where they captured Stuart's hat, and a haversack containing my field-glass and a letter from Stuart to the Secretary of War recommending me for promotion. The letter was afterward deposited in the National Museum at Washington by Captain Cary, who got it.

The cavalry that we encountered had captured the staff officer whom Stuart had sent in search of Fitz Lee. They found on him a letter from Lee to Stuart that disclosed the whole plan of operations. It was immediately sent to Pope, who started on a precipitate retreat, and Lee's plan was defeated.

It seems that General Bob Toombs, against Longstreet's orders, had withdrawn the picket at the ford where Longstreet was to have crossed. A regiment of New York cavalry, being sent on a scout at night, found the ford unguarded, crossed the river without giving any alarm, and stumbled upon Stuart's courier. In this way Pope's army was saved by the combined errors of two Confederate generals. Longstreet placed Toombs under arrest.

GETTING EVEN WITH POPE

Stuart soon got even with Pope, however, and even ahead of him.

Pope, when brought from the Army of the Mississippi, had issued a manifesto in which he made a rather slighting allusion to the prowess of the Union forces in the East, as compared with those of the West. He also declared that in his operations he would look only to his front, and would let his rear take care of itself. So Stuart concluded to take care of Pope's rear for him; and in August he made a raid, in which he captured that commander's headquarter trains, his military chest, and all his wardrobe, including his hat and plume.

As he set off, Stuart galloped by me and jokingly said:

"I am going after my hat!"

He got a better hat, and helped to drive Pope out of Virginia.

In January, 1863, I left Stuart in winter quarters with his cavalry, to go to the northern counties of Virginia, along the Potomac, and begin a partizan war; but I continued under his orders until he fell, in

May, 1864, like Sidney leading a squadron on the field of honor. After his death we had no chief of cavalry.

Young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

STUART IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN

When the Gettysburg campaign opened, in June, 1863, I had only one small company, and was acting, as Stuart's report says, mostly as a scout, to get information for him. In this way, by riding through their lines, but in full uniform, I discovered that Hooker's army in Virginia was so scattered that Stuart could easily pass between the camps of the different corps to the Potomac. Incidentally, he could destroy a large portion of the enemy's transportation, which he would find on the roads, break Hooker's communications and isolate Washington.

The plan was submitted to General Lee, and was approved. He gave Stuart instructions to make the raid; to collect on the way all the supplies he could; to do all possible damage to the enemy; and to report to Ewell on the Susquehanna. Ewell had gone into Pennsylvania some days in advance.

When proposed, the entire plan was easily practicable. General Lee virtually controlled the movements of both armies, for Hooker never moved until Lee moved. If it had been executed as originally planned, it would have been the most brilliant achievement in war since Bonaparte came down on the rear of the Austrians in the valley of the Po. It was defeated by the premature movement of A. P. Hill's corps to the Potomac, on June 24, in full view of the signal station on Maryland Heights. This set Hooker's army in motion the next day.

Stuart started to go by the route which General Lee had authorized him to take, but he was delayed by meeting Hooker's army on the roads. There was not the slightest necessity for Hill's movement, for not a regiment of Hooker's army had then crossed the river. General Lee, however, suffered no inconvenience from Stuart's absence, for both he and Ewell had an abundance of cavalry with them, and Meade had sent two-thirds of his cavalry off in search of Stuart. No event of the war has been so much misrepresented as this.

STUART AS A CAVALRY COMMANDER

Stuart's great distinction is that he originated and brought about a revolution in

the use of cavalry, and adapted it to modern conditions of war. He was the first to see that in modern warfare the chief function of cavalry should be preliminary to the battle; and that mounted charges of cavalry against infantry are, or should be, ancient history.

One who served under Stuart can see how poorly, in this respect, Napoleon was served in the Waterloo campaign. His horsemen did splendid fighting in the three battles. At Quatre Bras, a French trooper got so close to Wellington that to escape being sabered he had to get into an infantry square. But it is surprising that the French cavalry made no effort to intercept communication between Blücher and Wellington, who were attempting to concentrate from widely separated bases. Such a movement—called a "double line of operations"—is always hazardous in the presence of an enemy. If communication between the British and the Prussians had been broken, there could have been no co-operation and no concentration.

On the morning of June 16, Wellington rode six miles to meet Blücher at Byre, near Ligny, and returned to Quatre Bras. I am very sure that if we had been there, we should have caught him. I once said to General Joe Johnston that if Stuart had commanded Napoleon's cavalry, he would have won the campaign of Waterloo, for Blücher and Wellington could not have formed a junction. My reason was that, on the morning after Ligny, Napoleon despatched Grouchy to follow Blücher, thinking that the Prussian commander had retreated eastward, toward Namur, when, in fact, he had gone northward, to join Wellington.

"If Stuart had been there," I added, "he would have known before daybreak which way the Prussians had gone."

"He would have known before midnight," General Johnston quickly replied.

THE LAST SCENES OF STUART'S LIFE

Colonel Denison, the Canadian military writer, speaks thus of Stuart in his "History of Cavalry":

General Stuart was killed on the 11th of May, 1864, while bravely fighting with only eleven hundred men against General Sheridan, who was making a dash upon Richmond with a mounted force eight thousand strong, in hope of capturing it, as Hadik took Berlin in the wars of Frederick the Great. Stuart

was a most efficient cavalry officer; his energy and impetuosity were unrivaled, while his tact and promptitude of resource saved his command on many critical occasions. His power of obtaining information of the enemy's movements was extraordinary. His loss was severely felt by the whole army, but by none more than by General Lee, who had planned all his best campaigns upon the information gained for him by Stuart and his cavalry. . . . He sent one cavalry officer after another to obtain information, repeatedly ejaculating, at one important crisis:

"Oh, for one hour of General Stuart!"

I remember very well the last time I saw Stuart. It was in February, 1864, at his tent on the Rapidan. When I bade him good-by I little thought that it was our last parting. He mentioned me, however, a few days later, in a despatch which he sent to Richmond, reporting two of my brushes with the enemy:

Orange Court-House, February 28, 1864.

GENERAL G. W. C. LEE, President's Staff:

Colonel Mosby has just accomplished another one of his daring exploits near Dranesville. He attacked a body of the enemy, 180 strong, routing them completely; killed 15, a large number wounded, and 70 prisoners, with horses, arms, equipments, etc. His own loss, 1 killed, 4 slightly wounded. On the 20th he attacked with 60 men 250 of the enemy's cavalry near Upperville, who retreated before him, killing 6 (left on the field), including 1

captain. He captured 1 lieutenant and 7 privates. The road was strewn with abandoned hats, haversacks, etc. Wagons were impressed by the enemy to carry off wounded. His own loss, 2 wounded.

J. E. B. STUART, Major-General.

Shortly after the close of the war I was in Richmond, and went out to Hollywood to see Stuart's grave. I quote the following from a letter written by John Esten Cooke, a distinguished Virginia author, who was an officer on Stuart's staff:

The "burly ruffian" view of him [Mosby] will not bear inspection. If there are any who cannot erase from their minds this fanciful figure of a cold, coarse, heartless adventurer, I beg them to dwell for a moment upon the picture which a Richmond correspondent of a Northern paper drew the other day.

On a summer morning, a solitary man was seen beside the grave of Stuart in Hollywood Cemetery, near Richmond. The dew was on the grass, the birds sang overhead, the green hillock at the dead man's feet was all that remained of the daring leader of the Southern cavalry, who, after all his toils, his battles, and the shock of desperate encounters, had come here to rest in peace. Beside this unmarked grave the solitary mourner remained long, pondering and remembering. Finally he plucked a wild flower, dropped it upon the grave, and, with tears in his eyes, left the spot. This lonely mourner at the grave of Stuart was Mosby.

THE FIRST TRYST

WITHIN the whispering shadows of the night,
Where the gray dunes show wan against the sky,
And the long roller curls its yellow foam
Above half-strangled sands, he stands at gaze.
His heart is sick with doubt, and painfully
His ear is bent to catch the hushed, sweet noise
Of light feet hastening toward him. Sudden fears
Clutch at his throat, while fancy, chilled and weak,
Plagues him with nameless pangs. There in the dark
One big star burns like an unwinking eye,
Mocking his vigil. Somewhere, far away,
A dog bays maddeningly, and all his soul
Hangs on the torture of that instant when
From the dim tower the bell's first note shall boom
Its brazen signal. Hollow winds arise
Mingled of flame and frost; hope flickers low,
As falls the breathless moment; till at last
The long-awaited stroke which, ere it dies,
Shudders into a little sound of joy.
Then outstretched hands that glimmer through the dusk,
Pale robes that flutter near, a happy cry
Quenched in a tremulous sob—and all is well!

James B. Kenyon

EDITORIAL

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION IN ACTION

WOODROW WILSON, now well settled in the White House, will have weighty things in favor of the advancement of his policies.

The American people, long before the election of last year, had become impatient for a change from—almost intolerant of the last part of—the administration now retired. Their warm welcome of the new order will stiffen the President against mere politicians.

The people were aroused, very nearly rebellious, against the rising cost of living, relief from which has been pledged to them. Any party or faction seeking to thwart a Wilson program will be discouraged by the prospect of appearing in the light of denying to the public that promised relief.

In his honorable private life, Mr. Wilson always has been of shining spiritual ideals, of distinguished intellectual attainments, and of strong moral courage. Such qualities could not fail to commend him, at the outset of his national career, to his fellow citizens of the United States.

As against the propitious circumstances, Mr. Wilson, sooner or later, will meet embarrassments and griefs.

His party, however creditable its aims, is not, never has been, trained in team-work. Good team-work is essential to useful rather than hurrah legislation, to efficient rather than flashy government.

Mr. Wilson, or his party platform and campaign speakers for him, has promised much that can never be performed. He and his party cannot legislate hen-laying to bring down, with excessive supply, the price of eggs when they happen to be scarce. He cannot, with an executive order to the Secretary of Agriculture, produce bumper crops. He cannot, with statutes forced upon his party in the Senate and in the House, teach the heedless American people to be careful savers and wise investors.

His party is a minority representation of the voters of the country. Satisfying its own political followers, therefore, it might displease the majority of the nation. It is not even a minority party harmonious within itself. It is divided over the question of what are its own purposes and obligations, not to speak of how Mr. Wilson ought to act to represent faithfully the Democratic party—with the new Democracy in sharp contrast, even violent conflict, with the old Democracy.

But in the great national achievements the patriotic hope is that Mr. Wilson will be not a faction's President, nor even a party's, but the people's.

MEXICO'S FUTURE NOT BRIGHT

MEXICAN misfortunes and miseries are in the blood. Insurrections suppressed do not relieve them. Revolutions triumphant do not cure them. Nor military shifts from a Madero to a Huerta with cold-blooded murder of the best men in Mexico—perhaps on around the circle.

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of February.

In Mexico there is no national spirit. There is no devotion to impersonal principles, no reverence for unselfish ideals, no inspiration to patriotic sacrifice.

There are no party divisions in the usual sense—groups of men seeking to promote, through their representatives, their views of what is best for the public life. There are followers of personal leaders. There are no conservatives; there are Diazists. There are no liberals; there are Maderists. There are no radicals; there are Zapatistas or other bands—bushwhackers or bandits—following personal leaders.

The Mexican of the masses can be devoted to his family, meaning flesh and blood to him. He can be loyal, by the same token, to his leader. He cannot be devoted to a party merely of principles.

The masses of Mexico can love their little strip of land. They cannot love their Constitution. They know very well what their little strip of land is and what it does for them. They have no comprehension of what their Constitution is, or what it is expected to do for them. They are not interested in anything so remote from self. They don't care what happens to them indirectly through their Constitution. They do care what comes to them directly through their leaders.

Government is thus left to be pursued and captured like game by the leaders of an adventurous and ambitious few whose motives, more powerful but not more disinterested than those of the masses, are personal advantage and private gain.

All those conflicting personal interests, ambitions, and passions make constantly for ferment and strife in the race, tribe against tribe, band against band, personal following against personal following. They are the political disease in the veins of the nation. The strong Diaz could mitigate it; he could not eradicate it. The weak Madero intensified it. Others for many years may be incapable of doing much better than Madero. They are very likely to do a great deal worse than Diaz. One party or another uppermost in the government, there will continue to be political darkness in Mexico's future.

CONGRESS PREJUDICES PERSISTENT

HISTORY does not fail to repeat itself in the prejudices and superstitions of Congress. Against the Rockefeller One Hundred Million Dollar Foundation bill there were suspicions by some Senators and Representatives that therein lay a dark plot to increase and perpetuate the Standard Oil money power. To others most serious objections were that it set a questionable precedent in perpetuating by public act the name of a multimillionaire.

When James Smithson, an Englishman, offered his fortune to the United States to found an institution for the dissemination of knowledge, Congress was asked for a charter. There was intense prejudice against it. Even John C. Calhoun opposed giving the now celebrated Smithsonian Institution a charter, lest, as he urged, this great establishment, holding lands, making investments, going on perpetually piling up new resources, might come to overshadow the government with the immensity of its wealth, perhaps at last corrupting it and subverting it!

Congress was a long time accepting the gift and consenting to charter the Smithsonian Institution on the terms which were considered by the giver necessary to conserve the estate and assure the noble, fruitful work he had foreseen in his vision of the future.

Yet it is to the Smithsonian Institution that we may trace the invention of both the telegraph and the telephone. The technical and financial assistance which it rendered to two struggling, poverty-stricken inventors, whom nobody else could recognize as more than day-dreamers, made those inventions possible.

This one modest philanthropy's contribution to the sum of knowledge, to the development of science, to the expansion of useful arts, would make a most impressive catalogue.

SALARY LIMIT ON MARRIAGES

MILITARY regulations, not only in Europe, but in the United States, have presumed before now to exercise a veto upon the rights of young officers to marry until their pay or other income might justify, in the judgment of their superiors, the extravagance. A great banking-house in New York has also taken up the issue with a notice to employees that any one on a salary of less than one hundred dollars a month, marrying without the permission of the company, shall be liable to dismissal and to forfeiture of benefits in the pension fund.

Undoubtedly the rule was suggested by the possibility that the rising cost of living for a family might tempt the man of meager income to tamper with the bank's funds. Millions of veterans in wedlock, however, could give testimony based on personal experience that a wife and family more often induce a man to save money than to squander it, not to speak of the inspiration there is in a family for a man to keep his honor spotless.

MR. CHESTERTON MISQUOTES

IT is an unpleasant surprise, even in these days of prevalent inaccuracy in journalism, to find such a writer as Gilbert Chesterton using a flagrant misquotation as the text of his regular contribution to a well-known London periodical. We will return good for evil—for it is this magazine that Mr. Chesterton misquotes—by giving his words exactly:

The large number of divorces in America is a matter of grave distress to the most public-spirited Americans, but not to Professor George Elliott Howard, as quoted in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It is an "incident," according to Professor George Elliott Howard, "an incident in the mighty process of spiritual liberation, which is rapidly changing the relative positions of men and women in society and the family." I do not suggest that the professor would say in so many words that the less husbands and wives could put up with each other the better; or that the happiest society would be a perpetual succession of unhappy families. But there is an unconscious sentiment of that sort behind all this way of talking about the spiritual liberation of sex.

If any one cares to refer to the brief article entitled "Again the Divorce Problem," which we published in this department in January, he will find that neither MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE nor George Elliott Howard said what Mr. Chesterton attributes to them, or anything like it. Neither we nor Mr. Howard made light of the frequency of divorce in America, or anywhere else. In speaking of a "process of spiritual liberation," Mr. Howard, as we quoted him, was not referring to American divorce statistics, or to America at all, but to the recent recommendation of nine eminent Englishmen, constituting a three-to-one majority of a royal commission appointed to study the question, that five new grounds for divorce should be recognized by English law.

So far as our January article touched upon the large number of divorces in the United States, its spirit was precisely contrary to that indicated by Mr. Chesterton. Of course, every one capable of any reflection on the subject must be distressed by the fact that divorces are frequent. We do not need the profound Chesterton to tell us that it is pleasant to see men and women happy in wedded life, or that it is a sad thing when marriages fail and families are disrupted. But when, through human fault or weakness, the failure and the disruption come, when happiness is turned to misery, and the flowery tie becomes a galling chain, opinions may and do differ as to the proper course of treatment. Many good men think that the victims of the disaster should be compelled to drag their fetters as long as they live; many good men hold that they should have legal relief in the shape of divorce.

It is to be hoped that in England, where this weighty and difficult problem has been brought to the front by the report of the divorce commission, it will be discussed and decided with fairness, mutual tolerance, and public spirit. Mr. Chesterton's method of setting up a straw man and whacking off its head may cater to that brilliant writer's self-satisfaction, but it does not add to his reputation or contribute to the settlement of the controversy.

A sermon with a misquoted text would better have remained undelivered. While inaccuracy of statement is deplorable, the falsification of another's words is worse—it is dishonorable.

THE CRUMBLING CAPITOL BUILDING

FOLK accustomed to think of our national Capitol at Washington as an institution capable of lasting like the Pyramids of Egypt, and as solid as Gibraltar, may be shocked to know that in fact a large part of that imposing structure is of temporary construction, poor material, and now in need of millions of dollars to put it in good condition.

The central section of the structure—all except the House and Senate wings—would be disreputable even now except for the quantities of paint that conceal the crumbling of the stone. The outer covering must all be removed, and it is planned to replace it with marble, of which the wings are built. The dome, widely regarded as the finest in the world, is in fact only temporary; it was built just before the Civil War, and is of iron. It was the original intention to have it replaced with a marble dome, but the war caused such details to be forgotten.

If the Capitol must be built over it should be with the purpose to retain the lines and general effect now impressed on the thought of every American. The dome might be a better engineering effect in marble, but it could not be better artistically.

INCOME TAX REALIZATION

FOR the mill, the factory, and the mart, with the Democratic administration in power, the watchword is tariff. This is a practical question. It is a bread-and-butter business. It is the biggest thing ahead of the American people. But as a legislative measure it will not monopolize public attention.

A sentimental question as yet, the income tax, while Congress deals with it, will be more in the popular mind and on the popular tongue than the

tariff. The newest national policy, joined into the Constitution scarcely a month before the inauguration of Mr. Wilson, excites the imagination of the millions of our population. The thought of a discriminating tax to be paid only by "those who can best afford to pay it" is something to challenge the popular fancy. But the question has a very practical side. Potentially, it is as pregnant of serious national history as the tariff.

The big possibility of an income tax, as some political students deliberate it, is not how much money can be swept into the Treasury every year from the "rich." It can easily be a hundred millions. With no great difficulty it can be two hundred millions. Under our Civil War schedule it could be four hundred millions—more than half enough to meet the expenses of the government.

But this is not the possibility that engages the thought of those political students. Not what could be collected from the "rich man." Not that, but what would be the effect, first upon the "poor man" paying none of the tax; and, secondly, upon the common country of both the poor man and the rich man.

That school of political economy holds that no tax that does not bring home to every citizen — by personal experience with direct cause and effect—what it means, can be a wise tax. That for the hundreds to lay the taxes upon the thousands, without paying any themselves, and the millions to lay them upon the thousands, sets up in ultimate consequences a vicious condition of the ancient proletariat parasitic upon the involuntary few.

France, those students point out, has thus far denied the income tax entrance into its political system, while the rest of Europe has eagerly embraced it and extorted out of it all there was to be extorted. And the French peasant, they emphasize, without a discriminating income tax, is to-day the world's banker. The French, they go on, tax impartially the least along with the greatest, so that the man with a sou in his pocket, like the man with millions in his bank, may know what it is to squander, and upon whom, individually and nationally, in the last analysis, falls the economic and social penalty.

All this will come up in sharp debate before there is laid in the United States the income tax that seems sure to be imposed by this Congress. Then, in the manner of imposing it, with the final national accounting, will come the proof of the pudding in the eating.

THE BATTLE AGAINST WASTE

MORE than ever before the world of to-day is a battle-field. The battle is closer than any other ever fought. It is not for dynastic glory. It is not for a personal point of honor. The world's battle of to-day is against waste—the devourer of humanity.

Either in this land of the American people, as in other lands largely peopled, waste must stop, or the growth of population must stop. And when the population of a nation ceases to go forward, the next step is that it begins to go backward. That is national decay. Step by step with national decay goes individual rot.

Where and in what is this devouring waste? Everywhere and in everything. Twenty million families—the big consolidated family of the United States—each needlessly burning one single match a day, at the price of five cents a dozen boxes—only one match wasted to a whole family—is the equivalent of burning down every year a house worth half a million dollars.

If so little a thing in the unit of the individual—so little a thing as a single match a day for each family of five persons—can mean so much in the aggre-

gate of national waste, isn't all the rest of the possible and the actual waste as clear as sunshine?

There is the light that is left burning when not needed. There is the fire flaming under the empty kettle. There is the good food swept neglected from the table. There is the farm implement, the artisan's tools, the household utensil, misused and damaged. In all varieties there is waste by nearly all the units—and the aggregate is immeasurable.

Worse! There is the economic waste in the production of the necessities of life. Two pairs of hands on the job of one pair. One pair fiddling for a day over what could be done in half a day. Rent paid for more space than would suffice. Water running over the dam without turning a wheel. In your own mind go down the list—this, that, and everything. Think of what a single match a day means, and then see if your imagination can grasp it all.

ALL THE WASTE.

Scientific management is chiefly the stoppage of waste. In recent years the supreme efforts and the supreme triumphs of business management have been in the stoppage of waste—getting more than before out of the same material, the same physical energy, the same material activity.

And now American governing bodies, like private corporations, are alive to the need of scientific management—to promote efficiency—save waste. They are employing experts in business methods. They are hunting for good business managers as a private corporation would—a city business manager, a State business manager, a Federal department business manager.

This is the battle for efficiency, absorbing in our day the best brains of successful business management.

But this isn't going far enough. It doesn't get to the biggest field of all—the public's waste. The scientific methods of the thousands saving against the waste of the happy-go-lucky millions have been a partial check on the rising price of the nation's bread and butter. But there is a limit to the attainment of the ideal of waste-saving by the scientific methods of the thousands organized into perfect business machines. To that ideal the successful ones are near enough and the others must perish—to sound the warning of the dead-line.

Then it will be up to the individual units—the millions—for the last chance! Can the millions on the farm, in the small place of business, at the work-bench, in the household, learn that inexorable lesson—to save waste? Well, they can, because they must. Germany has learned, or is learning. And France. And Holland.

Theirs is the lesson we Americans must learn or be devoured by our waste. We must not be too late to learn it. We must not suck the orange dry and then study the rejuicing of the shriveled skin. We must not be the last to learn. In the economic race the devil takes, without fail and without mercy, the hindmost.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

ALL the world has voiced admiration and sorrow for the sacrificial heroes of the British antarctic expedition. Was it worth while?

Look you, then, at history, without dollar-marks coloring it in a way to blind the eyes.

Jefferson paid fifteen million dollars for Louisiana, and there was a determined purpose of impeaching him for wasting the public money.

Seward paid half that much for Alaska, and for twenty years many

Americans good-naturedly assumed that he had been buncoed into paying a substantial price for a worthless bunch of square miles of ice.

GOVERNMENT COSTS AND BUSINESS METHODS

RESPONSIBLE party authorities in Congress were startled toward the close of the session to discover that a House pledged to strict economy and lower government expenses had appropriated more money than ever before. It was partly the result of reckless spending and partly the inevitable retribution for reckless promising.

Government lends itself clumsily to application of business formulas, yet there is room for much practical gain in this direction. The budget system, whereby estimates of expenses are submitted to a committee, which also considers prospective revenues and aids in cutting the garment according to the cloth, is one obvious improvement over our present method of having a dozen committees giving out money, each grabbing for all it can get, and none stopping to think where the total is to come from.

HOME AS A FAMILY DANGER

DR. FREDERICK H. SYKES, director of practical arts at the Teachers College, is credited with declaring that the home is a menace—a menace in its influence upon women. He declares that the greatest danger to the institution of marriage, as he sees it, is in the fact that because of inability, or because of public opinion, so many women are kept from outside work. "In addition to a scientifically managed home, woman needs her profession or her trade to give full scope to her intelligence, or her energy."

Except for the childless woman, she might retort, with the history of Christendom to back her up, that in the labors she performs at home in the fulfilment of her devoted duties to her family, she expends as much physical energy as man in sailing ships, building bridges, and creating active wealth out of the natural stores of the earth. As for intelligence, God gives the brain; His creatures can but train it. The peasant peoples of the Old World, exerting their energy—men and women alike—in outside work, have yet to prove that by such service the intellect can be fanned to flame, or even faintly sparked.

STANDARDIZING THE BABIES

WITH thirty to forty States now conducting scientific baby shows, women's clubs putting out literature showing mothers how to standardize their babies, and brain and muscle made the aim of infantile culture, it is confidently maintained that at last the development of the human race may approach some of the excellent physical results achieved by experts with fruits and vegetables.

Throughout the West this standardization of the baby is often spoken of as the "Iowa plan," giving that prairie State a new distinction, perhaps to surpass its fame of a few years ago, when the "Iowa idea" in tariff matters became the talk of the country. The Iowa plan of standardizing the babies may meet desperate resistance, however, if it proposes to ignore the cunning curl and the adorable dimple for the mere sake of satisfying science.

THE SUCCESSION TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE

THE PECULIAR FAMILY LAWS OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOFF,
AND CERTAIN PRESENT UNCERTAINTIES IN REGARD
TO THE FUTURE INHERITANCE OF THE
CZAR'S IMPERIAL CROWN

BY F. CUNLIFFE OWEN

AUTHOR OF "THE BALKAN STATES. THE STORM CENTER OF EUROPE." ETC.

IN all the monarchical countries of Europe, save one, the succession to the throne is regulated by the constitutional law of the land, and by old-established family statutes of the reigning dynasty, to all of which the sovereign is obliged to defer. The single exception is Russia, where the Czar retains the autocratic right to bequeath his scepter to whomsoever he deems fit.

It seems necessary to call public attention to this very generally ignored fact, in view of the vast amount of misinformation that has been printed by the American and foreign press during the past winter concerning the descent of the crown of Peter the Great, in connection with the recent severe illness of the young Czarevitch Alexis. As usual, the newspapers have made the mistake of judging Russia by standards that are purely western, instead of Muscovite, and therefore semioriental.

Many are the Old World rulers who have so greatly feared or detested their statutory heirs apparent that they would gladly have altered the succession to the throne in favor of some scion of their house more in sympathy with their views. But they have always found that this would be impracticable without constitutional amendment, legislative enactment, and the consent of all the agnates of the reigning family.

Failing to obtain all these, Emperor Francis Joseph could not divert the crowns

of Austria and Hungary from his nephew, Archduke Francis Ferdinand; nor could the German Kaiser set aside the crown prince, had he wished to do so. Even when Prince Louis became Regent of Bavaria last winter, and was urged both from within and from without the borders of his native land to proclaim himself king, in the place of his cousin Otto, who has been hopelessly insane for more than forty years, he refrained, in the face of the almost insuperable obstacles in the way of a change in the established order of succession.

If the little Czarevitch had succumbed to his malady of last winter, as it was feared that he might, the Emperor Nicholas would have been at liberty to proclaim his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, now nearly eighteen years old, as next heir to the throne. He need not have considered the pretensions of his only surviving brother, the since disgraced Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, or those of his first cousins, the three sons of the late Grand Duke Vladimir.

In 1825, when Alexander I died without issue, it was found that he had bequeathed the crown, not to his next brother, Constantine Paulovitch, although the latter bore the title of Czarevitch, but to his youngest brother, Nicholas. Imperious prince that he was, Constantine was compelled to submit. Catherine the Great designated her grandson Alexander as her successor, in-

stead of his father, her only son Paul, who, however, secured the throne by destroying the ukase that disinherited him before it could be put into execution.

Going back still farther, Peter the Great left his scepter, not to his grandchild, the sole offspring of his murdered son, the Czarevitch Alexis, but to his widow, the Empress Catherine I, who was of peasant birth, and who commenced her career as a chambermaid of a village inn. Finally, when the Empress Anna passed away, the throne went, in accordance with her decrees, to a foreigner, a German prince, Duke John of Brunswick, one of her grand-nephews. Her choice was due to the fact that John was a child, so that her low-born favorite Biron might enjoy supreme power for a number of years, as regent during the boy's minority.

TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UKASES

This goes to show that in the past the rulers of Russia have been guided by expediency, by prejudice, or by mere caprice, in their choice of a successor, rather than by any hard and fast order of primogeniture. Their practise has been in conformity with a historic ukase issued by Peter the Great, in 1722, in which he declared:

We have seen fit to establish hereby that the sovereign shall at all times during his reign have the right to designate by decree, as his successor, whomsoever he regards as best qualified for the honor; and that he shall further be at liberty to modify or withdraw any such decree, and make another nomination, if he becomes convinced of the unworthiness or incapacity of his first choice of an heir apparent. The object of this is to bridle the behavior of the members of our family and of our descendants, and to force them so to order their lives that they may not succumb to temptation and godlessness.

This ukase of Peter the Great may be regarded as having been ever since the fundamental principle of the succession of the crown of Russia.

Seventy-five years later—in May, 1797—another and more detailed edict was put forth by the Czar Paul. This remarkable document provides for the succession of Paul's eldest son, and of the latter's descendants in the male line direct. Failing this line, the succession passes to his other sons and their descendants in the male line. Only after the extinction of all these, and

the failure of all other male lines of the imperial house of Romanoff, come the daughters of Paul's sons, and their descendants; and after these, the descendants of Paul's own daughters.

Furthermore, the grand duchesses married to Russians are accorded priority over those married to foreigners, even if their connection with the throne is more remote. If a princess succeeding to the crown should have an alien husband, he must previously have adopted the Russian national creed, and must have renounced not only his foreign nationality, but also any foreign throne which he possessed, or was destined to inherit. He does not, however, become invested with Russian sovereignty as consort of the empress regnant.

Under this same decree, the monarch and the heir apparent attain their majority at sixteen; other members of the dynasty at twenty. In the event of the incapacity of the emperor, through illness or mental affliction, his consort becomes invested with the regency. Failing her, the nearest adult male or female relative of Russian nationality assumes that power.

In case of the minority of the occupant of the throne, the regency belongs in the first place to the child's mother—step-mothers are particularly excluded—or, failing her, to the next nearest adult male or female relative of Muscovite nationality.

The regent is assisted by a council of regency, consisting of six dignitaries selected by him or by her, at her free will, from among the members of the imperial family, and from the ranks of the two highest classes of officers of the state. Once the council is thus appointed, the regent cannot take any important sovereign decision without its cooperation; neither can the council do anything save in conjunction with the regent.

The authority of the council is restricted to matters pertaining to the regency, and does not extend to the personal guardianship of the monarch. The consent of the council is needed for the filling by the regent of any vacancy that may take place in its ranks.

Finally, while women are just as eligible as men for the office of regent, the ukase ordains that princes shall always have the priority over princesses in the actual succession to the throne.

While many of the provisos enumerated in this decree remain in force until to-day,

because they do not happen to have been repealed by the emperors who succeeded the Czar Paul, the latter at the time of his tragic death was himself engaged in setting at naught certain of its directions. He was taking steps to eliminate his two elder sons, Alexander and Constantine, from the suc-

parricide has been definitely established and placed on record within the last few months by the Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch, president of the Imperial Academy of Russia, in his recent book entitled "Alexander I." The Grand Duke Nicholas is a grandson of the first Czar Nicholas, and



THE CZAREVITCH ALEXIS, ONLY SON OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS II, AND
HEIR APPARENT TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE

cession, in favor of his youngest son, Nicholas. It was because Alexander and Constantine were apprised of this in time, and of their father's intention to banish them to the remotest penal settlements of Siberia, that they gave their consent to his assassination.

Their complicity in this terrible crime of

a cousin and a confidant of his namesake, the present Czar; and the disclosure of the historic tragedy was made with the latter's consent and approval.

ALEXANDER III ADDS NEW LAWS

In 1886, the Czar Alexander III issued another lengthy ukase in regard to the

affairs of the imperial family. Besides dealing with the matrimonial alliances of members of the reigning house, and with the control, management, and disposition of the property of the Romanoff princes and princesses, this edict made several notable additions to the statutes then in existence — because unrepealed — governing the succession to the crown.

Thus, the decree of 1886 explicitly excludes from all right to the throne, and from any imperial status and prerogatives, the wife and children of any scion of the house of Romanoff who is guilty of a *mésalliance*—that is to say, who marries some one not belonging to one of the sovereign dynasties of Europe. Alexander's purpose was to checkmate the movement inaugurated by revolutionists and other malcontents to put forward Prince George Alexandrovitch Yourieffski as a claimant to the throne. This prince was a natural son of Alexander II and of Princess Catherine Dolgorouka. His parents were married morganatically, long after young George's birth, and just a few months before his father's shocking murder by the nihilists, in 1881.

Another paragraph of the ukase of Alexander III excludes from the office of regent, as well as from succession to the throne, any grand duke whose wife was not a member of the national orthodox church of Russia, and also bans their children from the crown. This was aimed by the late Czar at his brother Vladimir, whom he distrusted, and against Vladimir's German wife, whom he detested, and whose designs he feared. Alexander was scarcely on speaking terms with the now widowed Grand Duchess Vladimir who, until a few years ago, insisted on adhering to the Lutheran church, in which she had been reared. He used

to regard her as the principal agent at St. Petersburg of his *bête noire*, the late Prince Bismarck; and, being aware of her extraordinary ambition, he was firmly determined that neither she nor her children should ever occupy a place on the throne of Russia.

Still another paragraph of the decree ordains that the titles of grand duke and grand duchess, and the predicate of imperial highness, shall continue through only two generations in descent from the crown. Hence it is that the children of Grand Duke Constantine Constantino-vitch, a grandson of Nicholas I, are merely princes and princesses of Russia, instead of bearing the grand ducal title of their parents, and must therefore be content with being addressed as "highness," instead of "imperial highness."

Similar provisions exist in England and in Italy. Thus, even if Prince Arthur of Connaught marries a woman of rank equal to his own, his eldest son will not be a prince of the blood, but merely a peer of the realm, as third Duke of Connaught. His younger sons and his daughters will be commoners in the eyes of the law, and will have no handles to their names except the courtesy titles of "lord" and "lady" accorded by custom to the younger children of non-royal British dukes.

In Austria, on the other hand, the imperial status never lapses, and an archduke's descendants in the direct male line will always be archdukes and imperial highnesses, through countless generations, as long as there is no *mésalliance*.

Some of the notable features of the ukase of Alexander III are to be found in its concluding paragraphs, beginning with that numbered ninety-four. These require that all members of the imperial family,



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE CZAR'S ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER, RECENTLY DEPRIVED OF ALL IMPERIAL PREROGATIVES

on attaining their majority, shall solemnly swear to absolute and complete submission to the will of the reigning Czar, in his capacity as chief of the house, as sovereign, and as autocrat. Moreover, the right of the monarch to deprive any of them of their rank and prerogatives, to confiscate their property temporarily or permanently, and

otherwise to punish them as he sees fit, if they give him cause of complaint, is set forth in no uncertain language.

THE BROTHERS OF NICHOLAS II

When Nicholas II ascended the throne, in 1894, his brother George stood next in line of succession, and was at once invested



NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA AND HEAD OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE OF ROMANOFF—
UNLIKE THE OTHER EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS, HE HAS THE SOLE
RIGHT TO DESIGNATE HIS SUCCESSOR

with the title of Czarevitch. Four years afterward, however, George gave dire offense to Nicholas, and to his mother, the widowed Czarina Dagmar, by marrying in defiance of their wishes and in flagrant disobedience to his brother's commands. His bride was a Georgian lady of petty noble rank, whom he met at Abbas Tuman, a retreat in the Caucasus, to which he had been sent by his physicians on account of his health.

It is probable that he would have been

punished by deprivation of his honors and prerogatives, but for the fact that he was stricken with tuberculosis of the lungs, and the Czar wished to show him the utmost mercy. But in view of the possibility—not fulfilled, for he died some twelve years ago—that he might linger for a long time, Nicholas issued a ukase decreeing that in the event of his own death, or incapacity through illness, his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, should act as regent, and that he should



ALEXANDRA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA, WHO UNDER EXISTING EDICTS WOULD BECOME REGENT IN THE EVENT OF THE ACCESSION OF A MINOR HEIR

take George's place in the line of succession to the crown.

This ukase in favor of Michael, in turn, has lately been canceled by a fresh decree, in which Nicholas explicitly excludes the grand duke in question from any share in the regency, and deprives him not only of all his military and imperial honors and prerogatives, but also of the control of his property. The administration of the latter has been vested by the Czar in the hands of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who is to act as curator, and who will merely accord Michael an income from his estates, sufficient for his needs, the amount to be determined by the emperor. In a word, the Czar's brother has been reduced to the position of a minor, or of a judicially adjudged imbecile, incompetent to manage his own affairs, and mentally unfitted for any responsibilities.

These measures, adopted by the Czar with regard to his only surviving brother, to whom he was formerly deeply attached, are nominally attributed to the scandalous circumstances of Michael's recent marriage to Mme. Sheremetieffska. This lady, *née* Krassinska, has been divorced in turn by Sergius Mamontoff, a Moscow millionaire, by a man of the name of Vuibel, and by Count Sheremetieff, a young officer of the grand duke's regiment of horse guards.

A NEW ROMANOFF MYSTERY

It is also said that the Czar was impelled to place Michael's property in the hands of a trustee owing to his discovery that the grand duke was engaged in transferring everything that he could to foreign banks, in the name of the former Mme. Sheremetieffska. It is generally believed on the banks of the Neva, and in the official and court circles of other European capitals, that Michael's offense was something more serious than a *mésalliance*.

After all, his uncle, the Grand Duke Paul, disobeyed the emperor's commands in marrying the divorced wife of his aide-de-camp, General Pistolkors, a lady with whom he had been living for several years, and upon whom he bestowed the magnificent jewels of his dead mother. A cousin, the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, similarly defied the Czar by marrying Countess Sophie Merenberg, who was born prior to the marriage of her father, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, with the divorced and



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CZAR, WHO MAY BE PROCLAIMED NEXT HEIR AFTER THE CZAREVITCH

runaway wife of a Russian police official. The late Duke George of Leuchtenberg, also a member of the imperial family, was guilty of another shocking *mésalliance*, in marrying an army officer's divorced wife, who had for years presided, in left-handed fashion, over the household of that terrible old reprobate, the late Prince Alexander Gortchakoff, the famous chancellor of the empire. All of these offenders have since been pardoned. Not one of them received such harsh punishment, or was the object of such a public disgrace, as Michael Alexandrovitch.

This naturally lends color to the widely current story to the effect that the grand



THE GRAND DUKE BORIS, SECOND SON OF THE
GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, AND A PRINCE
OF UNENVIABLE NOTORIETY

duke was in some way implicated, through his wife, in the latest conspiracy against the emperor, which culminated in the suicide of Admiral Czagin, commander of the imperial yacht. It is pointed out that it would not be the first time that one brother had plotted against another in the house of Romanoff. The Czarevitch Constantine was charged with conspiring against his brother, Nicholas I, in 1825. His nephew and namesake, the Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaievitch, was discovered by the late General Count Shouvaloff, then chief of police, to be plotting against his brother, Alexander II, who magnanimously consigned the documentary proofs of this

fraternal treachery to the flames when they were handed to him.

THE SONS OF GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR

In 1894, when Alexander III felt the approach of death, he summoned his brother-in-law, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, clear across Europe to his Crimean palace of Livadia, and insisted that his English relative should remain there until his son Nicholas was well established on the throne. The reason for this precaution was that Alexander fully believed that his brother Vladimir, prompted by the latter's ambitious wife, was bent on making an attempt to seize the crown.

That the present Czar, like his father, is determined upon eliminating all the sons



THE GRAND DUKE ANDREW, THIRD SON OF THE
GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, WHO SHARES HIS
BROTHERS' UNPOPULARITY

of Vladimir from the line of succession, if this is not already assured by Alexander III's ukase of 1886, is a matter of common knowledge, both in Russia and abroad.

The Grand Duke Cyril, the eldest of Vladimir's sons, has been guilty of flagrant disobedience to the Czar and has violated the strict laws of the Russian orthodox church, by marrying his first cousin, Princess Victoria of Great Britain and Coburg, the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who is the Czarina's brother. Inasmuch as the Czars are not only the temporal but also the ecclesiastical rulers of Russia, and occupy in the eyes of their lieges a position akin to that of the Pope in the Roman communion, a prince whose marriage violates the law of the national church naturally cannot become its supreme pontiff. The Grand Duke Cyril and his wife live almost entirely abroad, virtual exiles from their native land.

The same may be said of Cyril's brother, the Grand Duke Boris, whose moral shortcomings have won for him an unenviable notoriety. During the war with Japan, he distinguished himself only by misconduct so gross as to cause the Russian generalissimo to threaten him with a court martial, and to compel him to take his departure from the seat of war. He makes his permanent home in Paris.

The third and only remaining brother, Grand Duke Andrew, who has already incurred the Czar's displeasure by the many unsavory scrapes with which his name has been connected, has lately still further excited his kinsman's anger by contracting a marriage with the St. Petersburg ballerina, Marie Kechissinska, with whom he has taken up his residence abroad.

There remains the Grand Duke Demet-

rius, son of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch by his first wife, Princess Alexandra of Greece, who died shortly after the birth of her son. Demetrius has been brought up, not by his father, but entirely by his aunt, the widowed Grand

Duchess Sergius, elder sister of the Czarina. He is a tall, good-looking, wholesome, and attractive youth of twenty-three, who has kept his name free from scandal.

It is understood that a marriage has already been arranged between Demetrius Paulovitch and the Czar's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, and that some time during the course of the present year the emperor will take occasion of the celebration of the tercentenary of the Romanoff dynasty to designate the Grand Duchess Olga and her consort as next heirs to the throne,

in default of the Czarevitch, or of any other son to whom the empress may give birth—for she is expected to become a mother some time in May or June. He is also likely, it is thought, to proclaim them as regents of the empire, in default of the Czarina.

As a constitutional sovereign, the Czar will no doubt seek the legislative sanction of the Duma, in order to avert any possibility of an attempt by the sons of Vladimir to start an insurrection in support of their claim to the crown. In view of the extreme unpopularity of the three Vladimirovitch princes throughout the length and breadth of Russia, the consent of the Duma by an overwhelming majority, if not by a unanimous vote, is a foregone conclusion.

Meanwhile, of course, the Czarevitch, who is recovering his health and strength, remains next heir to the throne; while, failing any other disposition by the Czar, the regency, in case of his death, is the prerogative of the Empress Alexandra.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL, ELDEST SON OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, A ROMANOFF WHO IS VIRTUALLY AN EXILE

BOOKS ON THE DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY

Expert Advice to Those Who
Aspire to Success in the Diffi-
cult Art of Play-Making, and a
Discussion of the Modern Re-
vival of the English Drama



IN the past quarter of a century a remarkable change has come over the peoples who have English for their mother tongue in their attitude toward the drama. Fifty years ago, and even thirty years ago, the drama of our language was a thing of naught; and our theaters were supplied from France. To-day we have a host of ardent and ambitious playwrights both in Great Britain and the United States; and the revival of the English drama is no longer a promise of the future, it is a fact in the present.

Of course, the average play is now no better than it should be, for the average play has never been a masterpiece, even in the greatest periods of dramatic excellence. But in the last score of years we have had plays like Mr. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," Mr. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," Mr. Jones's "Liars," Sir Arthur Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mr. Thomas's "Witching Hour," the late W. V. Moody's "Great Divide," the late Clyde Fitch's "Truth," Mr. George Ade's "College Widow," and half a dozen others, which it would be impossible to match in the empty and desolate years from 1800 to 1860.

This resuscitation of the drama, this reappearance of plays which can be read in

the study as well as seen on the stage, which give pleasure in the library as well as in the theater, has been accompanied by a constantly increasing discussion in the magazines and in books. This is significant of a reawakened public interest in the art of the drama; and nothing of the sort was visible thirty or forty years ago, when magazine essays on the theater were almost as infrequent as worthy books dealing with the contemporary stage.

Nor is this all, for the public interest has expressed itself in enterprises as different and as important as the starting of the Abbey Theater in Dublin, the establishment of a repertory theater in Manchester, and the building of the sumptuous New Theater in New York. Another significant symptom has been the founding of professorships of dramatic literature in several American universities, and the provision of courses dealing with the contemporary drama of our language in many American colleges. It is too early yet to venture any prediction as to the outcome of these activities; but taken together they indicate a healthy condition, such as has not existed in either of the English-speaking countries since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of talks upon current literary topics, by Brander Matthews, began in the March number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE with a paper on "Who's Who in Fiction."

Three of the books about the theater which have appeared during the past twelve months are indicative of the divergence of approach that must always accompany a movement like the revival of the drama. The first is Mr. William Archer's "Play-making, a Manual of Craftsmanship," which is frankly a guide for intending playwrights. The second is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Foundations of a National Drama," which is a corrected collection of addresses and essays written in the past ten years. And the third is Miss Elizabeth R. Hunt's "Play of To-Day," which contains studies in play-structure for the guidance of the theatergoer.

The first is composed by a dramatic critic of cosmopolitan experience for the benefit of the innumerable host who want to learn how a play ought to be put together. The second contains the ripe reflections upon his own art by a distinguished dramatist who has to his credit a heterogeny of successful pieces. And the third is aimed directly at the immense mass of playgoers, and is intended to guide them in their effort to appreciate what they have seen in the theater or read in the library.

A PERSONAL PREDICAMENT

As regards two of these books I must confess myself in a personal predicament, from which I can perhaps extricate myself by a frank statement. Mr. Archer and Mr. Jones are long-standing friends of mine; and as a testimony to this friendship they have been moved to dedicate their books to me. Naturally, this predisposes me to like their books; and I find myself, therefore, clearly not in that absolutely disinterested state of mind in which an honest critic ought always to approach the work of the author he is about to estimate.

And yet I should like to do all in my power to call public attention to these books, each of them important in its own way. Have I the privilege of so doing? Or am I debarred by the awkward but agreeable fact that I am their dedicatee?

There is a floating anecdote to the effect that the widow of David Garrick, who long survived him, once discovered Edmund Kean greatly perturbed about an adverse criticism of his acting. She expressed her surprise, and asked:

"Why don't you write your own criticisms? Davy always did!"

As a matter of history, David Garrick

did not always write the criticisms of his own acting; but he may have done it on occasion. And why not? Probably he knew the merits and the demerits of his own work better than any one else. Probably, also, he dwelt rather on the former than on the latter.

It has been suggested more than once that the most interesting criticism of a book would be that written openly and honestly by the author himself. It is this illuminative self-criticism which gives value to the analysis that Corneille prefixed to each of his plays when he issued the complete edition. In the mid years of the nineteenth century, here in the United States, it was not uncommon, so we learn from the Griswold correspondence, for an American author to send to kindly editors a review of his own book prepared by himself.

Andrew Lang once told me that he had reviewed anonymously a cyclopedia to which he had contributed an important article, and that he criticized his own work severely because its writer had not utilized certain sources of information that Lang had discovered after he had written the paper! Only a tricky humorist like Lang would have dared a whimsy of this sort; and he recalled with glee that the editor of the cyclopedia was not at all pleased with the criticism.

The trouble here arose from the fact that Lang was writing anonymously. If the author signs his own name to his criticism, there would be profit in permitting him to express his own opinion of his own work. I know that more than once, after reading reviews of books of my own writing, I have regretted that I had not myself been entrusted with the task of declaring the many merits of those notable works. Of course, I should have wanted to warrant my opinion with my signature. And perhaps in the present case, since I am to sign these rambling remarks, I can take heart of grace and proceed to the evaluation of the volumes of Mr. Archer and Mr. Jones, even if these friendly authors have inscribed my name in the forefront of their respective works.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PLAY-MAKING

Therefore I make bold to say that Mr. Archer's is the best book that has yet been written in our language, or in any other, on the art and science of play-making. A score of serried tomes on this theme stand

side by side on my shelves, French and German, American and British; and in no one of them do I discern the clearness, the comprehensiveness, the insight, and the understanding that I find in Mr. Archer's illuminating pages. "We credit with common sense only those who hold our opinions," said the shrewd and cynical La Rochefoucauld; and it may be that I admire the sanity of Mr. Archer's judgments because I find that his views are in constant accord with mine. But then these views are not only his and mine, they are also the views of Aristotle and of Lessing, the masters of dramaturgic craftsmanship. What Mr. Archer has done is to apply the wisdom of the past to the conditions of the present—adding, of course, not a little wisdom of his own.

Voltaire once declared the principles of French tragedy; and if we make allowances for certain peculiarities of that special form of the drama—the use of rime, for example—the code proclaimed by Voltaire is applicable to-day:

Compact a lofty and entertaining event into the space of two or three hours; bring forward the several characters only when they ought each to appear; never leave the stage empty; develop a plot as probable as it is attractive; say nothing unnecessary; instruct the mind and move the heart; be eloquent always, and with the eloquence proper to every character represented; use a language as pure as the most careful prose, without permitting the fetters of rime to appear to interfere with the thought—these are the conditions now imposed on tragedy.

Voltaire spoke thus in France in the eighteenth century; and again in France in the nineteenth century, the elder Dumas contributed another counsel of perfection:

Make the first act clear, the last act short—and all the acts interesting.

This Gallic advice is all very well in its way, but how is the novice to learn the best method of doing these things?

A MANUAL OF STAGE TECHNIC

Here is where Mr. Archer steps forward and takes up the task. He tells the ardent aspirant how to choose his theme; how to master the difficult art of exposition—that is, how to make his first act clear; how to arouse curiosity for what is to follow; how to hang up the interrogation-mark of expectancy; how to combine, as he goes on,

tension and suspension; how to preserve probability and to achieve logic of construction; how to attain climax and to avoid anticlimax; and how to bring his play to the full close. In other words, Mr. Archer's treatise is devoted wholly to technic; and this is as it should be, for the first duty of every artist is to master the technical processes which will alone enable him to say what he has to say upon the stage, and to express himself in satisfactory fashion.

Stevenson was not overstating this duty of the beginner when he bade a novice to "think of technic when you rise and go to bed. Forget purpose in the mean while; get to love technical successes; get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can do. Then, when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious." And then, in the drama, the acquired method will have become second nature, so to speak. Every artist must pass through a stage of technical training, learning the tricks of the trade and spying out the secrets of the craft. He must master the art and mystery, once for all; and only when he has mastered it is he at liberty to have a purpose, to deliver his message, and to express himself amply and adequately.

This is precisely what the masters have always done. The later plays of Shakespeare and of Molière are rich in meaning; but their earlier pieces are experimental, and almost empty. In one of his conversations with Eckermann, Goethe put the case in a nutshell:

Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon; and where they are not combined, we have scarcely any good result.

That is to say, a playwright, like a poet, must be born, not made; but he has to be made after he is born. Mr. Archer's book is an invaluable and an inspiring manual for those who have the native gift and who want to acquire the necessary art. It dwells upon the duty of building a solid steel frame to support the story, and it warns the beginner against accepting the belief of the merely literary critic that "literary merit" is a thin rhetorical veneer to be applied externally. In the drama, as in all the other arts, the only sound rule for the artist is to gain beauty and attain grace by decorating his construction. No good

ever comes of his effort to construct his decoration.

It is this integral relation of literature and the drama—when the drama rises to its loftier possibilities—that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones insists upon again and again in the addresses he has delivered here and there in the United States, at Harvard, at Yale, and at Columbia, and in Great Britain, at Oxford and in London. One of his lectures has for its theme, "Literature and the Modern Drama"; one of his magazine articles is entitled "Literary Critics and the Drama"; and a third paper drives home the same point by a comparison between a British man of letters, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and an American scholar, Professor Lounsbury, in which Mr. Jones shows how hopelessly Mr. Birrell misunderstands Browning's misguided attempts in the drama, and how acutely the merits and demerits of Browning are analyzed by Professor Lounsbury.

Whether or not Browning was a born dramatist must ever remain a matter of doubt, since he did not take the trouble to make himself a playwright. He never mastered the craft of play-making, by which alone can success on the stage be won; and therefore his indisputable dramatic power, expressed so energetically in his soul-searching monologues, wasted itself to little purpose in his ill-made poems in dialogue, which he called plays.

THE DRAMA AND THE THEATER

Another point to which Mr. Jones returns again and again, and which demands all the consideration he bestows upon it, is that most of us tend to confuse the drama with the theater. The papers and magazines give abundant space to the actors, and even to the managers to whom the presentation of plays is due; but they give less consideration than they might to the drama itself, to the few plays which alone deserve serious criticism.

All sorts of things fall under the general head of "Amusements," including vital dramatic literature; and yet vital dramatic literature is often more or less neglected in the attention bestowed upon other aspects of the show business. The drama is always inseparably linked to the theater of its time, for it cannot exist without the theater; but it survives only by its possession of qualities which are independent of the theater of its time. The playwright is forever de-

pendent on the actor—as the actor is forever dependent on the playwright. But there ought never to be any doubt as to which is the senior partner of the firm.

Mr. Jones is therefore performing a distinct public service when he calls attention to the confusion resulting from considering the drama and the theater as "one identical corporate institution." This confusion has led many to speak of the late Henry Irving as "the head and representative of the British drama." That for many years Irving was the head and representative of the British theater is true; and to the British theater he did loyal service, raising its position in the eyes of the public by his skill, by his character, and by the dignity of his attitude. But for the drama itself, for the living drama of our language, Irving did little or nothing, although he did much for the drama of the past; and his many sumptuous revivals of Shakespeare will always be remembered to his credit. For the drama of the present what did he do? No one of the modern plays which he chose to bring out has outlived him; and no one of the British dramatists of to-day owes anything to Irving.

"The drama and the theater," so Mr. Jones declares, "are always collusive and allied; they are never identical; they are sometimes antagonistic, and are often destructive of each other's highest efforts. What is the meaning of the very significant fact that in a great creative dramatic era—that of Shakespeare—acting naturally becomes auxiliary, and is comparatively unimportant; while in eras of great and distinguished acting—those of Garrick, Kean, and Macready—the current drama is regarded as auxiliary and as comparatively unimportant?"

It was Charles Lamb, if I remember aright, who said that John Kemble thought that all the good parts had been written; in other words, that fine actor was satisfied to go on impersonating the great Shakespearian characters. So was Irving; and so was Edwin Booth. And in so doing, no doubt, they did what was best for them to do. But in so doing they did nothing for the development of the drama of their own day, for the encouragement of the new men who alone can keep the drama alive, generation after generation.

There is no need to deny that there are difficulties not easy to overcome in the path of those ambitious to aid in creating a

drama which shall be theatrically effective and vitally dramatic. Mr. Jones draws up a list of eight conditions with which the playwright must comply, if he desires to contribute to a living dramatic literature:

QUALIFICATIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(1) He must have an inborn gift; (2) he must patiently acquire the exacting technic of the stage; (3) he must exhibit "a strong, moving, universal story." (4) His literature "must be so broad and human that it can instantly be apprehended by the boys in the gutter"; and yet (5) it must be "so subtle and delicate that it will tickle the palates of the literary critics in the stalls." (6) It must "exactly fit the mouths and persons and manners and training of the members of the company who are to deliver it." Furthermore, (7) in a play of modern life the literature of the dramatist "must be of that supreme quality which is constantly and naturally spoken by all classes in every-day life; it must be obviously and frankly colloquial; or the writer will be instantly convicted of artificiality and unreality in a matter where everybody is an expert." And finally (8) his literature must be of a kind that will bring into the box-office four thousand dollars a week!

Even in this summary condensation the vigor of Mr. Jones's style is visible; and in these addresses and essays he has a host of things to say which he says with the witty felicity of his stage dialogue. What he says is not only well said, it is also well worth saying. Here is a mature dramatist, after thirty years' practise of his profession, expressing himself freely about the noble art to which he has devoted his energy. And no one who is interested in the drama, as distinguished from the theater, can afford to neglect these brilliant papers, full of sound doctrine most happily set forth. Especially may they be recommended to the growing body of intelligent playgoers

who would like to understand better the conditions under which alone a living drama can develop.

For it cannot be said too often that the fate of the drama is always in the hands of the playgoers. The author is conditioned by his audience; and he can advance only as he is supported by the spectators.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we who live to please, must please to live.

Audiences have their responsibility no less than authors; and they are not doing their duty unless they fit themselves for the task. It is a sign of better things to come that branches of the Drama League are springing up all over the United States, and that the spectators themselves are organizing to make their influence more directly felt.

It is for the theatergoer that Miss Elizabeth R. Hunt has prepared her useful volume on "The Play of To-Day." It is frankly intended to guide the understanding of the playgoers, and to help them to a better understanding of dramaturgic craftsmanship, that they may better appreciate a good play which they might otherwise enjoy without perceiving the causes of their pleasure. Therefore the author discusses the difficult art of exposition, or of making the opening act clear and captivating; and this is followed by a consideration of the methods by which the action of the play is made to rise to its culminating moment.

The principles laid down are aptly supported by analyses of half a dozen modern plays—"A Doll's House," for one; "Lady Windermere's Fan," for another, and "The Servant in the House," for a third. The book is easy reading; it is not too technical in its vocabulary; and it is likely to add to the enjoyment of a host of playgoers, because it will give them a better understanding of the necessary tools of the playwright's art.

AT THE PIER

I SAW two lovers say good-by,
Then could not look again;
For to mine own intruding eye
Came sudden mist and rain.

I turned away; yet I had given
Immeasurable years
To know their agony and heaven
In those impassioned tears!

Charles Hanson Towne

ELIMINATING THE MIDDLE-MAN BETWEEN FARMER AND CONSUMER

OF ALL PLANS FOR REDUCING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING,
THIS SEEMS TO BE THE MOST PRACTICAL AND
THE MOST PROMISING

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

ON a certain windy, blustering afternoon in early March of 1889—twenty-four years ago—a little group of prairie farmers met at a farm home near Rockwell, in northern Iowa, to write the first page in a tremendously important chapter of American business history.

They didn't know they were there to make history. It was the farthest thing from their thoughts. What they knew was that the corn, oats, and wheat that they raised brought them so poor a price that their profits, even from good crops, too often were a negative quantity. They had done some quiet studying of marketing conditions, and had decided that they were not getting what they were entitled to. Moreover, they believed that the ultimate consumer of their grain was often paying too much for it.

Being ordinary humans, they weren't so much worried about the consumer. In those times he had scarcely been discovered. So far as they could calculate, the consumer might be expected to hustle for himself. They were in session to organize and plan a little hustling for themselves, at their end of the line.

After a long afternoon of straightforward talking, these farmers proceeded to the history-making. They resolved to organize a Farmers' Cooperative Grain Elevator Association.

To-day, something like one-third of the

grain marketed in the United States is handled by farmers' cooperative elevators.

Why? Because the farmer has found that he gets honest prices for what he has to sell when he deals with himself. Before the advent of the farmers' elevators, thousands of which are to-day the most impressive structures at their respective railroad-stations throughout the middle West and Northwest, and in Canada, the grain was bought by big concerns that conducted lines of elevators. As a rule, a particular concern, or a couple of concerns, held the elevator privilege along each railroad line. These made the market, paid what they pleased, knew no such thing as competition, and made vast profits.

Who paid those profits?

The farmers who gathered that March afternoon at Rockwell figured that they did. They were about half right; for the consumers also paid half, or thereabout. Excessive charges, unreasonable profits, speculative manipulations, were all covered in the tribute that monopoly enabled the middleman to impose.

Those Rockwell farmers started something bigger than they knew. They did it in a thoroughly American way. They saw a bad condition, and set about to remedy it. They succeeded, too, though only after a long and bitter struggle.

Now turn to the other side of the world for a glimpse of another experience; for, in this eternal struggle to eliminate waste,

to cut out lost motion, all the world's a stage on which pretty much the same sort of play is being enacted all the time.

The dairy industry in Australia was in a bad way. Monopoly was coming to control the manufacturing and marketing; the producers and the consumers alike were being mulcted. The Australians didn't go so directly about their campaign as did the Iowans; they appealed to the government, and it came to their rescue.

The Australian farmers believed that their problem could be solved by cooperation among themselves, by which they could own their creameries, make their own milk into their own butter, sell it for themselves through their own agents, and take all the profits, instead of some arbitrary part that somebody else permitted to them. But how to induce the farmers to cooperate? Farmers are conservative; organized, corporate, cooperative methods are not so familiar to them as to town folk.

So the government stepped in to help the Australian farmers. It set a corps of practical people to go around showing the farmers how to form cooperative dairying associations; how to incorporate, "chip in" the capital, establish selling agencies in common, and, in short, do their own business with the consumer and save the middlemen's charges.

The Australian experiment succeeded, just as did the Rockwell one. The farmers learned; they tried; they succeeded.

There's a rough sketch of the beginning of cooperative marketing among the farmers on two sides of the world.

UNCLE SAM WILL TEACH COOPERATION

Last summer, when Congress passed the annual appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture, the measure included this provision:

The Secretary is directed to secure . . . reports relative to systems of marketing farm products, cooperative or otherwise . . . and shall make such recommendations relative to further investigations of these questions, and the dissemination of such information, as he shall deem necessary.

More writing of history by men who didn't know they were doing it! For that little proviso has called forth from the Department of Agriculture a report, printed a few weeks ago, which gives a wonderfully illuminating view of American systems of cooperative marketing and their results.

It tells the story of great industries built up because cooperation was their basis. It pictures cooperative agricultural marketing, all the way from potatoes in Maine to prunes in California. It glimpses for us Edens in the desert, made by irrigation, and devoted to the production of crops that would never have been possible but for the high development of cooperative methods in getting specialized products to market.

With that report as a basis and a justification, we are now on the verge of taking the next step. The government is getting ready to adopt the Australian plan of teaching the farmer how to organize, how to become his own middleman, how to increase his profits while ultimately cheapening his products to the consumer, how to eliminate waste, and, at the end, how to make that vast contribution which only he can make to the work of reducing the cost of living.

It is proposed, in short, to put into the field a corps of skilled "drummers" to boom Uncle Sam's cooperation plan among the people. They are to go around getting communities interested in the work, and helping neighborhoods or special industries to organize cooperative marketing methods. This is the recommendation which has come from the Department of Agriculture as a result of its recent investigation; and provision for the first steps in executing the plan is made in this year's appropriation bill. The program contemplates the creation, within the department, of a Division of Markets, which shall cooperate with the cooperating farmers to help them get accurate information about crop conditions and prospects, the demand in various markets for particular articles, and so forth.

But the great immediate purpose of the department experts is to help the farmers in organizing to perform for themselves marketing services that have heretofore been performed by others. While great progress has been made—far greater than most people would imagine—in community marketing, yet the plan has reached to only a small fraction of the agricultural producers. The authorities have long been anxious to enter upon this wide field; the beginning is now to be made.

Of course, just what developments may mark the execution of such a project cannot be foreseen. That it marks one of the most important steps in the expansion of

the department's activities is least doubted by those who know most of the accomplishments and possibilities of cooperation.

For this is no plunging of the country into a Utopian experiment. It isn't a merry little proposal to try out a bit of socialism on the farm dog. The dog has tried the medicine and found it excellent. There is no more absorbing story of business evolution, no more dramatic tale of the warfare for mastery of the market-place, than this of the rise of agricultural cooperation.

Everybody, for instance, knows California fruit—knows that he can buy it, fresh and inviting, in almost any market at any season of year. But how many realize that the California fruit industry, largely responsible for the greatness of one of our greatest States, is itself a monument to cooperation? How many know that the disadvantages of distance, the heavy cost of transportation, the requirement of cold-storage cars and ships, the exactions of far-away business agencies, would have rendered utterly impossible the present development and prosperity of that splendid industry, if the helping hand of cooperation had not been held out to the California farmers?

MARKETING CALIFORNIA WHEAT

California is a hotbed of cooperative agricultural enterprise. It has had its ups and downs, its failures and difficulties; but in the end success has perched on the banners of the movement. From California came the genius that conceived the International Institute of Agriculture, which, backed by practically all the important nations of the world, represents their united effort to place agricultural cooperation on a world basis.

So early as 1874 the California State Grange undertook the direct marketing of grain for the farmers. The Pacific coast's wheat surplus can find no market in this country; the long railroad haul is so expensive that by the time it reaches any American market, it is unable to compete with grain raised much nearer that market. Far Western wheat has always found its market in Europe; it goes eighteen thousand miles by water because that is cheaper than two or three thousand by rail. It goes in full ship-loads.

As early as 1874, the California Grange sent nearly a score of ship-loads to Europe, which were loaded by the farmers; but the

firm that represented this cooperative enterprise failed, and there were heavy losses.

Still the farmers persisted. They organized the Grangers' Business Association, which sent two cargoes, with better success. The Wheat-Growers' Association and the Grain-Growers' Association were organized later, and particular attention has been given to securing full information about crop conditions, stocks in hand, the needs of various markets, transportation rates, and similar subjects.

One of the men deeply interested in these organizations was David Lubin, a business man of San Francisco and Sacramento, who conceived the idea that the monopoly of market news by great buyers in the world markets gave them an advantage which they used to the disadvantage of both producer and consumer. Having a perfected information service in all the great cropping regions of the world, they knew far ahead of other people what relation supply would bear to demand. They were thus equipped to manipulate the market to their own profit; in brief, to bet on a sure thing.

Lubin thought crop information ought to be for the general benefit, not for private manipulation and profit. The market being made by a summary of the whole world's conditions, the service ought to be worldwide in its scope, and available to the whole world. With this idea he entered on his great work, now accomplished—to get the nations to unite in a cooperative, international, world-embracing system of gathering crop data and giving it to all the people, everywhere, without distortion, color, favor, or prejudice.

A WORLD AGRICULTURAL BUREAU

He tried to induce Great Britain to lead in the matter, but failed. He was no more successful in France. Then he went to Italy, and secured, through the aid of Guglielmo Ferrero, the great Italian philosopher of history, an audience with King Victor Emmanuel. He convinced that ruler that there was an opportunity to perform a service for humanity.

The king invited all the nations to send representatives to a preliminary convention at Rome. That convention submitted a plan for the International Institute, on lines which Lubin proposed. The nations adopted it, and to-day half a hundred of them regularly contribute to maintain the institute at Rome. King Victor gave it a palace

for its headquarters, where is maintained a permanent organization of statisticians, experts, and clerks. To this headquarters are gathered the crop data of all the world, and thence, verified, authentic, and backed by the good faith of this great world organization, the information is distributed to all alike.

The International Institute is fast expanding its functions and activities. On one side it is inducing all the nations, as rapidly as possible, to establish crop-reporting services on lines similar to that of the United States, so that data may be complete and standardized in form. On the other, it is working for unification and cooperation among the nations in all matters that involve the betterment of agricultural conditions.

In fact, its ambition is to be the World's Department of Agriculture, and it has made no mean progress toward that ideal. Its aim is to serve producer and consumer alike; and that, indeed, is the final effect of all the real cooperative enterprises, no matter how little of altruistic interest in the consumer may seem, at first glance, to reside in the producers' efforts to help themselves.

THE CALIFORNIA FRUIT-GROWERS

To get down from these heights of imagination and idealism, take the very concrete and practical operations of the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange. Nearly two-thirds of the State's producers of oranges and lemons are federated together in this organization. It is their clearing-house of information and facilities. The California orange and lemon crop, each season, would load a train of refrigerator cars about three hundred and twenty miles long, and almost all of it is marketed through cooperative organizations, of which this one is a fine example.

The California Fruit-Growers' Association is composed of seventeen district exchanges, which in turn comprise in their membership one hundred and fifteen local associations. The locals have from forty to two hundred members each. Each member of a local takes stock, usually in proportion to his acreage or shipments. The association assembles the fruit at a packing-plant, and grades, packs, and prepares it for shipment.

Often the associations pick the fruit for their members; some also trim, spray, and

fumigate the trees. It is found that cooperation in this work helps to solve the labor problem. The fruit is pooled for fixed periods, commonly a month, and each grower receives his proportion of the proceeds from each grade marketed in the pool period.

These local associations are strictly mutual in character; they pay no dividends, earn no profits. When one of them has a car-load ready, it markets it through the district exchange, whose function is to provide cars when wanted, to keep the locals in touch with all information concerning the industry, and the like.

But the district exchange is not the final marketing authority. The last phase of the transaction is entrusted to the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, the head of the whole system.

This organization, like the subsidiaries, is a non-profit corporation, with a capital of seventeen thousand dollars, contributed in equal amounts by the seventeen district exchanges, each of which names one of the directors. This central exchange is one of the most interesting business organizations in the United States.

It gathers information about crop conditions, demand in all markets, and daily sales, which is immediately transmitted to the district exchanges and through them to the locals. It maintains bonded agents in all important markets of the country, to whom its products are shipped, and by whom they are sold, always under the supervision of the exchange. It handles all claims, conducts litigation, looks after general transportation matters, and carries on advertising campaigns—in which, at times, great sums have been spent in order to expand the market. It receives all remittances, and accounts for all receipts to the growers through the district exchanges. The expense of its management is paid by assessment of the district exchanges, proportionate to their business.

An old-fashioned "individualistic" farmer would have difficulty in realizing the services such an organization can perform for him.

The reader will perhaps recall a great advertising campaign, some years ago, in prunes. Their palatability, healthfulness, and many methods of preparing them attractively, were exploited in thousands of columns of advertising in newspapers and magazines. Well, that was an incident of

the cooperative marketing of California fruit. There was a huge prune crop that season; the market couldn't absorb it; therefore the central organization proceeded through advertising to buy a market; and succeeded, too!

California fruit doesn't aim to suffer from overproduction. It knows a trick or two about salesmanship, and, through the unification of the industry in this cooperative plan, it is able to make them work.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF COOPERATION

The exchange just described is only one of many in the Golden State. The producers of raisins and dried fruit have a cooperative concern, the California Farmers' Union, which pools all its members' goods and sells them as if for one man. Then there is the California Vegetable Union, whose plan contains one device worthy of especial attention.

This concern handles, in car-load lots, celery, tomatoes, cauliflower, lettuce, cabbages, and potatoes; and, in mixed car-load lots, beets, turnips, carrots, and other vegetables. The union supervises the seed, planting, and every detail of production, because the vegetables could not possibly survive the long trip to Eastern markets unless perfect when they started.

Under supervision of the union, the various crops are planted so as to mature at progressive periods of the season, maintaining a constant supply, avoiding gluts of the market, and insuring the best market conditions. This, of course, could be accomplished only through the most detailed cooperative management.

Even the walnut-growers have a big cooperative association. It assembles, grades, and pools the nuts, and markets them. One of its important functions is bleaching them, to remove stains caused by the husk. Formerly nobody could afford to ship save in car-load lots, and many growers did not raise car-loads. Now, with all the nuts pooled, there is no such difficulty. This organization has greatly increased the profits of members, eliminated various middlemen's and speculators' charges, and yet added nothing to the consumer's cost.

The notion that cooperation is an ideal of dreamers, but an impossibility in practical business, gets small consideration at the hands of these experienced California cooperators. An instance of thorough

efficiency and detailed control is found in the handling of cars after they are shipped. They are consigned to some preferred market point. Through daily telegraphic reports, the general office knows just what goods it has at or on the way to each market. If the reports indicate that one market is getting more than it can absorb at good prices, while some other shows greater activity in bidding, instructions are wired to have certain cars diverted to other destinations. Thus every detail of distribution is perfectly controlled at all times.

About three-quarters of all California fruit is sold at auction in the East; the rest in smaller Western cities, on the "f. o. b." basis. The results of every auction are wired to the California headquarters, which thus knows exact conditions. Suggestive of the volume of this business, and of the perfection of the organization, is the statement that the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange alone incurs a bill of seventy-five thousand dollars a year for telegrams.

HOW MAINE MARKETS HER POTATOES

More than three thousand miles away, at the very opposite corner of the United States, is to be found another example of an agricultural industry whose ability even to exist, except for the benefits it derives from being cooperatively organized, might be doubted.

Maine is a great potato-growing State. Its product is sold in many different markets, varying according to the uncertainties of the potato-crop year after year. This year, a distant section may have a huge surplus of its own production, and become a competitor of the Maine potato; next year, the same section may have a complete failure and become a large buyer.

A type of the Maine cooperative organization is the Aroostook Potato-Growers' Association, organized to market the product of about seven hundred producers, and to buy supplies for them direct from manufacturers. The potatoes are pooled and all shipments made in car-load lots, as a rule directly to wholesale or large retail dealers. The association aims to perform the service of the shipper, commission man, broker, and wholesaler, and to save the charges that would be involved if all these agencies were employed.

But for this plan of car-load shipments, which would be impossible if the growers

operated independently, the long distance that separates Aroostook from the leading markets would make this business practically impossible. A large economy is effected both in selling the potatoes and in the purchase of great quantities of fertilizer, for which a single order, sufficient to meet the requirements of all the association members, is placed annually.

COOPERATION IN CRANBERRIES

Another New England cooperative business, which closely resembles the great California exchange already described, is the New England Cranberry Sales Company. Its headquarters is at Middleborough, Massachusetts, and its selling agency is the American Cranberry Exchange, with offices in New York and Chicago, and agents in all important markets.

In the cranberry business, grading is very important, and this organization pools, grades, and labels its goods with the utmost care. It has a number of brands indicating grades of the berry. If an inspector finds a consignment which will not measure up to any one of the association's grades, none of its labels can be used, and the name of the sales company cannot appear on the package.

No individual shipper may put his name or identifying mark on any package he prepares. All cranberries of the same grade and brand, in a given shipment, are paid for at the same price. In a number of large markets the association maintains storage to aid in distributing its berries; most of the crop, however, is sold in car-load lots, f. o. b., at the shipping station.

One of the most important services of this association is to concentrate control of the product, just as the big California Fruit Exchange does, making it possible to distribute the output among markets intelligently with relation to their varied demands. Before cooperation, individual shippers, picking their own markets, would frequently neglect one market and glut another, with the result of violent price fluctuations, and sometimes heavy losses. It is claimed that this organization has been particularly helpful to consumers by reason of protecting uniform and seasonable distribution and steadying the prices.

One of the most interesting cooperative successes has been achieved by the Rocky Ford Melon-Growers' Association, of Colorado. It deals in nothing but cantaloups.

Cooperation made the cantaloup — at least, so far as the delectable Rocky Ford, standard of the United States, is concerned. The association controls practically the entire business of the Rocky Ford district, and has made it one of our most famous fruit sections.

This is another line in which absolute and rigidly accurate grading, and the most careful packing, are absolutely necessary. To avoid bruising, which quickly results in decay, the association requires that cantaloups be hauled to shipping points only in spring wagons.

The organization maintains its selling agents in numerous markets, and throughout the season keeps in the closest touch with them by wire, all shipments being kept under the closest control, so that cars may be diverted at any point if market conditions make it desirable. The association also gives expert attention to details of growing the cantaloup, selection and inspection of seed, and many other factors. It manages all business with the railroads, and performs its entire services at an office expense of only about two and one-half per cent of the net returns.

The Florida Citrus Exchange is very similar in organization and operation to the California exchanges. It is composed of local associations, which pick, pack, and assemble the fruit and put it into the cars ready for shipment. Here the service of the local association ends, and a district sub-exchange takes the car and forwards it to the Florida Citrus Exchange.

This central organization is managed by directors, one from each sub-exchange. It maintains selling agents at the big markets, and disposes of the bulk of its product by auction, controlling every detail of the business of shipping, distributing, selling, and collecting. One important advantage which this plan of wholesale shipment gives the fruit industry is that solid trains of fruit-cars can be shipped on express schedule, thus insuring the best possible attention and the fastest time.

A NEW JERSEY FARMERS' EXCHANGE

There are many cooperative organizations of market-gardeners and truck-growers scattered throughout the United States, and some of them have been remarkable for their successes. A type of these is the Monmouth County Farmers' Exchange, of Freehold, New Jersey.

The manager of this association, W. H. Ingling, in an analysis of its experience, says that under the old, individual system of selling there were five dealers to handle the goods between the producer and the consumer. The farmer sold to a resident buyer, who sold to a jobber in the nearest city, who sold to a jobber in a distant city, who sold to a wholesaler or commission merchant, who sold to a retailer, who finally sold to the consumer. Each of these, naturally, had to have his pay for services and his profits on the transaction. The farmer received, on an average, about forty cents of every dollar paid by the consumer.

Concluding that they wanted a little more of that dollar, the farmers organized their cooperative exchange, and sold directly to the wholesaler or the large retailer, thus eliminating three or four of the middlemen. Mr. Ingling observes that if the consumer would organize cooperative buying exchanges, and purchase direct from the producers' exchange, they would eliminate the wholesaler and retailer, and effect a saving at their end of the line corresponding to that which the producer has accomplished at his end.

This New Jersey organization operates through a territory fifty miles in length. The general office, at Freehold, is in telephonic communication with all of the thirty loading stations, as well as the cities with which business is done. It receives and ships the produce of the members, makes collections, and distributes the proceeds.

That even these modest local cooperative bodies are no insignificant figures in business is indicated by the statement of this organization's transactions. In 1911, with more than a thousand members, it handled a total business of fifteen hundred thousand dollars. It shipped more than twenty-five hundred car-loads, and provided its members with one hundred thousand dollars' worth of fertilizer, on which a large economy was effected. A careful computation prepared by Mr. Ingling shows that it saved its members one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

THE SMALL-PACKAGE SYSTEM

The Growers' and Shippers' Exchange, of Rochester, New York, has been highly successful in standardizing retail prices on farm products by using a package small enough to pass through the grocer's or fruit-dealer's hands without losing its

identity through being divided into smaller packages for the consumer. Thus apples are marketed in pasteboard cartons, holding a peck each, eight of which are put in a crate. Potatoes are shipped in fifteen-pound burlap or paper sacks; and grapes in four-pound baskets.

Each package bears the label of the exchange, and a very important part of the system is to make that label a certificate of quality wherever the goods go. This is another place where the consumer benefits; the big, rosy-cheeked apples don't all go at the top of the barrel when goods are put up on honor and reputation in this fashion.

The experience of this exchange is that producers get an average of thirty-five cents out of the consumer's dollar when they ship individually, and without using small parcels and standardized brands; whereas when shipments are made in small packages and properly labeled, the producer gets as high as from seventy to eighty cents out of a dollar.

There is no more troublesome problem, in getting the farmers' product to the city consumer, than is involved in handling milk. In very recent times, several large cities have experienced near-famines because of trouble between the producers and the dealers. The retail price of milk in cities often runs as high as two to two and one-half times the amount paid to the producer. The consumer finds the burden heavy, while the producer, on his side, has so frequently found the business utterly unprofitable that conditions of insurrection, and even threats of general strikes and boycotts by the producers, mark the milk industry in many cities.

Cooperation of producers in handling their milk has not, in general, been very successful. An interesting exception is at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where a cooperative Milk-Producers' Association, owned entirely by the farmers, pays fifteen cents a gallon to the producer in summer and twenty in winter. These figures are considerably better than most producers selling by the individual method are able to get. The Johnstown organization retails its milk at eight cents a quart, conducting its own delivery system.

COOPERATION IN MERCHANDIZING

Cooperative merchandizing in general, whereby organizations handle all manner of necessities for their members, is making

much more progress than is generally realized, although accomplishments in America seem meager compared to the gigantic development of cooperative merchandizing in England. There, cooperative stores are counted by the thousand, and are organized and linked together in a great partnership which brings the interest of millions of people together.

All this began with the famous Rochdale movement, early in the last century—a beginning quite as unpretentious as that of our farmers at Rockwell, Iowa, and not dissimilar. The British Cooperative Union was formed in 1865 to unify these widespread interests, and to-day it is doing an annual business of about eighty million pounds. It operates an immense wholesale establishment to supply its associated retail stores. It also carries on many productive activities, operating bakeries, flour-mills, shoe-factories, garment-making, and the like.

The report of this organization for 1909 showed 1,430 associated societies, a membership of 2,469,000, share capital of \$154,000,000, sales of \$351,575,000, and profits of \$54,000,000 to the credit of the members.

In the United States a good deal of effort is being devoted to organizing a system which, it is hoped by enthusiastic co-operators, may some day take on the character and proportion of this British union. There are hundreds of successful cooperative stores, particularly throughout the agricultural States of the West and Northwest.

For instance, the Rockwell Cooperative Association, which has grown up around the original enterprise of the local farmers, deals in lumber, coal, building-materials, general merchandise, and farmers' implements and supplies, in addition to handling and marketing their grain. Its business now runs to hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum. There is no doubt that it has been the means of effecting economies in buying for its members, as well as increasing the value of their products, to an extent which has had a marked effect in advancing the economic condition of the entire community that it serves.

In the West, where such organizations flourish it is common experience that in a community contributory to one of these large and successful cooperative marketing and merchandizing concerns, farm land is worth considerably more per acre than sim-

ilar land located where farmers have not the advantage of participating in the benefits of cooperation.

This movement toward cooperative marketing and merchandizing is yet in its infancy. Secretary Wilson recently predicted that the proposed Division of Markets will prove to be one of the most important developments of the government's work for the farmers in coming years.

A CHANCE FOR VAST ECONOMIES

For 1912 Mr. Wilson estimated the value of the country's farm products, at the farm, at nine and one-half billions of dollars. When they reach the consumer, these same products have about doubled in cost. In conveying them from the farm to the table there is a vast amount of waste, of lost motion, of unnecessary transactions and processes. To whatever extent better organization could reduce this intermediate waste, the community as a whole would profit. The saving would, in the very nature of things, be divided ultimately between the farmer and the consumer.

The successes that have been achieved by cooperative enterprise in efforts to eliminate this waste have only hitherto affected a very small fraction of the country's production. The same methods, applied to the largest possible proportion of production, and perfected as they would be in the experience of such a gigantic organization, would increase the farmer's profit, and at the same time reduce the consumer's cost of living, by billions of dollars annually.

Not only this, but the increase of farming profits would be an inducement to more people to engage in farming. Furthermore, the kind of agriculture that best responds to cooperative marketing methods is intensive; therefore, as cooperation is made more nearly universal, there will be more and more tendency to intensive methods of cultivating the soil, which means still further increase in yield.

These are, stated very generally, the chief concrete advantages to the community which it is believed would result from the general adoption of cooperative methods. These are the reasons why the most intelligent, progressive, and far-seeing students of both our agricultural problem and our cost of living problem are to-day so deeply interested in propaganda for the extension and perfection of cooperative methods among the farmers.

THE CLOWN'S CODE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENT OF THE SEASON." "FLOWERS." ETC.

IT was dusk when the old clown came in from his walk and slowly mounted the long stairs, which creaked mournfully with his weight. The fire in the woodstove had almost gone out; he put on another stick, turned on the draft, and sat for some moments in silence, rubbing his attenuated hands.

Aided by long years of constant make-up, time had done its deadly work upon his face. The result was a network of involved lines—lines that crossed and recrossed and ran into one another, presenting a sort of curious facial puzzle. At a short distance these lines seemed to resolve themselves into a picture; in which, like a composite photograph, all the scenes of the man's life had left their traces.

He went over to a battered leather trunk in the corner, opened it, took out a huge scrap-book, and began reading from its yellow pages. It contained the history of his many triumphs. It told in clippings—varying from a single sentence to pages with his picture in the center—the story of his stage career. These were some of the head-lines:

Flaubert Outdoes Himself.
Flaubert, the Prince of Clowns.
Flaubert Funnier than Ever.
The Inimitable Flaubert.
Little Jimmy at His Best.

How many times had Flaubert read all this! Now, in the long obscurity of age that had come upon him, it was his only consolation. Once more he lived in the arena, or on the immense stage of some hippodrome, and performed his delightful antics, while blue-eyed children clapped their hands in glee, and childlike grown-ups forgot their dignity and renewed their youth.

The old man, absorbed in his occupation, read on and on, at times stopping to brush

his cheek or blow his nose with a tattered silk handkerchief.

Suddenly his ears were greeted by an unfamiliar sound. He raised his head. To one who lives in solitude an unusual trifle is always an object of curiosity. He listened intently.

A cab had driven up and stopped in front of the house. There was a pause. A bell had been rung. Steps were coming up the stairs—slow—as slow as his own. There was a knock. Once, twice—

He opened the door. A woman stood without. She, too, was old; but her eyes gleamed still like diamonds in the frosty air of the hall.

"Little Jimmy!"

"Good Heavens! You, Josephine!"

Like two old French generals who meet long after their wars, they embraced each other impulsively. Josephine Tucalion, the prima donna—whose name, now obsolete in the annals of the stage, had once been a household word—and Little Jimmy Flaubert, whom a whole generation could not think of without a smile, once more stood face to face, in the last quarter of life—when the sun sinks low in the heavens, and the shadow of a long, uncertain night slowly gathers.

M. Flaubert handed his guest the only wooden rocker in the room. She sank into it, loosened her furs from her neck, and toasted her feet on the stove rim.

"Ah, *mon ami*, what a search I have had for you! I went to Halbert, the son of your old manager. He did not know your address. He sent me to an agency. They had a record of the place you had lived in a year ago. From there I came here. Let me see; it must be twenty years since I have seen you."

For a time, like two voluble children, they disputed about dates. Then he said gently:

"But tell me of yourself, Josephine. Where do you live? What do you do for yourself? Why did you seek me out?"

He smiled with almost his old-time warmth.

"There will be a scandal. I am sure of it! Listen! Just as dusk was falling, an equipage was seen to drive rapidly up to M. Flaubert's bachelor apartment. There alighted a lady, heavily veiled—you have no veil, Josephine, but that does not matter. For the gossips all things are possible. Very well, then. A lady, heavily veiled, alights. She ascends to *monsieur's* apartment. After that—it does not matter. The thing has been done. Any tale will do to finish with. Ah, my friend, never mind! I am so glad to see you. I have been so lonely here."

"I know," she replied. "I understand. I see it all." Her sharp eyes had taken in every detail of the room. "But I, Little Jimmy—I, too, have been lonesome. Ah, you do not know. But I forgot, you *do* know! For have you not had the same experience as I? Were you not once one of the world's favorites? Ah, yes, I have a scrap-book also—several of them. They are my solace."

She put her hand on his arm. She had kept herself well—better than her friend. Remnants of a great beauty still clung to her, and, with an old-time vanity, her clothes were still gay. A stranger might easily have said that her way of dressing was too young for her age.

"I could be sad if I would," she said; "but I never permit myself to be. It is fatal, you know, to one's health. Only, at times, I think. I am thinking now, Little Jimmy—thinking of our careers. What triumphs I have had! Do you remember the night the emperor, carried away by his enthusiasm, invited me to his palace? And now it is all gone. A younger generation has come up, and those I lived with have all passed away. But you, Little Jimmy, you were foolish. Why did you not save your money? I lost much of mine; still, I have enough left to live upon."

The clown smiled gaily.

"I am quite comfortable. It does not matter."

"Tut! You can't deceive an old friend. I suspected something. I—"

He betrayed an air of alarm.

"You did not come," he said, "for that, I hope—to—to—"

"Nonsense! I see you are the same as ever, as proud and vain as a peacock!" She rose suddenly. "Come, Little Jimmy, let us go out to dinner!"

He rose with her. There was anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, no, thank you," he said. "Really, Josephine, I cannot—I have another engagement this evening."

"Nonsense!" she repeated. "Come, Jimmy! You must!"

"I cannot. I—"

She put her hand up to his cheek and turned his face toward hers.

"See here, Little Jimmy," she said. "Do you still love me?"

"I have always loved you!"

"Of course; you cannot help it. That is why I came. We are two old people left alone in the world. Our triumphs are past. Our work is done. Our friends are dead. Why should we sit apart and mope? Come now! Be a good boy!"

"I cannot. I—"

Then, with a change as swift as lightning, the artist in her—all the combined impulsiveness and dramatic force of her nature—came over her. This old friend, reluctant, poor, filled with pride, acted upon her like a recalcitrant audience. She turned upon him her flashing eyes.

"How dare you say that?" she said. "Who are you, pray, to refuse an invitation to dinner? Have I not often dined with *you*? Well, now you are to dine with me. You understand. Come, where is your coat?"

She sprang to the tumble-down wardrobe, pulled out an old ulster, and pressed it over him. Then, with an imperious gesture, she waved him out of the room into the hall, holding his faded silk hat in her hand.

He obeyed her without a word. Only in the cab he said:

"Dear me, Josephine, the years have not changed you, have they? I ought not to be doing this! Why, my dear, I have never dined as the guest of a woman in my life. It has always been a part of my code not to do so."

"Nonsense! You are too old now to have any code. Young sports like us no longer need a code. What are morals to us? It is high time that some one took you in hand. Besides, I am not doing it for you. Don't you know that I have always been selfish? You are a good companion.

There is none better, I am sure. And am I not all alone, and lonesome? It is I, therefore, that you must blame. I need you!"

The lights in the restaurant, the laughter, the sudden return to a long-vanished existence, acted upon Flaubert like a tonic. His face grew ten years younger. They sat in a far corner, remote from the music. No one knew them—two artists who once had ruled their world.

Her old habit came back upon her swiftly. She ordered the dinner without looking at the card. A thin soup—a small duck—a salad—a bottle of wine from the sunny vineyards of the Rhone.

It was wonderful, under the spell of their surroundings, to see them both relax. Story after story came from him. His observations of life, like old wine, had a flavor all their own.

At last she lifted the glass, half empty, to her lips.

"Come," she said, "let us drink, to ourselves!"

"I drink, *mademoiselle*, to your wit, to your beauty, to your genius, for these are to me as fresh as ever."

"And I drink to the artist Flaubert, than whom there is none greater. Also I drink to—" She looked at him steadily, fixedly, with that wonderful light in her eyes which yet remained undimmed at nearly threescore and ten. "Little Jimmy," she said, "I drink to us two. Let us never part again on earth!"

He lowered his glass.

"You know, my dear," he said, "I am quite poor."

"I have enough for both."

He laughed.

"Really, *mademoiselle*, I could hardly pay the priest."

"Dear me! I know one who will be pleased to do the slight service for nothing. Once, as a young man of the world, he was among my ardent admirers."

"You are in earnest?"

"Surely. And you consent?"

She put forth her hand.

"Josephine, I have always loved you. But—"

"Your hand!"

He gave it, under the spell of her eyes. They arose from the table. They threaded their way out of the restaurant. The attendant helped him on with his shabby ulster. The door was opened for them. They stood for an instant alone, in the vestibule.

He bent over her.

"Josephine," he said, "promise me one thing. I know I am weak. I guess I'm growing old. I know, old as I am, that, like Adam, I have fallen again to-night. But promise me that you'll never hold it up against me!"

"Don't you see that if I should, it is you who could hold it up against me, for am I not the temptress? Tut, tut, my dear, it is just as it should be. It was my fault in the beginning. It was I who delayed matters."

Then he stooped and kissed her.

As he put her into the carriage with all the ease and grace of the Flaubert of old, he turned to the coachman.

"Home!" he said proudly.

AN APRIL SONG

SINGER, singing at my door,
Bird of April, sing no more;
Save indeed you can bring back
All the singing years before—
Bird of April, sing no more.

Bird of April, had you heard,
Sweeter far than any bird,
Those old voices still I hear,
Looked into those far-off faces,
Wandered into hidden places
Still to me so near;
Singer, singing at my door,
You would sing no more!

Richard Le Gallienne

THE GUEST

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "POWER OF PURSE," "HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

WHEN the telephone rang, Margie answered it herself. The voice she heard was her husband's.

"That you, Margie? Well, Hart is on from the West at last. I had a talk with him this noon. No, of course, I wouldn't settle anything till you and I could talk things over. I'm going to bring him up to dinner to-night. Is that all right? About seven o'clock. Good-by, dear!"

It meant much to Margie Bennett and her husband, this meeting with William Hart. If all turned out well, it meant that Ralph would leave his salaried post with the Roofing Company for a business of his own—a thriving young mail-order business in Chicago. It meant—and Margie sighed as she looked out of the window and across the broad Hudson to the Palisades—it meant the giving up of this comfortable apartment on Riverside Drive and the finding of a new home somewhere in the Chicago suburbs. But above all else, it meant a larger way of life—independence—Ralph's chance to employ all his abilities for his own sake and for hers.

Often, during the five years of their married life, she had urged him to such a step. She, first, had convinced him that he could command more money than his firm was paying him; and when the ampler salary came, it was her counsel that had led them to live on half of it and put the rest aside, along with his small inheritance.

It was she who had pounced on the casual information that Ralph had given her one evening—how Jennings, one of the Roofing Company's salesmen, had told him about a business man in Chicago who wanted to sell out at a low figure because the doctors had told him he could not live in the Chicago climate. At her suggestion,

Ralph had got Jennings to write to the Chicago man; had induced Jennings, on his next trip West, to get figures about the Chicago business. And now Hart had come to New York to take up the deal in earnest.

There was happiness for Margie in the thought of these things. She was making good. She was fulfilling the vow she had secretly taken at the time of her marriage, that she would devote every bit of her energy to developing him into the man he ought to be. What would it matter then, if he did not know the truth about her earlier years—the years before they had known each other? Her secret could do Ralph no harm, so long as she made good—so long as she turned to his advantage that difficult knowledge of the world which she had got at an age when most girls are just thinking of giving up their dolls.

She went to the kitchen to give instructions about dinner. Her commands were exact to a detail, and the cook listened with the respectful attention which her servants always gave her; but after she had returned to her own room, her mind leaped back to her great problem.

It forced itself upon her painfully. She seemed to have lost her old ability to thrust it into the shadows of memory and keep it there. Persistently it wriggled back into her consciousness and displayed itself in all its worst aspects. She wondered whether this constant vision of old ghosts was due to the imminent fruition of the work she had pledged herself to do.

Had she done right to marry Ralph Bennett without telling him? Surely she was not to blame for the circumstances of her early years! And she had flowered among those circumstances without taint—as a lily will spring up from the muck. She could

see that Ralph's Puritanism had never been so great as his love for her. If she had told him about her father then, he would have brushed the memory aside. Because she loved him, she had been afraid—had kept her secret hidden needlessly.

But how could she tell him now, after years of concealment?

II

SHE was waiting in the sitting-room when Ralph arrived with his guest. In a simple dinner frock of black she looked her best, Ralph thought, noting, with an admiration that had never dulled, the deep seriousness of her dark eyes, the sympathetic perfection of her mouth, with its grave smile.

He stepped aside to disclose the man who followed him—a man of sixty, with a calm, smooth-shaven, Roman face and iron-gray hair.

"This is Mr. Hart, Margie," he said.

Fortunately for her, he turned away to give the maid his coat. Margie's face had gone dead white. Into her eyes leaped dismay—fear—panic. She faltered, and her outstretched hand dropped.

Hart was used to emergency. He had schooled himself to quick control. Swiftly stepping forward, interposing his big frame between Margie and her husband, he said suavely:

"It was good of you to let me come, Mrs. Bennett."

"But—" she whispered. "You—"

"Yes," he went on in a louder tone, as if in answer to her inaudible words, "I got in from Chicago to-day." His eyes wrinkled in a hint of recognition and caution. He smiled reassuringly, and turned from her to Ralph. "Did you notice whether I put those papers in my coat before we left your office?" he asked, still standing between husband and wife.

"Why, yes," replied Ralph. "I'm certain I saw you take them. You might look—"

"Is my coat out there?"

Hart waved his hand toward the hall, then followed his host from the room.

When they returned, a few moments later, Margie was rearranging the Killarney roses in the vase on the center-table. She smiled, but said nothing. The necessity of words was tidied over by the entrance of the maid to announce dinner; and thus she gained more time.

After they had seated themselves in the dining-room, she felt surer of herself. She was no longer afraid to speak. But the turmoil within her heart was unquieted. The event she had dreaded had come at last—had, by a queer irony, come through that very business opportunity which she had urged her husband to seek. Unwittingly she had forced this situation. One of the men whom she had hoped never to see again was here—at her table—her guest.

What was to happen? He had shielded her for the moment; would he continue to do so? After all, was it not as much to his interest as to hers to keep his true name, his true history, hidden?

And then the real meaning of the moment flashed upon her. The business! If he were at the bottom of this deal, it must be crooked. She and her husband were to be the victims. And she could not speak! If she told Ralph what she knew, her own secret would be uncovered.

III

"I know you won't mind, Margie," Ralph was saying, "if Mr. Hart starts right in about the business."

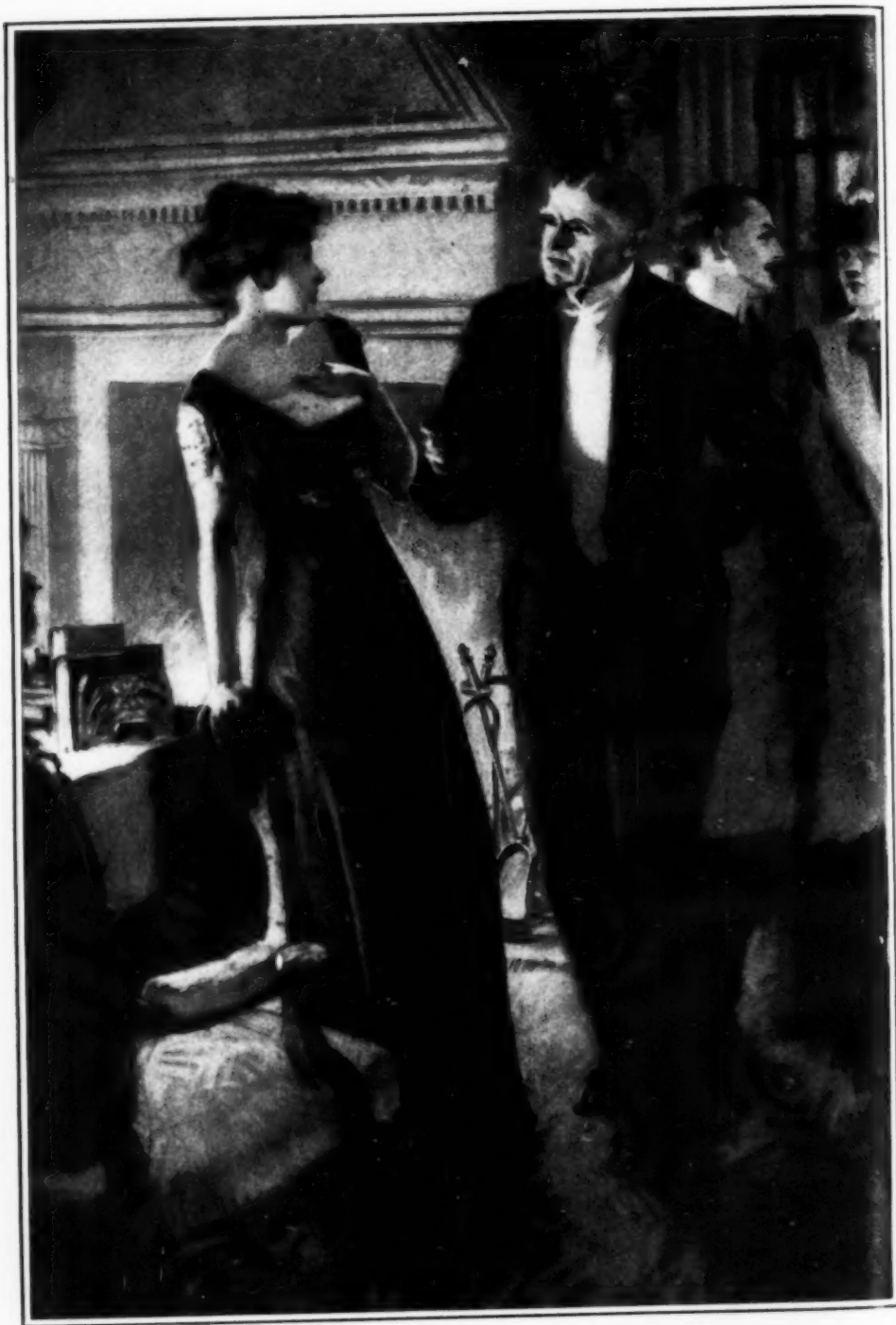
Margie inclined her head.

"He goes back to Chicago to-morrow," Ralph went on. "Perhaps," he added with a smile, "I shall be running out there the last of the week."

"Go on, Mr. Hart," said Margie. "I am interested, you know."

The faint appeal in her words was lost on her husband, who waited for his guest to speak. Hart, on the other hand, was a picture of pleasant reserve. He appeared to deprecate business talk at this moment; but after a brief hesitation he began.

He talked earnestly and convincingly. With every appearance of limiting himself to the most conservative facts, he related how, a year before, he had established a modest mail-order business. He had begun with a useful novelty, adding others as the months went by and the business grew. He explained his advertising methods, and the percentage of returns—not too rosily, but with figures which seemed to show that the business was increasingly profitable. An energetic man, he continued, could readily push the work ahead, within a few years, to a point where a fair-sized catalogue could be issued. The lists, meantime, were more and more valuable. And so on, and so on.



"IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO LET ME COME, MRS. BENNETT"

"As for myself," he added, his eyes on Margie, "I must sell, because the doctors have ordered me to a milder climate. I must quit all business for at least three years. I am sorry, for this is the kind of thing I had hoped to build up to large proportions and leave behind me when—"

A sudden hope had sprung up in Margie's heart. The man's statements were so simple, so direct, that she found herself believing him. Perhaps in these last years he had turned honest. Had he abandoned the old ways?

"What I want Mr. Bennett to do," the quiet voice continued, "is to come to Chicago prepared to go into this matter thoroughly. I want him to study our lists. They are our most valuable asset, you see. He can pick out names at random and write to them, inquiring about their dealings with us."

A vague memory perplexed Margie. Somewhere she had heard—

Then it flashed back to her. The safe game, they called it! The establishment of a rudimentary business; the faked lists; the letters of inquiry written by prospective buyers and posted in a fake mail-box in the office of the concern; the forged answers; the visit to the supposed agent of the manufacturer through whom the concern did its buying. Safe, because just enough real business would have been done so that the dupe who bought it could find out nothing definite for a long time. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would go on for months, wondering why he could not make the business go. Even in the end he might not discover how he had been tricked.

All so carefully worked out—even to the innocent salesman of the Roofing Company—Jennings—who, no doubt, had been promised a commission if he could find a purchaser for the business of his friend, Mr. William Hart, whom he had met, perhaps, in a Pullman.

Margie sat silent while her husband, with clever questions, drew their visitor out. She hardly heard what was said. The dinner dragged on in slow torture. Somehow she must stop the deal, must tell her husband the truth, though that meant the shaming of herself.

"Oh," she thought, "if I had only told him five years ago! But to tell him now—"

Coffee came at last. Ralph was on the verge of promising to go to Chicago prepared to close a purchase if the facts proved

to be as Hart had stated them. To Margie one need was becoming more and more pressing. She must find a way to talk to their visitor alone, and before the evening went much farther.

"Ralph," she said suddenly, as the expedient occurred to her, "you haven't a cigar in the house. You'd better run down and get some."

Ralph rose from the table.

"All right. It won't take me ten minutes. Tell her about that kitchen-utensil offer, will you, Hart?"

He was gone.

IV

NOT until the hall door closed was a word spoken by the two at the table. They sat regarding each other soberly, the man wary, the woman doubtful.

"Well?" said Hart, after the click of the outer door.

Margie leaned forward.

"Listen to me," she said. "You must make your excuses and go—soon. Tomorrow you will phone my husband that you have had a larger offer. You must never come near him again!"

Hart smiled meditatively.

"Not so fast, Margie!" he said. "I didn't know where I stood till you said that, but now I begin to see light. If you want to get rid of me as bad as all that, why don't you just tell him about me?"

"Because—" she faltered.

"Because he doesn't know!" said Hart evenly. "You have never told him anything. You are afraid to tell him. I understand perfectly!"

He grinned unpleasantly, and waited for her; but she was silent. "It wouldn't do to tell him now," he went on. "He would wonder why you had waited so long. He would imagine more than your story could possibly include. He would think of his respectable family, buried in some respectable New England churchyard, and—"

"Don't!" she cried. "I know you don't mean it. You will not go on. You will let us alone; oh, I know you will! Just think what it means!"

"The money he is going to put into my business won't do any worse than break you for a while," said Hart firmly. "He commands a good salary. He can come back. But I—I need the money, Margie. I'm getting old. I need the money, and by thunder, I'm going to have it!"

"Oh!" she wailed.

"Yes, I'm going to have it," he went on relentlessly. "If you make one move to block the game, I'll squeal. Do you understand?" His eyes gleamed like cold flames. "Let my game alone, and I'll let yours alone!"

She winced at the insult.

"It's—it's blackmail," she whispered.

"I don't care what you call it," he said indifferently. Then, with sudden earnestness, he continued: "It isn't really bad, Margie. There's the makings of a good business there, and I honestly believe that husband of yours will get away with it. He can build up the lists in no time. He's a wonder, that boy!"

"Stop!" She raised her hand abruptly. "I've heard you talk too often. You never did anybody a good turn in your life—no, not even yourself. That's one reason you've done time so often. No, don't try to hush me. And now you even turn on me, to serve me like others. You want me to let my husband give up his position and go bankrupt as the price of your silence. You're a coward!"

"Oh, well," he began, with attempted lightness, "I haven't much choice!"

"Your choice is to go from this house—to let me and mine alone."

He got up from his chair and leaned across the table.

"Now, we'll quit this stage business, Margie," he said, "and get down to plain facts. If you let my deal alone, I'll let you alone. If you make trouble for me, I'll pull your house down around your ears!"

V

THEY had not heard the door open. Ralph's voice was their first warning.

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, "you two seem to be in earnest about it." He took a knife from the sideboard, pried open the box of Havanas, and passed it to his guest. "Have one, Hart."

But Margie had reached over and taken the box from his hand.

"Wait," she said imperatively.

Ralph stared at her. As he saw the anguish in her eyes, the smile faded from his face.

"What's wrong?" he gasped.

"It's nothing important," said Hart quickly. "I can't convince Mrs. Bennett that the business is any good, and, of course, if it doesn't satisfy her, the deal is off."

"But—" exclaimed Ralph.

"She thinks it an uncertainty," Hart went on smoothly. "Well, in a way, it is. I hadn't realized that you were looking for absolute certainties. I thought you simply wanted good opportunities. However"—he smiled—"I really think it's better to call it off," he concluded.

Margie understood. The man had read her determination to tell the truth, and yielded the fight. He was as much afraid of the truth as she was.

Her way of escape was open. With a few explanatory words from her, the visitor would go away quietly, and Ralph would be none the wiser. But the truth had come to her lips. Better let it be spoken! Better tell it now, whatever the consequences, than wait in dread of the unexpected during the years to come! She made her decision.

"Ralph," she said, "don't let him go till I have told you."

"No need," exclaimed Hart, moving toward the door.

"There is need," said Margie.

Hart looked into Ralph's eyes and found them uncompromising. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and turned back.

"Ralph," said Margie, "that man is my uncle—my father's half-brother. His real name is Kellerd."

"What?" exclaimed Ralph.

"I haven't told you the truth till now, Ralph. This man is a crook. My—my own father was a crook."

A strange expression crept over Ralph's face. He flashed a glance at Hart, then fixed his eyes on Margie.

"I couldn't bear to tell you at first," she said brokenly, "and afterward it got harder and harder. When I was a child, men like this were about me. I grew up on their talk. My father moved from city to city—now a hotel, now a boarding-house. Thank Heaven, I don't remember my mother."

"She was a good woman," muttered Hart.

"Thank Heaven, she died early!" said Margie softly. "When I was fifteen, my father sent me to boarding-school. He wrote to me now and then, and sent me money." She winced at the thought of the money. "Toward the end of my last year there, word came that he was dead. He—I think he meant to bring me up differently from the rest. When this uncle of mine came to see me, and wanted to adopt me, I was frightened. I knew he thought I



could be useful in his—his work. So I ran away. You remember, Ralph, I told you that I ran away from school and left my trunk there? I did tell you that. And all the rest is true—about my getting to be a governess and then a school-teacher. Now you know."

She buried her head in her arms on the table before her. Ralph turned to Hart, and looked at him inscrutably.

"You'd better go," he said.

Hart nodded, cast a furtive glance at Margie, and left the room.

"I couldn't bear to have you know," came the muffled voice from the table.

Ralph bent over her.

"Margie dear," he whispered, "I've known for nearly five years!"

Amazed, she lifted her head.

"I'LL PULL YOUR HOUSE DOWN AROUND
YOUR EARS!"

"Do you remember the first time I was away from you on a business trip, a month after we were married?" he asked gently.

She nodded.

"I was in Boston," he explained. "I thought about the trunk you had left at the boarding-school, and the whim struck me to get it for you. The principal of the school had known your story. She told it to me before she found out who I was. I have the trunk at the office. It's been there all this time."

"And you haven't minded?" she asked, choking down a sob.

"I can't say that," he replied gravely; "but I have respected your reason for silence, and I have never loved you any less."

Her arms stole about his neck. He drew her close to him.

"And are you glad I told you?" she whispered, her dark eyes searching his soul.

"I am glad," he answered. "I am glad!"

TWO ON THE RANCHO

BY BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST FUNERAL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THE first moment he saw her, he disliked her violently. He scowled at her as she descended from the station bus in front of the sanatorium, and sank weakly into the one vacant chair under the rusty catalpas. She should have known that those chairs were placed there especially for the men, and he had been just on the point of taking that seat himself.

When she coughed and leaned back wearily, he sneered. His own cough was deeper than hers, his hand his skin more fever-flushed and transparent; so he felt no pity, only a rush of rage that she should so openly advertise her weakness.

Then she slowly turned her head, and the pale-blue eyes widened with interest as they took him in. He knew she was recognizing those unmistakable signs that hung like shadows over herself, and he resented it with all the feeble rage of the very ill. He was just on the point of going over and demanding the chair when she stood up, and, throwing him a smile of sad understanding, moved slowly into the building.

All afternoon he sat there under the catalpas and frowned at the drowsing plaza. It had been a most unpleasant day even from early morning, when that old,

tottering, white-haired Ananias had buttonholed him and, gloating, had boasted that the doctors gave him only three weeks more.

Gordon Barlow's doctors had given him six months; and the contemplation of the shortness of his remaining terrestrial stay, even though a morbid one, was the only pleasure that remained. People always shuddered when he told them. And now this old man came vaunting his three weeks! It was disgusting, the way some people were always flinging their troubles in the very faces of chance acquaintances!

A dog, a disreputable pariah of the streets, his every rib visible, and his meek tail between his legs, slunk up and lay at Barlow's feet.

"Get away, you beast!" he snarled, thrusting the creature off with his cane.

The very dogs were like the people, airing their misery everywhere. He would get out of the place; it was too crowded, and the climate was abominable. He swore at the heat none the less vehemently because under his breath.

It was hot! Although it was late September, the palms in the plaza drooped under the relentless sun, and the paved

streets smoked dizzily. He would go somewhere, anywhere—it didn't matter where, when there was only six months more.

"Get!" he snarled, and waved his cane at the sad-eyed cur, which had returned and was gazing wistfully at the patch of shade alongside his chair.

There was a soft cough behind him.

"Oh, please don't hurt him!"

It was a husky voice—a woman's. He was sure it was she, before he turned.

"Is it your dog?" he demanded, glaring into the faded blue eyes.

"No, it's not mine," she said.

"I think you'd be ashamed to admit it if it was."

She didn't seem to take offense, but came and sat in the next chair, which was now vacant.

"I wish he was my dog!" she whispered huskily, cupping her chin in her palms.

"What would you want with a beast like that?"

He waved his cane at the intruder again.

"He'd be mine," she replied simply, and as if the sequence was perfectly natural. "You see, I've never had a dog, or anything like that."

"Humph!" he snorted, suspicious of sentiment. "That's just like a woman, always wanting something she has no use for. As for me, I don't care if I never have anything else. What good would it do me, when I've only six months to live?"

He waved her covertly, triumphantly.

"That's just how long they gave me," she replied listlessly.

He was on his feet on the moment.

"I don't believe it! You look strong—



"OH, PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!"



much stronger than I do. Why—why, you'll live years yet!"

Trailing off into a sputter, he stumped off, fuming.

He had hoped to hurt her, or at least to surprise her, but she didn't even raise her eyes as he left—he looked back to see—and this made him more angry than ever. Indeed,

he was so angry that he walked entirely around the plaza without stopping—which was very foolish, for afterward, when his rage cooled down, he was so tired that he had to take to his bed.

He told her of this proof of his weakness when they met again that night, and he was hardly able to restrain his glee in the telling. The front porch and the chairs under the catalpas were crowded, so he led her over to a bench in the plaza, pooh-poohing her listless objections.

"Night air? Bosh! Night air can't make or break us now! So what's the



THE JAGUAR WAILED ALOUD IN SUDDEN HURT AND ANGER, LEAPED AND CLAWED THE EARTH

difference? Besides, we'd be bored to death with that bunch."

Above, the sky was so clear that the myriad stars were reflected in the little pools left by the watering-carts. A hot breeze, stealing from the south, brought with it the faint crack of rifles, and now and then the heavier boom of cannon, marking the last desperate stand of the *insurrectos*. She listened attentively, for it was still new to her.

"Doesn't it seem awful for healthy people to want to kill one another?" she whispered, as if awed.

All his bitterness welled up in a sudden, poignant cry.

"A healthy man! Just think what a healthy man, a strong man, can do!" He wrenched his hands until the knuckles gleamed white in the glare of the arc-light, while his dark, fever-brightened eyes glowed like twin coals beneath his heavy, knitted brows. "Just think of being able to plan things, and to know that you will have the strength to carry them out! There were so many things I had dreamed of doing, so many things—"

Across the river there was a sudden outburst of firing, which died away as quickly. In the shrubbery behind, a girl laughed. The woman shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"No, no, not cold!" With a little trembling cry of relief, she added: "Oh, look, there is our dog! I believe he knows us. Here, boy!"

At the snap of her fingers the cur came forward, wagging his tail with open-hearted *camaraderie*. She opened her hand-bag and took out a little package, which, unrolled, proved to be a bit of bread and meat. Greedily the dog snapped it from her fingers.

"Shame, sir!" she chided. "You have no manners. Now if you were my dog—I wish you were my dog!"

"You'd soon find out what fleas were," snapped Barlow. "I'm going to take my good night constitutional. Good-by!"

II

GORDON BARLOW was naturally abrupt, but in this case his hasty departure was due to pure fright. He had always fled from the tender tone and the softer view of life, even before the shadow had fallen upon him and soured what had been naturally sweet. Life had always appeared to

him as a battle wherein achievement had to be carved out with all one's unrelenting strength. The height of human happiness, to his mind, was seeking to achieve by means of the fiercest struggle of which he was capable.

He had been educated for an engineer, had dreamed of taking rugged nature and making it plastic to his will; but where his strong spirit longed to build, his frail flesh betrayed him, and so he cast his dreams away and laughed at them cynically.

But this cynicism, this delight in his hopeless condition, was only a mask which pride made imperative. Beneath, the fire burned all the more fiercely for the darkness which enshrouded him. This woman's weariness, her lack of energy, her passive acceptance of the inevitable, irritated him.

That, in turn, made him wonder why he should care enough about such an inconsequential person to be irritated. He believed in the doll theory concerning women—that they were valuable in proportion to their physical attractiveness; and this woman lacked entirely the color and curves and bloom that were his conception of feminine assets.

The thought evidently sobered him, for this time he made the circuit of the plaza much more leisurely and sanely. Several times he stopped beneath the blazing arc-lights to read the moving-picture lithographs. His sluggish blood quickened to the lively tunes of the automatic pianos.

Once he glanced back at a group of soldiers elbowing their way along, care-free in their surety of health. He smiled to himself. He knew the futility of that surety. It had once possessed him; and he turned back with a pang that they should waste with such abandon moments that could be so precious to one who could really make some use of them.

As he was strolling slowly back toward the sanatorium, his head bent forward on his breast, a hand touched his arm.

"Ello, *señor*, you been in El Paso long, *si*? I did not know."

Barlow found himself looking down into the swarthy face of one of our neighbors across the border.

"What are you doing here, Miguel?" he asked in surprise.

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders mournfully.

"My mother's sister's husband, he was sick. We bury him to-day." Miguel put

away the sorrows of the world with another shrug, and looked up with a charming, white-toothed smile. "*Señor* will go out to the rancho, *si?*"

The sight of this man had brought to Barlow's mind a long-forgotten piece of property. It was an inheritance from an uncle who had an inexplicable liking for the fastnesses of northwestern Mexico. Its present possessor had only once been persuaded to visit it.

His rancho! He remembered it as a wild, inaccessible place amid barren hills, which he had rejoiced to leave; but now the sound of the words vaguely appealed to him. He had said that he wanted to leave El Paso. Well, here was just what he was looking for.

"I am at the Sanatorium Alfores, Miguel," he said abruptly. "Come the day after to-morrow, and I will go to the rancho with you."

Miguel bowed his delight, while his eyes narrowed with a world of good-natured understanding.

"And *señor* will take a—*a* ledly?"

Barlow glanced at him sharply. Then he remembered. This had been one of the avuncular failings.

"*Señor* will not take a lady!" he snapped, and turned away, while Miguel bowed his apology.

The girl was still sitting where he had left her, with the dog curled up at her feet, fast asleep. Triumphantly he told of his plans to leave, of Miguel and the rancho, and the wild mountains and stretches of uninhabited country. Her dull eyes brightened for a moment.

"It must be wonderful out there! I've never been able to get out into the country, and I've always wanted to make things grow. I had a geranium in a pot at the hospital, but a little girl loved it so much that we—we buried it in her arms." His snort was poorly concealed, and she turned quickly, abashed. "But won't it be lonely out there, and dangerous, with all the fighting going on?"

"I want it to be lonely," he said, biting his nails. "And as for the fighting"—he touched his breast—"I carry a passport here that people respect. I won't be entirely alone, anyhow. There are Miguel and his wife."

The cur awoke suddenly, and industriously sought the cause of his disturbance with a hind leg.

"Why don't you take a dog?" she asked. "I wouldn't have a dog!" he almost shouted, and went to bed.

III

SHE didn't appear until very late the next day. Barlow, who had wandered about restlessly, with the germ of an idea working in his brain, greeted her coldly, as if she had failed him personally.

"I was so weak," she explained, "I just couldn't get up."

He grunted.

"But I watched you from the window," she went on. "I saw you feed our dog."

"Is that a criminal act?" he shot back testily, and glowered at the beast, who lay at his feet watching him with eyes filled with adoration. "Why do you call him our dog? He probably belongs to somebody, and you are liable to get in trouble if you try to claim him."

She turned eyes suddenly tear-filled upon him.

"Oh, do you think so? Do you really think I couldn't have him? I've never had a dog!"

"So you have told me several times," he retorted cruelly, and fell into silence, biting his under lip fiercely.

The germ of an idea was full-born. He was thinking it over.

He had to admit that it was an astounding idea, but when he came to voice it he did so calmly and judiciously.

"I've decided that it will be lonely on the rancho with only those two Mexicans for company. I should probably get very morose and morbid and unhappy, and I wouldn't like to feel that way up to the end. So I've decided that I want to take—"

"The dog?" she questioned breathlessly.

"No, not the dog. I want to take you."

She studied him for a long time in a sort of dull wonder.

"Don't be conventional," he cried, "and ask what people would say! We won't give them a chance to say anything. We'll get married before we start. Don't misunderstand me. This is an affair entirely of convenience; there is no sentiment in it, on either side. I would prefer not to have people talk, for my family's sake; for my own I don't care a cent. We are too near the edge of the world to be bothered personally about the world's laws. All that is at our backs."

She was running her pale-veined hands through the dog's fur.

"How do you know that my being out there will make you happier?"

That was getting too near the path of sentiment that he so rigorously avoided; so he set her right again, clearly, cruelly.

"Neither you nor anybody else has the power to make me happy. I chose to ask you because your going seems more convenient. There isn't much else that you can do, and you have already said you would like to get out in the country and— and make things grow. Well, you would probably be much happier there than here, and you would help me by keeping my mind off myself, more or less. And don't say that I don't know anything about you, or what you used to be, or whether you are low-born or high-born. I am not marrying you for a wife, you understand, and so all those things could have no effect. My nurse told me that your name is Jane Robertson, and that you used to work in a hospital. The last is superfluous, but I needed to know your name to have it put on the license. Kindly be ready in the parlor at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. It has to be early, so that we can make our train. Now I'm going to take my walk!"

She looked up with a pleading smile.

"Could—could I take the dog?"

He frowned at the sudden little rush of heat that warmed his heart.

"Of course! Take a whole pack, if you wish!"

"Oh!" she breathed gratefully, pressing the cur's head against her knees. "Oh, thanks!"

He grumbled to himself all the way around the plaza.

IV

It was a very quiet ceremony the next morning, with only a doctor and one of the nurses as witnesses. Immediately afterward they crossed to Juarez and boarded the train. Miguel, whose sly smile at sight of the *señor's* companion had frozen on his lips at the words "My wife," was in charge of a much excited and very clean canine, which had been but a street pariah the day before.

Several times armed parties halted them, but Miguel's voluble explanations, and a look of comprehension into the pale faces of the two, was always satisfactory, though

Barlow fumed fiercely at every softened glance flung his way. Miguel proved a capital dragoon, pointing out what spots there were of interest in the flat, drab landscape, telling tales of the hill country, of the jaguars, and of the droves of relentless javelin hogs, that never leave their prey until a kill is made.

He also told of the ceaseless warfare and brigandage that was laying waste his land—tales of violence and valor, with himself much to the forefront. At Juarez, Miguel had been an ardent *insurrecto*; but as they dropped farther and farther south, over the hastily relaid rails and propped-up bridges, he grew quite scornful of the ragged patriots and their war-cry of "*Libertad!*" By the time he reached the first outpost of the federal army, he was leaning far out of the window, cheering for the government.

It was mid-afternoon when they reached Rio Vuelta, a metropolis of three thatched-roofed adobe houses set in a jungle of giant cactus and bear-grass. From some invisible place Miguel procured a hack drawn by two little gray mules, and they set off to the west, straight toward the descending sun.

Ahead loomed rolling hills, and beyond were the snowy peaks of the sierras, which soon blotted out the cruel, swordlike rays of the tropic sun. As it became rapidly cooler, their jaded eyes brightened, and they talked with animation of the things they saw and passed—the mourning doves in the manzanita bushes, the chaparral chickens that darted across the road, and the jack-rabbits that danced ahead like fairy sprites. The dog became very much interested in these last, and it was all they could do to keep him in the hack.

The moon followed on the footsteps of the first stars, an orange ball that soon whitened to silver as it rose higher and higher through the clear seas of the night sky. With its coming, they became subdued, and soon fell into a silence that lasted the rest of the drive. Even Miguel seemed depressed; and when the low, white building loomed up ahead, his introduction was but a muttered—

"La hacienda!"

Then they rattled down the slope of a deep arroyo, and splashed into a shallow ford, where the mules halted and drank noisily. Here, in the deep blotch of shadow, and under the weight of the night's

silence, it was uncanny. They leaned close together, as if from a simultaneous presentiment.

From the rocks above them rose a thin, eery wail, an almost childlike whimper, that swelled and choked and swelled again. The dog growled, and the fur stood up on his neck. The little mules, after one moment of strained listening, dashed forward and swept them up the hill to the gate of the hacienda.

There blazed a welcome light, and the fat, genial face of Anna, Miguel's wife, smiled a welcome. The grip of terror that held them relaxed into sheepish laughs.

"What was it, Miguel?" asked Barlow.

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders.

"Dat jaguar. He beeg tief; steal pig, calf, horse — sometimes, when he hongry, man. I am no scared!"

In his room across the patio Barlow heard his bride and Anna talking together — low, inaudible, feminine murmurs. Somehow the sound was very soothing, and he was asleep before he had time to review the happenings of the momentous day.

V

It was very late when they met under the bean-vines in the patio the next morning, and were joyously welcomed by a furry whirlwind of happiness.

"Oh, *señor, señora!*" cried Miguel, appearing with the fresh goats' milk and rolls. "Dat dog! He have chased de jack-rab' until I tink he die. He much like de rancho, *si?*"

"I know he likes it," whispered Jane, with a dim glow in her eyes that made Barlow inwardly uneasy. "I wish he was a little dog—just a little puppy-dog. It would be sweet to see him grow!"

"Which reminds me that you want a garden," replied her husband. "I'll go and consult with Miguel"; and he fled ingloriously from the dim glow in the eyes of a mere woman.

His request humbled the omniscient, accommodating Mexican to despair.

"A garden, *señor?* There never have been a garden here. Eet is too hot, too much sun, and there is too small rain. Look, not even grass, *señor.*"

Barlow's eyes followed the brown finger pointing to the bare, baked slope rolling higher and higher behind them, like the crest of a wave. Against the drab background there was no green except the green

of the cactus, which waters itself, so the Mexicans say.

As Barlow looked, his face darkened. It was impossible that they should have to be disappointed in their wish for a garden. He had promised it her; and though he considered the request more or less silly, he believed in keeping his promises. For a long time he was silent, gazing at the steely frame of the morning, heat about the distant, shimmering peaks of snow.

"No water!" he pondered, and then turned and pointed down into the arroyo. "But there is running water there. Where did it come from?"

Miguel was hazy. He shrugged his shoulders; spread out his hands toward the whole sierras, and rolled a cigarette complacently. It did not matter, yes? No one bothered to find out where water came from, so long as it was there. It was cold water; it came from the melting snows. That was as far as his knowledge went; but even that small bit gave his master an idea.

"Hitch up the hack," commanded Barlow.

All morning the horses toiled over the hills above the hacienda, while Barlow, squinting in the blazing glare, searched every slope, every ravine, oblivious to the passing time. In his heart was the joy of the worker.

Finally, when hope had begun to pale, they drove up a rising trail to a flat plateau, a rampart of the high sierra; and lo, there gamboled and sang a sturdy stream of limpid water, which ran along the center of the plateau and then plunged off down a steep slope that fell away toward the south.

"Our garden, Miguel!" he cried.

Getting down, he paced here and there, like a hound on a scent, testing the stream's depth and strength of flow, and finally judging with an expert's eye the levels to the hacienda shimmering in the heat below them. When he looked up, it was with a radiant face.

"In a month, Miguel, that water will flow into the back yard of the hacienda!"

Miguel had shrugged his shoulders in pagan doubt, but Barlow's prediction came true. Aggrandized by his self-importance, the Mexican had scoured the country and gathered a small army of half-starved peons, whom he ruled with a sway imperial. There was really little to be done, for

nature proved exceptionally kind, and it was only necessary to divert the stream for some hundred yards into a dry ravine that led almost directly to the hacienda.

It was a happy, busy, glorious month for Gordon and Jane, not to mention the dog. When they weren't out watching and directing the workers, Barlow was busy with his scale of levels, computing water-heads, and drawing intricate drainage maps, while his wife pored for hours over alluring seed catalogues.

Then came the wonderful day when the water was diverted into its new channel. As if trained, it swept down into the garden laterals and over the slope below, to join the other stream in the bottom of the arroyo. It splashed gaily into the bath-tub that had been sent from El Paso, and gushed forth from a faucet in the kitchen, much to the amazement of Anna, who crossed herself devoutly at this evidence of the Lord's power and goodness.

Before the laborers left, they were invited to bring in their families, and a dance was held on the cleared floor of the barn. There were laughter and song and the syn-copated melody of mandolins late into the night.

Jane, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed, looked on from the patio in a very ecstasy.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she whispered half aloud. "All of it! This is heaven!"

He laughed shortly, his sick soul still unable to brook enthusiasm.

"If this isn't heaven, we'll know what is, soon enough!"

Then they were silent, for a cloud had drifted across the face of the moon.

VI

If there was a cloud over their hearts, it soon lifted before the enthralling task of laying out the garden and planting the seeds. Side by side they worked, refusing to let any hands but theirs do the planting. Jane murmured over every little seed, a soft little croon in her voice, while Barlow's efforts were largely devoted to restraining the dog, who seemed to regard it all as a mammoth burying of bones, and was naturally inquisitive.

When Christmas came, the garden was in full bearing. It was a new Christmas to them—a bright, warm day, clear as a jewel, and alluring as a gipsy with a rose in her mouth. Miguel had climbed fifteen miles

into the mountains for a ragged little pine, which they bedecked for the children nearest the hacienda; and there was a special limb for the dog.

When the happy children had gone, and the Maker's glowing pencil had dotted in the star-periods, they sang all the old carols they could think of; and when the last was finished, they fell silent. It had been a pleasant day, but somehow memories are always the sweetest.

When she turned to him, her lashes were wet.

"I'm such a fool; but the old songs always make me sad," she said. "Why, I don't know, for I have nothing to regret. I am far happier now than I've ever been in my life."

Then he, too, came out of the past with a shrug, for he was honest enough to admit to himself that the day had brought him much.

"It isn't half bad here, is it? I never thought I could stand living away from where things were being done. But I suppose it is because I realize now that it doesn't make any difference."

His bitterness had to crop out, but he was immediately ashamed of it, and glanced at her contritely. She was smiling at him, but it wasn't the smile which made him stare. There was about her something intangible, subtle, disturbingly sphinxlike. It hinted a secret that he could not guess. He was still pondering it when he fell to sleep that night.

He was fated to be troubled by it many times thereafter. When the reaction came from his interest in the maps that he was making of the whole district, with a view to irrigation, and the bitter realization of the hopelessness of all his efforts welled up in him, he would start up with a groan and pace the floor, biting his lip, after his habit.

"Just think of all I could do, could do; just think! Look at all that land! It could be bought for a song and developed into one of the greatest irrigated projects in the Southwest. The supply of water is inexhaustible!"

He would glare at her as if she were to blame for it all, only to find the strange smile on her lips, the almost mocking smile which he was too proud to ask her to explain. Angrily he would go off on long climbs, until the exertion stifled the heat within him.

She, too, found much to occupy her while he was thus finding respite from himself. Flowers followed flowers the whole winter through in that wonder country, and her interest in the tiny growing things never seemed to abate.

Very capable she looked, striding here and there in her short skirts. Her sleeves were rolled high on her well-browned arms, and about her hips was the holster carrying the little pistol which he had given her, and with which constant practise had made her surprisingly proficient. They were very busy, those two, and very happy, for he, at least, had forgotten the days.

Winter melted into spring—a change almost unrecognizable, and only marked by the red and yellow glories of the cactus and the northward passage of the birds. First came the geese, plaintive, disembodied cries high in the night, stirring Barlow strangely with vague desires of unrest. Yet it was not the wander-call; he did not want to leave the rancho, for it had become too much a part of him, of all the dreams that he had planned. He found himself watching Jane; and when he caught the glow in her eyes, as she tended her little growing things, the unrest was stronger in him than ever.

Ducks followed the geese, black lines swerving through the mists of dawn like the ghostly arms of witches caught by the day. The sand-hill cranes, huge and harsh-voiced, were followed by the plovers, the bullbats, and the killdeer. Everywhere there was a feeling of movement, of change. Barlow had sudden moments of action and sudden moments of lassitude; not the old bodily weariness, but a warm, lethargic deliciousness.

He lay awake at nights in a half-dreamy stupor; but when he would hear Jane stir in her room across the patio, he would lift himself on his elbow and listen breathlessly, conscious of the quickened pulse-beat. The undercurrent of bitterness in his heart rarely welled up any more. He had forgotten the passage of the days!

One evening, just when April was coyly fading into May, Miguel appeared before his employer, so evasive and general in his remarks that Barlow knew a request was forthcoming.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded.

The Mexican, thus abruptly halted in his natural mode of procedure, explained with some embarrassment.

"There is *fiesta* at Alfores, *señor*, tomorrow. Very holy day for the good Saint Miguel, for whom I am named. Anna and I would like to go for two, t'ree day."

"Anna? But what on earth would we eat if Anna goes away?"

"I can cook," Jane broke in quickly. "We all had to learn to cook at the hospital. Please let them go, Gordon. I—I'd just love to cook for you—for a while!"

He surprised the glow in her eyes, and turned his face away quickly. Almost—he had read the meaning of it. It seemed to dangle just before his eyes, visible, but too close to make out its nature.

"Go ahead, Miguel," he said gruffly. "Go ahead and stay as long as you like."

Lunch proved her culinary prowess to be no empty boast. The omelet was as light and creamy as a cloud, and the biscuits even more airy, if possible. At his admiring compliments she flushed delightedly, flushed and looked at him, and again his gaze shifted. The secret was close, but still too close!

That afternoon, as he sat over his maps, and Jane was as industrious as usual in the garden, he began to see, only dimly at first, for it was so stupendous that he could not readily believe. He had watched her for some time, and as he watched the truth began to rise before him.

Up and down the beds she moved, bending lovingly over the plants. Her movements were supple, graceful, and assured. The contour of her body, as she bent, was round and womanly. With a shock he realized that the harsh angles had gone, and with them the old, stiff movements of her weakness. Even from where he was, he could see the clear, healthy brown of her cheeks, and the full column of her throat, which had once been so thin and knotty.

The discovery was really too big for instant realization, and he sought the key through his old method of action. With his head bent in thought, he strolled down the slope to the clear stream in the bottom of the arroyo. Here he found a boulder beside the water, and sat down, for his knees had suddenly become weak and trembling.

She loved to see things grow, she had said—little things! He had scoffed openly, had inwardly boiled at such sentiment; but now for the first time he came to realize. It was her nature. She was a woman; and he was a man, and her husband.

Then there came to mind the healthy brown of her cheeks and the rounded curves of her body. The old unrest that stirred him when he heard her toss in the night, in her room across the patio, gripped him like a vise.

And then all thoughts fled before a swift rush of fear, for the regular movement shadowed in the water, which he had been watching unseeingly for some moments, thinking it but the waving of a weed in the wind on the cliff above, resolved itself into its true reality. It was the tail of a jaguar, outlined against the sky as it crouched there above him.

Slowly his eyes lifted and looked into the green eyes of the beast. Even in the stress of the moment he noticed the animal's thin ribs, and in its eyes he seemed to read an almost insane desire. He remembered Miguel's words:

"Sometimes, when he hongry, man."

The great cat was crouched as if about to leap; but suddenly the green eyes shifted to the trail above. Barlow's own gaze, freed from their almost hypnotic power, fell to the water again. There in the perfect mirror was another figure, slender but rounded, standing above and behind him, in her outstretched hand the little pistol he had given her.

Even as he looked, the report rang out. The jaguar wailed aloud in sudden hurt

and anger, leaped and clawed the earth, then leaped again and was gone, a long, low streak of yellow, hardly distinguishable against the drab hillside.

Barlow turned back to his wife. Grasping hands, they rushed without a word to the hilltop and the gate of the hacienda.

His escape from the jaguar was belittled at this moment by a new realization that had come upon him. His eyes were wide with wonder.

"Jane," he stammered, "do you realize that we ran up that hill—*ran!* When we first came here, it was all that we could do to walk up it."

She smiled the cryptic smile that had so disconcerted him.

"Silly, don't you know that the six months were over long ago, and that neither of us has coughed since Easter?"

His jaw dropped, and then the fierce, mad joy that burned through his veins brought the secret clear before him.

"Of course, of course! You're brown, you're round, you're healthy!"

His arm went about her waist, as if to prove it. He saw the glow in her eyes, and he knew what that was now, too—what it held for him and for the little things that grow.

"Jane," he babbled, "I'm going to kiss you!"

And he did.

AT TWILIGHT

SLOWLY the brown-sailed barges ride

Across my casement view;
The tide's reflection of all things
Makes them like birds with vasty wings
That toward some peaceful haven glide,
To rest in twilight blue.

And I would fill with love, with love,

A ship to sail to thee,
Or bind upon a falcon's neck
The leaping thoughts no night can check,
To soar into the air above
And fall where thou mayst be!

But I have neither hawk to fly

Nor any ship to sail;
And out upon the gathering night
My thoughts must wander, like some white
Lost moths that flutter aimlessly
About a flowerless dale.

A. Hugh Fisher

THE PROGRESS OF THE PARCEL-POST

THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS OF THE NEW POSTAL SERVICE, AND ITS POSSIBILITIES OF STILL GREATER PUBLIC USEFULNESS

BY HUGH THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF "THE COMING OF THE PARCEL-POST," ETC.

ONE day last December, some men sat in a Washington club discussing the parcel-post, which was scheduled to begin operation on the first day of the new year. They all regarded it as a beneficent innovation, but doubted its immediate success. Just at that moment Postmaster-General Hitchcock came along. One of the group stopped him and asked him how many parcels he thought would be carried the first week.

"Well," he replied, "my conservative estimate would be half a million. Stretching my guess to the utmost, I should say it would not exceed a million."

Such was the forecast of the man who really organized and made possible a service which is creating a new epoch of progress for the whole country. But he was not a good prophet.

As a matter of fact, the number of packages carried by the parcel-post during its first week was seven millions, while the total for the initial month was forty millions. In considering these figures it must be kept in mind that January, coming after the Christmas rush of gifts, is usually the dulllest month of the year in the transportation of small pieces of merchandise. If such a period, with facilities new and more or less inadequate, can yield this big return, you may well ask what the results will be during the busier seasons, and when the intricacies of the system are better comprehended by the public.

These statistics show that the parcel-post is a success beyond doubt. As was predicted in an article published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for February last, it has taken

a definite place as a potent force for uplift and economy.

The figures for the first month of the service—the only ones accessible when this article was written—show some interesting facts. For one thing, Chicago leads the whole country in the number of packages handled, with a total above four millions. One reason for this is that the big city by Lake Michigan is the center of an enormous mail-order business. New York came second, with three and a half millions of packages; Boston was third, Philadelphia fourth, and St. Louis fifth.

Quite naturally, the cities have set the pace for the whole service. Until the campaign of public education in the uses of the parcel-post has penetrated the remotest rural regions, this will continue.

The service specially lends itself to many city uses. A young man, for instance, can now send a pound box of candy to his lady-love for five cents. It is delivered on the same day, and saves the more expensive messenger-fee. Laundries have begun to use the post to receive and return their goods. Milliners now send spring bonnets by mail. The department-stores, following the lead of the London shops, have been quick to recognize the value of the service. Uncle Sam has become as speedy a deliverer of merchandise as the merchants' own wagons.

It was natural that, at the start, the post-offices should have been troubled with mistakes and misunderstandings. Many people sought to send live fowls and dogs by mail. This is prohibited. During the first week a few of these animated shipments

were accepted, with the warning that it would be the last exception.

One of the most amusing uses of the parcel-post was that contemplated by an Alabama farmer. He wrote to Mr. Hitchcock, saying that he had read in the newspapers that a child was available for adoption in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Being childless, he wanted to adopt the little one, and he suggested that the department should arrange to send it to him by mail.

DEVELOPING THE SERVICE

One result of the first month of the service will lend itself to a helpful explanation. The reports from various parts of the country showed that a great majority of the packages sent were very small in size and light in weight. The department officials are eager to encourage the sending of larger and heavier packages. This will not only add to the revenue from parcel postage, but will help to increase the efficiency of the service by making a fuller use of its facilities.

The present weight-limit is eleven pounds. A package may be six feet in length and girth combined. In other words, a parcel three feet six inches in length must not be more than two feet six inches around its thickest part. A shorter parcel may be thicker, and *vice versa*.

As the parcel-post develops, various improvements will add to the value of the service. It is already possible, for example, to send parcels by special delivery. The ordinary special-delivery stamp, or ten cents of additional postage, will insure the immediate delivery of a package, no matter whether it weighs two ounces or eleven pounds.

The C. O. D. system is being added to the service, and it will undoubtedly be a great benefit to business men. The plan will not be in operation until the 1st of July, but it was fully worked out by Mr. Hitchcock, and represents his parting gift to the service. Its *modus operandi* is as follows:

If a New York tailor wants to send a suit of clothes, valued at thirty-five dollars, to a customer in Washington, to be paid for on delivery, the only postage required is the proper amount of parcel-post stamps. The carrier who delivers the bundle in Washington collects the thirty-five dollars by issuing a post-office order made payable to the New York tailor. Thus the only fee

for the transaction is the price of the money-order, which, in this case, would be fifteen cents. Much time, trouble, and expense are saved by empowering the carrier to make out the order.

The insurance of parcels is one of the original features of the service which is being widely employed. By paying ten cents extra you can obtain insurance on what you send, up to the amount of fifty dollars. It is noteworthy that there was not a single claim for damages on the forty million packages handled during the first month.

It is only a question of time when the rates will be reduced. Under the act establishing the service, the Postmaster-General, with the sanction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is empowered to make such a reduction. According to plans made by Mr. Hitchcock—and it is reasonable to suppose that his successor will carry them out—an increase in the weight-limit is also contemplated. The first advance would be to twenty-five pounds, and the second to fifty. This change, together with a reduction in postage, would make the parcel-post a still more effective competitor with the express companies.

A NEW ERA FOR THE FARMER

Great as are the possibilities for the use of the parcel-post in the city, they pale in economic significance in comparison with what it may do for the farm. Its wide adoption by the tillers of the soil may result in opening up a whole new era of profit and usefulness for agriculture.

Take, for example, the case of the small truck-farmer who lives within a radius of ten or fifteen miles from a city or town. Heretofore he had been compelled to drive to the city early in the morning, often starting at three o'clock. Then there is likely to be a long wait for customers in the market, and he must make the same tiresome journey homeward late in the afternoon, or after night has fallen. It is a strain on man and beast, and it keeps the farmer away from his needful work on the farm.

But with the parcel-post a better system is made possible. The small farmer, with enterprise and energy, is working up a trade in the towns. Instead of making personal calls, he supplies his customers by mail, and is enabled to stay at home and attend to his business. It has been begun

with the shipment of eggs. In New York, for instance, thousands of people already receive fresh eggs each morning, or so many mornings each week, from farms in New Jersey, Connecticut, or Long Island.

With the ripening of the garden crops, this service can be extended to a very large degree. Cabbage, corn, and most vegetables—except potatoes, on which the postage would be too heavy a tax—could be supplied by mail. Plans have been made in some places for a sort of shuttle service. The farmer provides a hamper which he sends to town by mail every other day, filled with eggs, poultry, and vegetables, and which is returned to him empty.

In the country the rural-delivery man is a sort of traveling post-office, in that he weighs and stamps mail, issues money-orders, and attends to most of the business of a small station. In addition to this he can collect and deliver a package, if both sender and receiver are on his route, without having to send it through a post-office. This feature lends itself to many possibilities of service.

CONQUERING TIME AND DISTANCE

Let us say that a man who has a large country place finds himself with unexpected guests, and with his transportation facilities out of gear, for some such reason as lack of available horses or shortage of gasoline. He needs six chickens for dinner. He knows that there is a big poultry-farm half a dozen miles away. All he has to do is to telephone to the farm, at nine o'clock in the morning, and order the fowls. The rural-delivery carrier is due at the farm at ten o'clock; he collects the fowls, on which parcel-postage is paid, and delivers them at the purchaser's home. The whole process has taken less than three hours.

The practical usefulness of the parcel-post has been manifested in a hundred ways. An instance reported to the Post-Office Department from Hancock County, Ohio, is typical. A farmer out there was snow-bound, and a heavy storm was raging. His wife was sick, and he could not leave her, though he needed supplies badly. Fortunately he had a telephone. He called up the various stores in a town ten miles distant and gave orders for the goods he needed, which were sent out to him the same day by parcel-post.

Of course, the rural carrier had to make the trip, snow or no snow. The service en-

abled the farmer to stay at home, to care for his wife, and to spare his horses a twenty-mile strain over bad roads and through snow-drifts.

But the average farmer is not quick to grasp at new ideas, and he is not likely to discover the full possibilities of the parcel-post without assistance. He must be educated, and this education will be undertaken by the Post-Office Department. The merits of the postal service will be brought, as it were, to his very door.

With this end in view, the department has arranged to send representatives to the State and national granges, institutes, fairs, and, in fact, to all meeting-places frequented by farmers. These representatives will tell the men who raise our food crops just how to use the post; how it can add to the range of their activities, and how they can, if circumstances are favorable, build up a mail-order trade. It will show, further, how there can be effected, through this remarkable agency, a freer exchange of the commodities of the city and of the country.

The various State agricultural colleges will be asked to help in this campaign of education, which will doubtless mean millions of dollars to the farmer everywhere. Incidentally, it will be a real factor in reducing the high cost of living, for it will help to eliminate that ancient bulwark of all kinds of expense—the middleman. In short, it is an agency for the cheapening of the whole food supply.

THE EFFECT ON CROP AND LAND

As you go into a study of the rural use of the parcel-post, you find benefit piling on benefit. Take its possible effect on crops. The farmer living within fifteen or twenty miles from a town of considerable size need no longer depend upon a staple crop, like wheat or corn. By consulting the needs of purchasers, and using the parcel-post to distribute his products, he can diversify his crops, and thus obtain a greater degree of immunity against loss. This means that he will not have to put all his eggs in one basket.

This diversification of crops, in turn, will have the inevitable economic result of increasing the fertility and value of farmlands. Conservation is wrought all around.

Again, a wide use of the parcel-post by the farmer will make for better roads, because the government, in order to keep the

machinery of the post going—congestion in this branch of the system would be very costly—will insist upon adequate highways. As the service is extended to the more remote sections, one of the most beneficent agencies of all progress will follow in its wake.

It is not saying too much that the parcel-post, combined with scientific farming, the telephone, and the automobile, widens the whole vista of the American farmer, and makes him more prosperous and economically independent than ever before.

THE MARCH OF GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

In one of the last official statements that Mr. Hitchcock made before surrendering his office to a Democratic successor, he said to the writer:

"I believe that the parcel-post will, in all likelihood, absorb the whole express business of the country, and vastly exceed the present proportions of that business. The government will extend the service to all sections, and will do much that the express companies are at present unable to do.

"In order to collect and distribute mail for our hundred million citizens, the United States to-day carries on perhaps the most extensive business in the world. It has built up a tremendous and efficient organization. Why should not this great machine be employed for express as well as mail?

"I believe it is only a question of time when the government will take over the express companies. I think this should be done before the parcel-post makes such inroads in the express business as to work a hardship on the stockholders and affect the return they receive on their invested money. As the weight-limit increases and the price of parcel-postage declines, it will be absolutely impossible for the express companies to compete with the post-office.

"The economic effect of an absorption of the express companies by the government is very obvious. At the present time the companies have separate organizations; in a sense, they are competitors. They must earn profits for their stockholders, and they must maintain their equipment and working forces. The consumer must pay for all this.

"With the parcel-post there is no such condition. We have a great postal organization already established, and this service is one of its natural accessories. Practically no capital was needed to install the new de-

partment; we merely had to gear up the machine to a new use that was really part of its old work.

"The parcel-post offers an opportunity for the safe transportation of valuable articles that no private express company could hold out so well. Postal employees are all bonded and sworn, while but few express employees are under such supervision. Moreover, the postal carriers are always under the scrutiny of trained government inspectors, whose function is to ferret out wrongdoing."

"What about the telegraph companies?" I asked.

"I have always contended," replied Mr. Hitchcock, "that the government should control the telegraph-lines and make them a part of the postal service. We are almost the only great nation that permits a private ownership of the telegraph.

"It would be a very simple matter to take over these companies. Every one of the sixty thousand post-offices in the United States could be made into a telegraph-station. In the smaller offices the postmaster, whose postal work is not arduous, could also be the telegrapher. Thus the government would control all the great public arteries of communication except the railroads, and would manage them with public service as its one great purpose."

When you come to sum up the benefits of the parcel-post you see that two stand out very conspicuously. One is the fact that it gives the rural districts an express service that was formerly denied; the other is that it affords those who had an express service the same facilities at a greatly reduced cost.

This immense public benefaction has really been perfected and made into a constructive, working machine, through the efforts of Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General under President Taft. It is a curious commentary on our system of office-holding that just when such a great innovation needs his seasoned and directing hand, he must make way for a successor, whose claim to the post is the fact that he belongs to the victorious political faith.

This statement is made without political intent, but in simple justice to an executive ability which established a business administration, and made the postal service yield a surplus after a long series of deficits. It is greatly to be desired that politics and the post-office should be wholly divorced.

LIGHT VERSE

THE NEW NICKEL

A NICKEL, of a new design
Is issued by the mint;
It bears a buffalo, and scorns
Of "trust in God" to hint.

The moralist is fain to ask,
Is five cents so much cash
We do not need Most High support,
And so are getting brash?

Or is five cents so small a sum
It bears no taint abhorred,
And cannot stain our precious souls
And make us need the Lord?

The golden calf dispensed with Him
In ages long ago;
Will any better luck befall
The nickel buffalo?

McLandburgh Wilson

POSTGRADUATE

SUE planned to be a Portia fine,
Dispensing justice fairly;
While Sara said a great divine
She'd be, and battle rarely.
Alicia, though she shuddered sore
At thought of operations,
Would be a doctor; Mabel's lore
Was all of weird equations.

The justice meted out by Sue
On little Sue falls lightly;
And Sara leads a winsome crew
In ways of virtue rightly.
Alicia binds up baby hurts,
While Mabel's sums ungainly,
Her husband jokingly asserts,
Are solved by bridge rules mainly!

And now they ardently agree
Curriculum are stupid
That don't include a course by wee
Professor Daniel Cupid!

Grace Stone Field

WHY WRITE IN VERSE?

HOW comes a man to write in verse,
When he could say in prose
All that he has to say, not worse
But better? Goodness knows.

Tied down by rules, hard up for rimes,
He struggles to express
The thought that, done in verse, at times
Seems right, not more but less.

The funny thing is, having writ
In verse, with labor sore,
He's sure to have the riming fit
Again, not less but more.

And, more or less, this shows us why
The poets—all the lot—
Along with verse that will not die,
Have sometimes written rot!

William Clark

PERILS OF A NORTHERN EASTER

BELINDA bought an Easter hat,
Quite in the Paris mode;
Alas, she had no joy thereat,
For Easter morn it snowed!

The hat had fruit and tropic flowers—
It carried quite a load—
And birds that sing in vernal bowers;
But Easter morn it snowed!

Belinda planned a fetching walk
Adown the great Fifth Road;
You should have heard Belinda talk
When Easter morn it snowed!

Now I have naught at all to do
With weather and its code;
Why should Belinda jab me through,
When Easter morn it snowed?

Yet when, unknowing of the facts,
I sought that girl's abode,
She met with her battle-ax,
And goodness, how it snowed!

Eileen Moretta

THE ENGLISH SPARROW

HES a gamin and a fighter, just a street
bird;
He's a scamp, almost a tramp, and not a neat
bird;
But his song is all his own, and is full of
self-reliance,
And he sings it all the year,
And he always chirps good cheer,
And he faces every hardship proudly, with
defiance!

He's a family bird; his home is loud with voices
Of hungry nestlings. Working, he rejoices,
Provides his best for to-day, nor cares about to-morrow!

A common fellow is he,
An optimist gay and free,
Who fronts the world full-breasted, and laughs
at the lash of sorrow!

He's a Bedouin bird; perhaps I better like him
Because all hands are lifted as to strike him;
But for me he makes the morning of winter a
little brighter

With his hearty song of cheer
When no other bird is here;
And I feel, somehow, akin to the Ishmael
who is a fighter!

Stokely S. Fisher

HER FURS

WHEN Milly goes to take a walk,
She dons a coat of fur—
A lustrous garment, long and black,
That quite envelops her;
And every pony turns his head
And rolls a mournful eye,
And whinnies to the glossy pelt
When Milly passes by.

She also has a dainty set
Of ermine soft and white—
A muff and turban, which she wears
With infinite delight.
But still it is a funny thing,
And so you must allow,
That every time she puts them on
The cats all cry: "Me-ow!"

Minna Irving

TIME, VERSUS CUPID

MY sweetheart has a curious clock;
'Tis set to proper standard time,
With all the cogs and wheels and springs,
A tiny pendulum that swings,
And bells to strike the silvery chime
That tells the hours; but many a shock
This faultless timepiece causes me—
All due to its veracity!

For instance, by a shaded lamp
We're dreaming confidential dreams,
Quite tête-à-tête, you understand,
With heads bent close, and hand in hand,
Lost in the maze of love's delight—
When suddenly it's late! It seems
As if the short hours fairly flew!
Such speedy time I never knew!

Sometimes, when we have fallen out—
As lovers will—then, oh, so s-l-o-w
The minutes drag along! And, when
Peace is declared, that clock again

Insists that it is time to go,
And fiendishly, I've ne'er a doubt,
Ticks louder with triumphant glee,
To think how it's outwitted me!

I've conned this problem oft, and found
A clock may be correctly wound,
But just as Cupid pulls the string,
The pendulum appears to swing
Now fast, now slow—which goes to prove
E'en Father Time is slave to love!

Mazie V. Caruthers

HER COLLEGE ROOM—AND AFTER

OH, freshman room! Before my eyes,
Bright lithographs upon the wall,
Princeton banners like sunset skies,
Harvard pillows—no space at all!
A chafing-dish holds royal sway;
Trifles like school-books 'neath the bed;
The laundry is so far away,
She'll use the window-pane instead!
Crude freshman room!

A sophomore now—changed her taste;
No more she joys in pillows red;
Photos appear, in fish-nets laced;
Her soul on Browning's being fed.
Her freshman days have gone to stay;
She revels in scholastic books—
She gets them wholesale, by the way,
And buys them mostly for their looks!
Scholarly sophomore!

A junior—classic revelry!
Her room has tone, it breathes of art;
The freshmen gasp adoringly,
Think her a being far apart.
With plaster casts and etchings quaint,
Madonnas pale are gazing down,
And joss-sticks burn like incense faint,
With couch and rugs of softest brown.
Ah, classic room!

A senior room—oh, sacred place!
The simple life at last she's found;
A blade of grass within a vase,
One tiny cushion, smooth and round.
A simple thumb-tack, too, is here,
A Botticelli near the light;
There's nothing here but atmosphere;
Where do you guess she sleeps at night?
Esthetic senior!

Four years have passed—she's changed her
place;
Hangings and curtains banished quite;
With germs and all the microbe race
She battles both by day and night.
With broken toys a kitten plays,
And nursery prints are on the wall;
Forgot are now her learned days—
Nothing but baby matters at all!

Oh, changeful times!
Emily H. Callaway

THE GOLD BRICK

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

AUTHOR OF "THE INNER LIFE." "THE KUKLUX OF THE SAGE." ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE Titanic Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Company was at the point of dissolution. Outside the open windows of Squire Rogers's law office, over the Boston Dry-Goods Emporium, the locusts chanted stridently from the elms of the court-house yard. They sounded the requiem, while below them, tethered to the hitching-rails along the village street, dozed a few farm teams, and across in the squire's office the droning voice of Squire Rogers read the superintendent's final report:

"Feet drilled last month, 66.

"Total number of feet drilled, 472.

"Expenses, as per items attached, \$410.

"Paying ore encountered, none.

"Indications, none.

"It is recommended that further work on this tunnel be abandoned.

"There," commented the old squire, shoe-brush-whiskered, purse-lipped, gazing over his spectacles. "This is a plain, unvarnished summary, jest as we called for. What is the spirit of the meeting?"

Anxious faces, in the half-circle before him, responded to his gaze. The widow Piper was leaning forward, wrinkled hand behind withered ear, to hear. Doc Brazee, small, sallow, black-eyed, spike-bearded, was leaning against the wall. Beside him was Ed Fletcher, lawyer, full-faced, gross, burly, piggish. The Rev. David Jones, youthful, ascetic, unpractical, was seated upon a stool, surrounded by representatives of his flock. Upon the window-sill, in the rear of all, sat and champed and "chewed" and blinked Pumpkin Wilson—long-nosed, long-necked, squint-eyed, a wart at the corner of his upper lip.

The town wag and the reputed town

simple was Pumpkin, who would rather perpetrate a joke than eat his dinner.

"Move you that the report be accepted," said Doc Brazee, promptly.

"Second the motion," supported Fletcher.

"It is moved and seconded that the report be accepted," announced the squire. "All in favor thereof will signify by saying 'aye.'"

Twain hearty "ayes" from Brazee and Fletcher, leading a feeble murmur, answered the dictate.

"Opposed, 'no.' The 'ayes' have it," announced the squire.

"Wait a minute, please. I rise to inquire." The Rev. David Jones sprang to his feet—late, as usual. "Does that mean that we indorse the last item, about abandoning the work?"

"Wall"—the squire scratched his head—"not necessarily."

Doc Brazee straightened up alertly.

"I beg to differ with the chair!"

"Then, in the name of the small stockholders I protest!" declared the Rev. Mr. Jones, solemnly. "There are some of us who have put their little all into this company, and—"

"I should like to know how many shares of stock the gentleman represents," demanded Fletcher.

"I personally hold two hundred shares, paid up," retorted the Rev. David, flushing.

"And I hold twenty thousand," snapped back Fletcher.

"The time for remarks was before the putting of the motion," chimed in Brazee.

"I was accorded no time," proclaimed the Rev. David. "This looks to me like an attempt to freeze out the small stockholders!"

Fletcher shook a finger at the squire.

"Such talk is nonsense! I appeal to the chair against the insinuation of the gentleman who has just spoken. We have poured money into this tunnel long enough."

"In order to bring matters definitely to a focus, and place them upon the minutes," spoke readily the doctor, "I move you, Mr. Chairman, that it be the sense of this meeting that the Titanic Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Company be and hereby is dissolved, and that the treasurer be and hereby is authorized to divide among the stockholders all visible assets of said company over and above just debts."

"Second the motion," grunted Fletcher.

The Rev. David, preacher militant, still was on his feet.

"I rise to inquire, what are the assets?"

"The treasurer will make a statement," announced the squire, who was the treasurer. "I have here a letter from the superintendent, offering to take over the machinery and other goods and chattels on the premises, for the moneys due on contracts, and so forth. They just about balance. The remaining assets are the stock certificates, printed on purty fair paper, and this here little weight to hold 'em down with. This here, as you see it, is a brick that I had melted out of the samples, at the suggestion of several members of the company. It comprises, lady and gentlemen, the sole tangible dividends of the Titanic Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Company. What shall I do with it?"

The Titanic Consolidated Gold Mining and Milling Company—incorporated with a capital stock of one million dollars, divided into one million shares, par value one dollar, selling price two cents—had been promoted by Doc Brazee and Ed Fletcher. The property was somewhere in Colorado; and, after a personal visit to it by the doctor and Fletcher, their fellow townfolk had eagerly subscribed to the dream of fortune. Even the Rev. David Jones had learned to talk fluently of drifting, tunneling, color, veins, dikes, contact wall, fissures, and the like.

Inasmuch as the stock-buyers largely included the village citizenship, the number did not except Pumpkin Wilson, who also had taken a modest "flier." Pumpkin sat upon the window-sill, and the wart at the corner of his upper lip moved in and out as he champed and "chawed" and listened and said naught.

Squire Rogers held high the small yellow cube. This miniature brick, then, was the metal output, to date, of the Titanic mine, after two years of tunneling, of hoping, of reporting—and of assessing. Truly, a mountain had given birth to a mouse. In point of fact, the brick was the condensation of those samples by which the original prospect hole had been salted, to delude the erstwhile astute Brazee and Fletcher.

"What shall I do with it?" repeated the squire.

"There's a question before the house," reminded the Rev. David.

"Question, question!" agreed the doctor and Fletcher.

The squire put the motion. The "ayes," encouraged by the loud voices of Brazee and Fletcher, and opposed principally by the Rev. David's hopeful "no," were pronouncedly in the majority.

Doc Brazee instantly followed up the advantage.

"I move that the brick be auctioned off, as a souvenir."

"Second the motion," grunted Fletcher.

"Wait a moment. I should like to ask what that brick is worth," interposed the Rev. David.

"One hundred dollars," answered the squire.

Pumpkin, in the background, nodded, as if weighing pros and cons, and continued to watch the squire and to work his jaws.

"In that case," declaimed the Rev. David, "it seems to me fairer to have the article sold to the mint of the United States, and the proceeds divided. Many of us here, including myself, are unable to bid at such a price."

"Question, question!" demanded the doctor and Fletcher.

"It is moved and seconded," proceeded the squire; and the "ayes," as was to be expected, had it.

"I move you that the chair be auctioneer, with privilege of bidding," proposed the doctor.

Fletcher seconded the motion; it carried.

"Now, lady and gentlemen," addressed the squire, still holding high the yellow cube, "what am I bid for this gold brick?"

"Ten dollars!" offered Doc Brazee.

"Fifteen!" offered Ed Fletcher.

The Rev. David Jones, who had been whispering and nodding among his contingent, stood and raised a commanding finger.

"I am authorized to bid twenty," he announced.

"Wall," pursed the squire, contemplating the brick, "I'll bid twenty-five."

"Thirty!" the doctor promptly met him.

The Rev. David gave a little gesture of despair, and sat down.

"Thirty-one!" spoke a voice.

There was a snicker, lightening the tense atmosphere.

"Did you bid, Pumpkin?" asked the doctor, facing about. "I've a good mind to let you have it; but just to shut you out, I'll bid forty."

Pumpkin, aloof and imperturbable, "chawed" on, watching the squire and the brick.

"Forty-five!" bid the squire.

"Fifty!" calmly replied Ed Fletcher.

"Gentlemen, you are committing a crime," in solemn accents warned the Rev. David. "That brick should belong to us all, at full value."

"Fifty, fifty, going at fifty!" admonished the squire. "I'm done. Anybody else? You, doc?"

The doctor shook his head.

"A hundred-dollar gold brick, genuine gold brick, going at fifty dollars!" recited the squire. "Seems a pity." He paused, waiting. "Once, twice—anybody else? Once, twice—and for the last time. No? All done? Once, twice, then, and—thrice. Sold! Sold to Ed Fletcher for fifty dollars."

"I'll write you a check, squire," said Fletcher, walking forward to take the brick.

"Move we adjourn, subject to call of chairman," said the doctor.

"Second the motion," supplemented Fletcher, over his shoulder as he advanced.

The motion mechanically carried, and the meeting dumbly dissolved.

II

SEVERAL of the members, passing Fletcher, curiously inspected the brick, and offered jocular congratulations. When he descended to the street, with the doctor, Pumpkin Wilson was waiting there, to sidle up to him and accost him.

"How much do you s'pose I get out o' that brick, Ed?" asked Pumpkin.

"How many shares of stock do you hold, Pumpkin?"

"Forty."

"Forty out of a million, eh? Well, lucky for you it ain't all paid up. The *pro rata* 'll

be greater. I expect you'll get as much as two or three cents."

"Is that all I get back out o' my eighty cents I put in? An' there was five cents assessment, too!"

"That's about what you get, Pumpkin," soothed the doctor indulgently.

"This is the end o' the comp'ny, is it?"

"Looks like it," grunted Fletcher.

"Can I see that brick, Ed?"

"Certainly. Here she is."

Pumpkin handled it, and squinted at it from all angles.

"What you goin' to do with it? Send it to the mint?"

"Nope. Start another gold-mine with it, perhaps," answered Ed, winking at the doctor, and, like many another would-be smart man, thinking to disguise the truth by speaking it.

Pumpkin shifted the little brick about in his freckled hands.

"Say, Ed, will you lend it to me a bit? I won't lose it."

"What do you want of it?"

"Take it home an' show my mother. I'm goin' to tell her it's out o' my gold-mine. Ma's been countin' on that gold-mine, an' if she hears I'm cleaned out I'll get the dickens. If you'll lemme take it, so's to prove up to her, I'll be awful keerful of it."

"All right, Pumpkin," assented Fletcher, with careless good nature. "Take it along; but fetch it to my office to-morrow. If you lose it or damage it, I'll make you pay for it, remember—full price!"

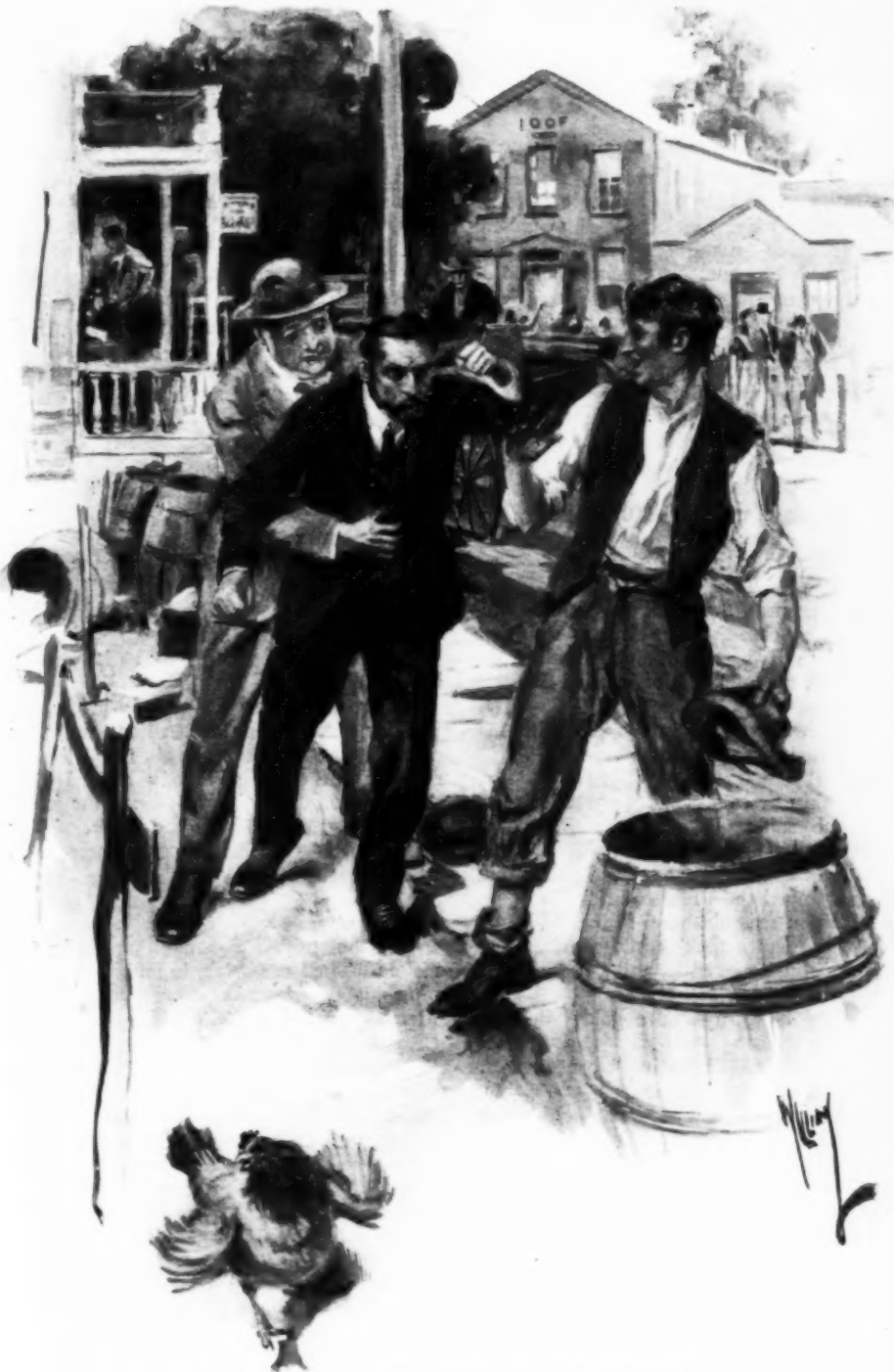
"Aw, I won't lose it ner hurt it any," assured Pumpkin, wrapping it in its brown paper and tucking it into a trouser-pocket. With lopsided movement he went slouching away.

"Kind of risky, wasn't it, Ed?" ventured the doctor.

"Oh, I don't know," responded Fletcher, easily. "Not much. Pumpkin's nothin' if not honest. He'll take that brick home and tell his old woman a great tale about its being dug out of his mine. That will settle her. Well, bound up-street? I got to go to court."

"Give you a check for my half, next time I see you—to-night, if I can," responded the doctor. "Come around to the office, after supper. We'll hash a deal to make even on the speculation."

"We'll more than make even, in the end," grunted Fletcher, with a narrowing of his fat eyes. "The brick's worth money now;



"HOLD ON, DOC! DON'T MONKEY WITH THE BUZZ-SAW!"

and if we're smart there's another mine in it—see?"

The doctor laughed and nodded. They parted.

III.

MEANWHILE Pumpkin was wending his ostensibly aimless but really purposeful way down the street. By a circuitous route he arrived at the blacksmith shop, where his particular friend, big Jim the smith, bare-armed, huge-muscled, leather-aproned, was clanking away at a carriage tire.

Having by degrees arrived at his goal, Pumpkin now by degrees arrived at his subject. He flopped down on a bench and watched Jim's operations.

"Bus'ness rushin'?"

Jim paused, and with sooty arm wiped sooty brow.

"So so."

"That the tire off'n the Davis buggy?"

"Yes."

"I heard they throwed a tire."

There was little that Pumpkin did not hear. Jim was aware of this, so he proceeded to clank and clink. Pumpkin watched until the smith, sighting along the circumference of the tire, leaned it in a corner.

"Say, will you go into a job with me, Jim?" invited Pumpkin.

"Sure!"

Pumpkin arose and, with mysterious jerk of thumb, said:

"Come on back."

In the rear of the shop, amid rusty junk, he unwrapped the Fletcher brick.

"Do you see this here?"

Jim the smith took it into a grimy, caloused palm, fingered it, and "hefted" it.

"What do you call it?"

"It's gold, Jim—pure gold," declared Pumpkin.

"Mighty good imitation," conceded the smith.

"'Tain't no imitation. It's gold out of us fellers' mine. The comp'ny's busted, an' this is what's left."

"Is it yourn?"

"I jest borrowed it. It's Ed Fletcher's. But it's assets, an' part of it's mine. Squire Rogers auctioned it off, an' Ed Fletcher bought it in for fifty dollars. Him an' Doc Brazee bid it up between 'em. 'Twarn't no use for anybody else to bid. They want it for somethin' or other, an' I'm goin' to find out."

"But how'd you get it, Pump?"

"I'm a stockholder. I borrowed it off of Ed so's to show it to ma an' let her think it's my dividend. Say, Jim, want to help me a little?"

"Sure, Pump!"

"I ain't goin' to steal the brick, understand. I got eighty cents in it, an' five cents assessment, an' that makes eighty-five cents, by golly! Ed Fletcher bought it in for fifty dollars, an' it's wuth a hundred. The preacher says it warn't fair; an' I only get three cents as my share, when I'd oughter get five. Say, Jim, could you copy this here brick so's there'll be two of 'em?"

Jim considered. Pride welled within him, and reached the surface.

"You bet I could! I could make a brass one, same shape, about same heft, lookin' jest like this."

"With every teeny scratch on?"

"Yep."

"You can make it on your little forge, can't you? I'll help. Can we make it to-night?"

"Reckon we can," grinned Jim.

"What'll you do with it—swap?"

Pumpkin nodded shrewdly as he rubbed his receding chin.

"Durn 'em, I'm goin' to gold-brick 'em, jest for fun! They cheated me an' they cheated the preacher, an' now they're schemin' to cheat somebody else, I bet; dunno who. I'll give 'em back the brick you make, an' I'll bury the other. They was goin' to gimme back only three cents when I oughter have five!"

IV

JIM the smith was a cunning worker in metals. The little brick, in its brown wrapping-paper, went unsuspected into the Fletcher safe, there to lie while he and Doc Brazee consummated their plans.

Then ensued a tedious interval of eight months, during which Fletcher made frequent trips into Chicago, and twice he and the doctor were absent for presumptive vacations, in the West. Matters being monotonous, Jim the smith, occupied with his legitimate business, well-nigh forgot the thread which he had introduced into the warp of fate. But Pumpkin was a good waiter; schemes remained securely locked under his somewhat ungainly pate, and his thoughts nobody knew.

No recognized cracksmen were ever more closely shadowed by detectives than the

daily doings of Brazee and Fletcher were shadowed by the observant Pumpkin, who was a familiar of the postmaster, the station-agent, and other local functionaries. Rumors leaked out that the doctor and his partner were in another mining deal together. It even was reported that they were trying to revive the Titanic property. However, the village had been stung, and was not tempting a second scorpion attack. Besides, the two promoters hawked no stock. They merely admitted, vaguely, with a smile, that they had not altogether given up "mining."

As a fact, they were now biding the advent of some fat sheep ripe for the shearing. That the victim proved not to be the English syndicate represented by Captain Algernon Fauntleroy, of London, may be attributed to Pumpkin, who, as the humble agent of Providence, scored for himself as well as for the syndicate.

"Closed the deal, doc!" asserted Fletcher, returned from a successful trip to Chicago, and now cozily closeted in the doctor's sanctum. "Or so nearly closed it that there's hardly a crack left. I saw this duke, or whatever he is, again—Fauntleroy—and talked him to a finish. The samples were O. K., and the brick made his eyes bulge. You ought to 've been there! I gave him the brick to take to his crowd. He's all right. I looked up his references, and the consul vouches for him."

"Left the brick, then?" queried the doctor, keenly, his sallow face flushing with anticipation.

"Sure! Gave it to him, so he could carry it and show it, and they all could feel it and know what was to be expected out of their mine! I told him we used those bricks for currency out West; more convenient than dust." Fletcher chuckled. "They'll probably have it assayed—or he will."

"Hope he does," voiced the doctor, anxiously.

"Hope so, too; for if they get to handling that brick, and read that assay, they're ours!" Fletcher was growing excited. "That means twenty-five thousand apiece, doc. And there's nothin' illegal about it. The ore samples were from the mine"—so they were, being "salted" products—"shipped by their own representative. The hole is there, the name is there, and the brick's from there, begorry!"

"When will we hear from the duke?" asked the doctor.

"He'll wire to-morrow, notifying us that he's posted the option money, as forfeit—five thousand dollars."

"We'll get that, anyhow," said the doctor, in a tone of satisfaction.

About the next noon the doctor and Fletcher were standing, in morose communion, upon a corner, when Pumpkin the simple, apparently by intuition wandering in the right direction, bore down upon them. They hushed as he approached, and waited, not pleasantly, for him to say his say and pass onward.

"Hello, fellers!" accosted Pumpkin. "Anythin' new?"

"No," grunted Fletcher, shortly.

"Yes, there be. Didn't ye know I was runnin' for constable? Say, Ed Fletcher, what did you do with that there gold brick o' ours? Hit somebody with it?"

"Sold it for sixty dollars," snarled Fletcher, with sudden mendaciousness.

"Sho'! Didn't make much on it, did ye?" crooned Pumpkin, commiserating. "But guess that was about all 'twas wuth. Don't s'pose you care, bein' as you've got a new mine—a new kind o' mine, too, I understand it is!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the doctor.

Pumpkin cautiously backed away.

"Nothin' much, doc—'cept when I was in the station I seen a copy o' that telegram you fellers jest got this mornin'. Thought mebbe the brick was loaded!"

The doctor and Fletcher, staring, beheld a great light. They sprang forward.

"You infernal scoundrel!" sputtered Fletcher, purplish. "Where's that brick?"

"You said you sold it, didn't ye?" retorted Pumpkin, busily retreating.

"Here, you!" attempted the doctor, with another spring, in furious, blind attack; but Fletcher pulled him back.

"Hold on, doc!" he warned. "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw! Let him go. It's on us!"

The doctor halted, mindful of Pumpkin's prowess and their own weakness.

Thus read the telegram from Captain Algernon Fauntleroy:

Assay shows your mine to be brass. In such quantities as you possess would prove drug on market.

As for the original brick, Pumpkin never could be persuaded even to admit that he might know of its whereabouts.

WHITE GLOVES

BY EDGAR SALTUS

AUTHOR OF "DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH," "HISTORIA AMORIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"YOU are the most beautiful thing in the world!"

Elaine, who had been looking down, looked up. She was a pretty girl, but not beautiful, or at least not extravagantly so. She had fair hair, candid eyes, cameo features, a complexion of cream, which occasionally had claret in it, and an air of having no nonsense—or, at any rate, very little nonsense—about her.

"Indeed you are!"

Ruis Ixar smiled as he spoke, displaying the gleam of white teeth, a gleam that contrasted curiously with his eyes, which were dark and melancholy, and with his skin, which was strikingly, almost unnaturally, brown. Otherwise, save for that detail, save, too, for a slight affectation in his attire, he was a good-looking young man dressed completely in white—in white serge, white shoes, white gloves.

Though the time was high noon of a midsummer day and the place a New England village, those gloves he retained. They perhaps indicated the foreigner that his name proclaimed.

A little before he had drifted—from no one knew whence—into this somnolent Massachusetts hamlet, and had settled himself at the inn, a low, two-storied building that faced the village church. Barring the inn and the post-office, the church was the only public building in this place, which, though not far from a great city, is one of the quietest I have ever known. Its name, an Indian one which it is unnecessary to give, means, in English, "place of peace." Peaceful it was and doubtless still is, with that peace which comes of the absence of trade, the rarity of passers-by.

Peaceful, also, was the church, which was generally empty, somnolent like the

village, yet, unlike it, refreshingly cool. For that reason, unless it were for another, hour after hour Ruis Ixar loitered in the dim aisles where, on week-days, the silence was stirred only by chimes that, in minor keys, sobbed, rather than announced, the flight of time. But it may be that their melancholy appealed to this young man, fusing, as it must have, with the melancholy which was his.

The pastor, a gentle soul, wondered at the unusual and persistent worshiper, and imagined that he had perhaps a crime on his conscience—a reflection for which presently he rebuked himself; for clearly, the donations that the young man put in the plate at each service betokened a grateful heart.

That idea aiding, acquaintanceship ensued, in the course of which the pastor found occasion to introduce the young man to certain people—among others, to Colonel Doremus and his daughter, Elaine.

Colonel Doremus was a large, stout man, slightly lame, who drank now and then, though not to excess. His daughter you have already met. The colonel's home stood near the church, which latter, after the introduction, saw Ixar no more.

It was otherwise with the colonel's home. There, hour after hour, the young man sat with the girl as he had sat in the aisles; sat, too, though less protractedly, with her father. To both of them, as was but natural, he told of himself—told that, born of Spanish parentage in Santiago de Cuba, he had been educated in England, from which country he had recently returned.

"And why not?" thought the colonel, who, rising from a seat on the porch, limped indoors and helped himself from a decanter.



"YES. I WAS ILL THERE. I HAVE NOT QUITE RECOVERED"

But the young man was obviously a gentleman. The colonel limped back, and asked him to stop and dine.

There are men who can refuse a favor with greater grace than others can grant one. At the invitation, Ruis Ixar contemplated his gloved hands. Then, with that grace, he declined.

This occurred the day after the introduc-

tion. On subsequent occasions the invitation was renewed. Always the result was the same.

The colonel, who had been in Spain, though not in Cuba, was not surprised. Castilians, he was aware, never extend invitations, and, he reflected, perhaps did not accept them either. But the point was obscure. With a libation, he dismissed it.

Yet, though Ruis Ixar would not break bread with the colonel, he came to his house, as he had gone to the church, and gradually



HER FATHER WAS JUST IN TIME TO CATCH HER

entered the thoughts of Elaine. Imperceptibly she began to await his coming; and on one occasion when he came, imperceptibly the claret deepened in the cream of her skin. There was no claret to deepen in his. Beneath its dark veil, it was ashen.

"He never got that coat of tan in England," the colonel told himself. "His face looks as though it had been frozen at the north pole and then baked at the equator."

"How long is it since you were at Santiago?" he asked.

"Six weeks," the young man answered. "After the gray London sky to which I had been so long accustomed, the ferocity of the Caribbean sun burned me to the bone—to the marrow. I fell ill, and came north to recover."

"And why not?" thought the colonel, who, as usual, limped away.

It was on this occasion that the girl's color deepened, for it was then that the young man's remark about beautiful things cropped out.

"Will you give me a picture of yourself?" he added.

The girl parried.

"Will you give me yours?"

But Ixar had none. There are people who have a physical dread of the camera. He said he was one of them.

"Nonsense!" retorted Elaine, who had a way and a will of her own. "The operation is quite painless, and in Boston there is such a good man. We might motor in. It is barely twenty miles, only—"

"Only what?"

"Our chauffeur has injured himself."

But at this Ixar, with a zeal which he afterward regretted, announced that he could run a machine. Elaine suggested that they should go at once; and shortly, with the open car for chaperon, the two young people flew off.

Presently the photographer's studio was reached, photographs in assorted sizes were taken, and, through the summer afternoon, the two flew back.

II

At the inn, a few days later, the pictures appeared. From them Ixar selected two—one small, one large—which, after dinner, he took to Elaine.

But, as it so happened, the girl, or her father, had guests that evening. Ixar left the pictures at the door and returned to his room.

There, on the mantel, beside a box of pigments and paints, he put one of the remaining photographs. It was a head, nearly life-sized, that showed back, almost as from a mirror, the contour of his features and the melancholy of his eyes.

For a while, a trifle sadly, he studied it. Then he took a book and read. An hour passed, and another. It was getting late.

Ixar stood up, moved to the window and began singing a measure, sweet and slow, a song of far-away lands. As he sang, he could see the road over which he had motored with Elaine, and which stretched on and on until lost in the engulfing city.

At thought of the girl, and oppressed by the utter loneliness that was his, he got out of the window, hung by the sill, and, dropping a few feet to the ground, went up the road to her house.

Save for a light in one curtained window, it was dark. But behind the curtains he divined Elaine. He kissed his hand at them. Abruptly they parted. A fiery face appeared. It was the colonel's. Ixar sank into the shadows and away.

After luncheon, the next day, he returned there, and was promptly thanked by Elaine for the photographs which he had left for her.

"The big one is excellent," the girl resumed. "So, too, is the little one. Before they came, I had been writing a letter. I had been telling about you in it, and how nice it is to have some one to talk to here; and afterward I enclosed your picture—the little one. Of course I said to return it. The letter was to my brother." She paused, then idly added: "I posted it last evening. It must have reached him by this time."

Idly, also, Ixar remarked:

"I did not know you had a brother."

"Well, he is my half-brother. My mother was a widow when she married my father, and he and Herbert never quite hit it off."

As the girl spoke, she thought of a family legend, the story of her father attempting to punish his stepson and of the boy tearing the whip from him, lashing him with it, and throwing it in his face.

A silence ensued. During it, Ixar, lifting his voice, sang, as he had sung the night before, a song of far-away lands.

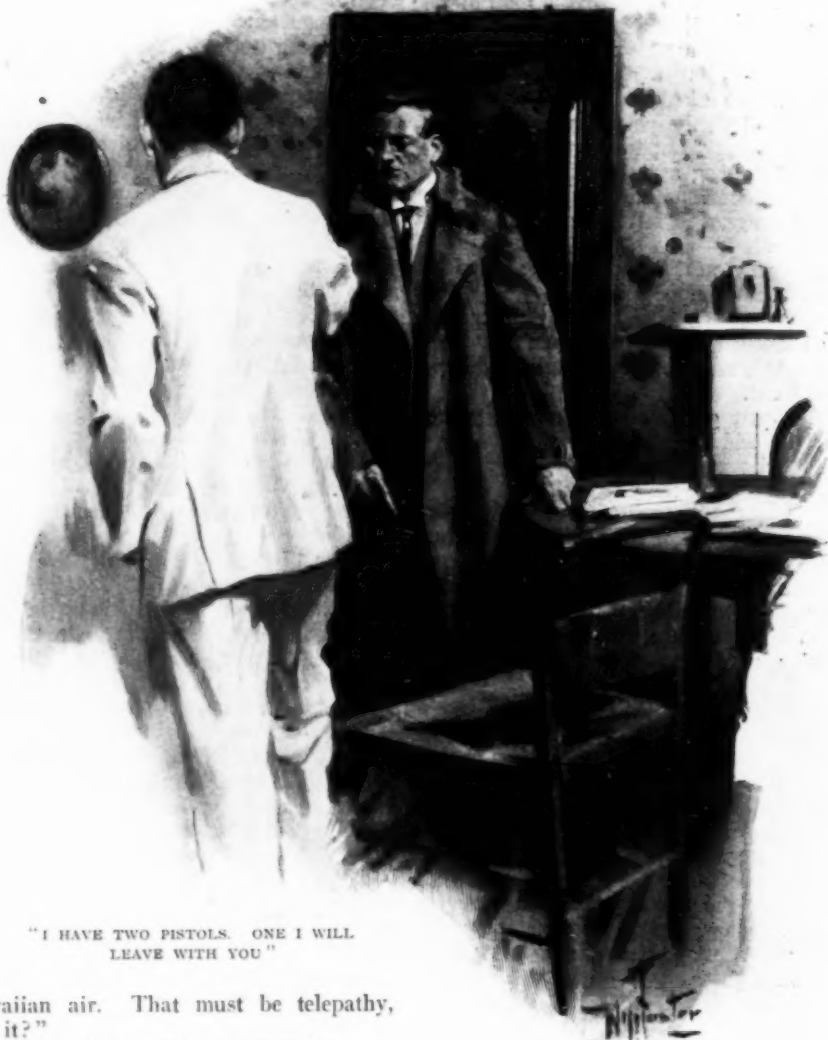
"*Aloha nui, palalaha—*"

As the song began, the girl made a little

gesture. As it concluded, she sat looking surprised at him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I was thinking of Honolulu, and at once you begin on a

Well she might ask. Had a dog run suddenly out and as suddenly and viciously bit Ixar on the leg, he could not have started more. For a moment his mouth twitched.



"I HAVE TWO PISTOLS. ONE I WILL
LEAVE WITH YOU"

Hawaiian air. That must be telepathy, isn't it?"

Ixar turned his dark eyes upon her.

"How do you know what the song is?"

"Because it is an air one can't forget. I heard my brother sing it. He has been in Honolulu. He has been there twice. The government sent him. You may have heard of him—Herbert Duncan. He is in Boston now. Why, what's the matter?"

It was impossible for him to turn pale, and yet, he appeared to.

"What is it?" Elaine repeated.

"The—the—" he at last began, but he did not seem to be able to get any further. Sympathetically the girl nodded.

"You told us that at Santiago—"

"Yes. I was ill there. I have not quite recovered. I think I had best go back to the inn and lie down."

"You won't have anything?" Elaine asked, thinking as she spoke of her father's decanter. "Can't I get you—"

Ixar had risen. He thanked the girl. In thanking he looked at her—and what a look! Afterward it was to haunt her. A moment, and he had gone.

Elaine watched him go. She knew he cared for her, but concerning herself she was uncertain. Sometimes she thought she did care, sometimes she thought she did not. It was all very curious and delightful, and it had been more to clarify her own ideas than with any other object that she had written concerning him and sent his picture to her brother.

Now, as she sat musing on the porch, a motor flew up. It had but one occupant, a man, at sight of whom she exclaimed delightedly:

"Herbert! I was just thinking of you."

Without alighting, he called to her. He had a shrewd, ugly, attractive face and a look of bulldog tenacity. As she hurried to him, he called again.

"Where is this man—what's his name—Ixar?"

With candid eyes the girl surveyed her brother.

"Where is he? At the inn, I suppose. Why? Why do you ask? Won't you get out?"

From a pocket he had taken a paper, which he gave her.

"I haven't time. Here is a letter."

"But, Herbert—" she expostulated, for already the machine was starting.

From over his shoulder he added:

"Later! I may return."

The machine shot on, and she looked at the letter, which she had fancied was for her. It was for her father; and she thought it odd, for the two barely spoke.

Perplexed, she entered the house, where she found the colonel seated, conveniently near a sideboard.

"Here is a letter for you," she announced. "Herbert brought it."

"Herbert?" the old man growled.

He did not seem to believe her, but he took the letter and opened it. Then he opened his mouth, stared at the letter, stared from it at the girl, let it fall, and, his mouth still agape, got from his chair and steadied himself against the sideboard,

where, with hands that shook, he helped himself to liquor.

Elaine ran to him.

"What is it?"

But now his head had begun to shake; it was as though he were palsied.

"Father, what is it?" Elaine repeated.

Her hand on his arm, anxiously she was looking at him. With a hand that still trembled, he pointed to the letter on the floor.

Elaine bent, reached for it, took it up, looked at it, and gave one low cry. Her father was just in time to catch her. She had fainted.

III

At first, on leaving the house, Ixar had walked slowly enough. Presently, when out of sight of it, he began to run. He ran, too, as he entered the inn, ran up the stair and into his room, where hurriedly he began to pack, and then abruptly desisted. The chimes across the way were sobbing out the time. It was just three thirty, and there was no train, he knew, for fully two hours.

He moved to the window, thinking, as he did so, that after all he could walk. But now, along the road, at full speed, a motor was approaching. It had one occupant, who, looking up, stopped the machine before the inn, jumped out, and called to him.

"Baxter!"

Ixar wheeled like a rat surprised. In search of a hiding-place he wheeled again. If he had only a weapon, he thought! He had no time to think more. There was a sound of steps that confused him. They were on the stair, in the hall, at the door, which then opened, and Elaine's brother appeared. Producing a pistol, Herbert Duncan said, and negligently enough:

"This is rather shabby of you—don't you think so?"

As he spoke, his eyes took in the room—the bed, the chair, the table; the trunk half packed; the picture and paints on the mantel.

A second only. With an uplift of the chin, again he turned to Ixar.

"In Honolulu, when the truth was known, you broke your word, and got away before you could be taken. At the time I hardly fancied that you would turn up here, and in a double masquerade—the masquerade of an assumed name, the masquerade

of a painted skin—presume to approach my sister!"

Ixar, his back against the wall, like an animal at bay, showed his teeth.

"Dr. Duncan, I did not know! I swear to you—"

"Gammon! You knew about yourself. And now she knows. Or at least I may assume so. On learning from her that you were here, I wrote her father a letter concerning you which I have just left at his house. But, if I can prevent it, no one else shall know. If I can prevent it, she shall not be bespattered!"

With a look which the damned may have, Ixar bowed his head.

"I was going. I will go."

Duncan nodded.

"Indeed you will. But you broke your word before. You'll not get another chance. Instead of coming here personally, I could have notified the authorities. Because of my sister, I did not. Now there is but one way out of it, and you have got to take it!"

Ixar raised his eyes. The anguish in them was infinite.

"You have got to!" Duncan continued. Significantly, with his bulldog air, he added: "Afterward the coroner shall have the facts, but I will see to it that they are buried with you." For a moment he paused, then threw out: "I have two pistols. One I will leave with you. With the other I will station myself outside. If you attempt to escape, I shoot. It is now a quarter to four. You have fifteen minutes. At four, if you are not—" Again he paused. "If you are not—"

A gesture completed the sentence.

Ixar sank on the chair. Turning his face from this man who arrogated to himself the triple functions of judge, jury, and executioner, he muttered dully:

"I will be."

With befitting gravity, Duncan bowed.

"Then commend yourself to God."

At once, placing the pistol on the table and fingering another in his pocket, he backed to the door and went along the hall, down the stair, and across the street,

where, his eyes on Ixar's window, he waited.

Obviously, he lacked the right to do as he had said he would. What is more notable, he had no intention of doing it. But it had been necessary to threaten, and the threat would, he felt, prove effective.

Meanwhile the minutes limped. At last, slowly, mournfully, the bells rang out.

Simultaneously, with the ridiculous noise of a punctured tire, there came, from the room opposite, the crack of a pistol.

With an intake of the breath, Duncan nodded. The man had kept his word—or at least had tried. For might he not have failed? Might it not be that he was but wounded?

In this uncertainty, he reentered the inn, went up the stair and down the hall to the door. It was locked.

"Baxter!" he called.

There was no answer—the sound merely of some one moving or turning or perhaps writhing there.

"Baxter!" he called again.

But now the silence was complete.

Duncan shook at the knob. The lock rattled. He put himself against the door and shoved. With a squeak, it yielded, but within there was something that resisted.

He shoved again. With a crash this time it opened, disclosing a table, overturned, that had been placed against it. It was the table that had crashed. The room itself was empty, or, more exactly, deserted. Ixar had got from the window, into the motor, and away.

In an instant, when Duncan reached the window, he could see him speeding along, headed for the engulfing city.

Immediately he told himself that he could telephone, that he could commandeer the colonel's car.

With the double motive, he turned. On the mantel before him were the photograph and the paints and pigments. From among the latter he caught up a crayon, and, with hurried, impatient hand, scrawled across the picture:

Baxter, alias Ixar, leper.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

IF some great falsehood with its mighty brand
Stalk, like Goliath, ravaging the land,
Fit thou the pebble truth within thy sling.
And then, like David—fling!

Clinton Scollard

JOAN THURSDAY*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," "THE BANDBOX," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

JOAN THURSDAY, discharged from the New York store in which she has been a sales-girl, determines to try for a chance on the stage. She is inspired by the example of Lizzie Fogarty, once of the stocking-counter, now established on the vaudeville boards as Mazie Dean, one of the "Dancing Deans."

When Joan announces her plan, her father—a thriftless newsdealer, who wastes his scanty earnings in betting on horse-races—turns her out of her home, a shabby East Side flat. She resolves to seek help and counsel from Mazie Dean; but at the address that Mazie has given her—Mme. Duprat's, 289 West Forty-Fifth Street—no one answers her ring at the bell. She does not know which way to turn, but she is befriended by Matthias Gaunt, a lodger at Mme. Duprat's, who gives her his room for the night, while he himself goes to a hotel. In the morning, when Gaunt returns to the house, he finds that the girl has gone, leaving a note of thanks. Later, Joan comes back to Mme. Duprat's, and, finding Mazie Dean, engages a room there, hoping to find some opportunity of realizing her theatrical ambitions.

Gaunt, meanwhile, visits his aunt, Mrs. George Tankerville, at Tanglewood, her country place on Long Island, and becomes engaged to her husband's sister, Venetia Tankerville. But the engagement is abruptly terminated by Venetia's elopement with another admirer, Vincent Marbridge. Gaunt can find consolation only by immersing himself in work upon his play, "The Jade God," which is soon to be produced.

Joan—whose theatrical acquaintances call her, "Thursday," instead of Thursby—is nearly at the end of her small resources when she falls in with Charlie Quard, a vaudeville actor who needs a girl partner in a "sketch." This leads to a brief experience in vaudeville, which ends disastrously, owing to Quard's insobriety. Joan, however, is again befriended by Matthias Gaunt, who gets her a small part in "The Jade God," and employs her as an amanuensis. She now feels that she is on the way to realize her ambition, but she is sorely distressed by her failure to give satisfaction to Wilbrow, the "producer" who is directing the rehearsals of Gaunt's play.

XIX

HER work proved a fortunate distraction, keeping Joan's thoughts away from herself during a large part of that long and lonely Sunday. When not busy at her typewriter, the girl was tormented by alternate fits of burning chagrin and of equally ardent gratitude toward Matthias.

Had he been in town, and had he chanced to meet her, she must either have definitely left him or have betrayed her passion unmistakably, even to the purblind eyes of a dreaming dramatist. As it was, the girl had time to calm down, to recognize at once his disinterestedness and her own folly. If her infatuation did but deepen in contemplation of his generosity, she none the less

recovered poise before bedtime, and, with it, her determination to succeed in spite of her stupidity—if only to justify Gaunt's kindness.

But the morning that took her back to rehearsals found her in a mood of dire misgiving. She would have forfeited much—anything other than their further association—to have been spared the impending encounter with Matthias. And although he was not present when she reached the theater, her embarrassment hampered her to a degree that rendered her attempts to act more than ever farcical.

Wilbrow, seated in a chair on the "apron" of the stage, his back to the lifeless footlights, did not once interrupt her; but despair was written in his attitude and in his eyes. Shortly after she had finished,

* This story began in the December (1912) number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

the producer, for the first time, betrayed indications of temper.

"Blaine," he said abruptly, in a chilling voice, to one of the minor actors, "don't you *know* there's a window over there—up left center?"

The player, who had been idling uneasily near the center of the stage, looked up with a face of blank surprise.

"Sure!" he said. "I know that!"

"I'm glad you remember it," commented Wilbrow acidly. "If I'm not mistaken, I've reminded you of the fact twice a day since last Monday."

"Yes," agreed the other, with a look of painful concentration, "I guess that's right, too."

"And yet you can't remember what I've told you just as often—that I want you to be up there, looking out of the window, on *Sylvia's* entrance."

The actor turned out expostulatory palms.

"But, Mr. Wilbrow, what for? I don't see—"

"Because," the producer interrupted incisely, "the stage directions indicate it; because the significance of this scene requires you to be there, looking out, unaware of *Sylvia's* entrance; because you look better there; because it dresses the stage; because you're in the way anywhere else; and because *I—want—you—to-be—there!*"

There sounded a smothered giggle from a group of the players technically off the stage. Wilbrow glared indignantly in that direction.

"Oh, I see!" Blaine agreed intelligently. "But how do I *get* there?"

The front legs of Wilbrow's chair rapped the boards smartly as he jumped up and went to Blaine's side. Without speaking, he grasped the man's arm, and, with a slightly exaggerated, melodramatic stride, propelled him up to the indicated spot, released him, and stood back.

"Walk!" he announced, with an inevitable gesture of tolerant contempt; and turned back to his seat. Not a line of his face had changed. He sat down, nodded to the leading woman. "All right, Mary," he said; and to another actor: "Now, the cue for *Sylvia!*"

Joan shivered a little.

Matthias did not reappear until after the girl had finished her part in the afternoon rehearsal. She caught sight of him in the darkened auditorium just as she went off,

and hurried from the house in tremulous dread lest he should have seen her.

But a meeting was inevitable; and that evening, just before the dinner hour, took her reluctantly to the door of the back parlor. The voice of Matthias bade her enter, in response to her rapping, and she drew upon all her scant store of courage as she turned the knob. To her immense relief he was not alone. Rideout and Moran, the scene-painter, were with him, in consultation over two small models set with painted pasteboard scenery.

Matthias greeted her with his careless, preoccupied smile and nod.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Thursday! More 'script, eh? Thank you."

Silently Joan gave him the manuscript and left the room; but the door had no sooner closed than it was reopened and closed again. She turned to face this dreaded crisis.

His smile was friendly and pleasant, if a trifle uncertain. He made as if to offer his hand, but thought better of it.

"Miss Thursday—I sent you a note—"

She nodded, raising half-frightened eyes to his.

"Am I forgiven?"

"I—I—if you'll forgive me—" she faltered.

"Then that's all right!" he cried heartily. "I'm glad," he added with unquestionable sincerity, "and sorry that I was such a brute. I ought to have understood what a strain you'd been under. Shall we say no more about it?"

She nodded again.

"Please—"

"Good!" He offered his hand boldly, subjected hers to a firm, cool pressure, and moved back to the door. "Good night!"

She whispered her good night to him and ran up-stairs to her room, almost beside herself with delight.

It was all right!

Best of all, the advances had come from him. He it was who had sued for pardon where the fault was hers—clear proof that he thought enough of her to wish to retain her friendship!

With a glad and comforted heart she settled down to attack anew the vexatious problem of her rôle in "The Jade God."

For all her worry and all her good-will, Tuesday's morning rehearsal passed off in the same terrible silence, so far as concerned Joan, as had Monday's. That same

afternoon the storm broke. Having plodded through her first scene, Joan was preparing to leave when Wilbrow summoned her to him.

"Miss Thursday," he said quietly, "one of three things is going to happen, *now*—either you'll follow my instructions, or you'll quit, or I will. I've told you what I want so many times that I'm sick of repeating myself. Now, we're going to go over your scenes again and again, if it takes all afternoon to get what I'm after. But before we start I will ask you to bear in mind one thing—this is not an ingénue part; there's no excuse for acting it like a petulant schoolgirl. Even pretty stenographers are businesslike in real life, sometimes, and we are trying to secure some semblance of real life in this production. In other words, I want you to cut out this Billie Burke stuff and try to act like a human being who's a little sore on her job, but not sore enough to chuck it, just yet. Now, if you please—begin right at the beginning."

For an instant Joan stood hesitant on the verge of refusing. There was no pleasing this man. He either didn't or wouldn't understand. She tried desperately to please him—and her reward was to be held up to the derision of the entire company. It was intolerable!

Of a sudden, she hated Wilbrow with every atom of her being, but if she were to talk back, or to refuse to continue, Matthias was forfeited from her life, and with him all that he had come to mean to her.

She swallowed her chagrin, resisted the temptation to wither Wilbrow with a glare, and sulkily took her place in the chair beside another chair which was politely presumed to be her typewriter-desk. At once the fat boy, whom she detested, crossed the indefinite line dividing the scene from "off stage," and, leering offensively, spoke the opening line of the play. Seething with indignation, the girl looked up, and in cutting accents shot her reply at him. She was pleased to surprise a look of blank astonishment in his eyes. At all events, she had succeeded in letting *him* know just how she felt toward him!

This success inspired her to further efforts. She rattled through the remainder of the scene with the manner of a youthful termagant.

When it was finished, Wilbrow said nothing beyond:

"Again, please!"

The demand served only to fan her resentment, but she struggled with it, and subdued it to the best of her ability.

The second repetition differed not materially from the first. Ceasing to speak, she flounced out of the scene, but Wilbrow's voice brought her back.

"Very good, Miss Thursday," he said mildly; "very good indeed! But why, in the name of Mike, if you *could* do it—why wouldn't you until now?"

"Because," Joan stammered, "because—"

She didn't dare say what she wished to, and she held her tongue in sulkiness more eloquent than any words she could have found.

Wilbrow waited an instant, then laughed quite cheerfully.

"The usual reason, eh? I might have guessed you had a good one concealed about you. That's all for to-day. To-morrow morning at nine!"

XX

PRIVATELY pondering this experience, Joan surprised its secret and drew from it a conclusion which was to have an important influence upon her theatrical future—that, in order to act convincingly, she must herself feel the emotions accredited to her part.

As applied to her individual temperament, this rule had all the inflexibility of an axiom. Others might—as others do—act in obedience to the admonitions of their intelligence; Joan could act only according to the promptings of her emotional self.

She set herself to hate Wilbrow with all her heart, and to despise him without ceasing, night or day. No charitable thought of him was suffered to gain access to her mind. So admirably did she succeed in impregnating her mind with virulent contempt of him, that she afforded the man infinite amusement.

She made a point of coming to the rehearsals early enough to infuriate herself with contemplation of him in the flesh; and of walking up and down, before and between her scenes, thinking evil of him. The twinkle with which his eyes followed her, in place of their erstwhile calm indifference or despair, served only to intensify her bitter feeling. And, curiously enough, a clear comprehension of the illogical absurdity of it all made her still more bitter.

One day, just before the final rehearsals, Wilbrow met her at the stage door and planted his slender body squarely in her way.

"Good morning!" he said cheerfully, with a half-malicious smile. "My congratulations, Miss Thursday! You're doing nobly."

"Thanks," said Joan curtly, pausing perforce.

"You ought to be very grateful to me. Aren't you?"

"No."

"But what would you do under the direction of a man you happened to like?"

"I don't know," Joan gave him a sullen and venomous look. "Will you please let me pass?"

"Delighted!" He moved aside with mocking courtesy. "I ask only one thing of you—don't fall in love with me before our first night. I haven't got time to sour another sweet young thing's amiable disposition. Keep on hating me as hard as you like, and we'll make at least a half-portion actress of you yet!"

Toward the end of the second week, Joan began to notice that Rideout was less assiduous in attendance than before. At first inclined to lay this to his satisfaction with the company's progress—to her the production seemed to be taking on form and color in a way to wonder at—she later overheard a chance remark of one of her associates, to the effect that Rideout was himself rehearsing with another company.

"Well," some one commented, "if it was my coin back of this show, I'd stand by it if I had to play the office-boy!"

"I guess," was the reply, "Rideout ain't got any too much outside what he's sunk in this production. Shouldn't wonder if he needs what he's to get with Minnie Aspen."

"Maybe—he's a good troupier. What does he drag down, anyway?"

"Four hundred a week."

"Nix with those Lambs Club figures! I mean regular money."

"Oh, two hundred and fifty, sure."

"Now, you've said something."

During the third week it was announced that "The Jade God" would open in Altoona on the following Monday. At the same time Joan discovered that she was expected to provide her own costume—a simple affair, but unhappily beyond the resources of both her wardrobe and her pocketbook.

In despair she took the advice of Mrs. Arnold—the sweet-faced lady of fifty, whom Joan counted as her only friend in the company—and approached Rideout's personal representative, Druggett, with a demand for an advance. With considerable reluctance he surrendered fifteen dollars, and promised as much more on Monday, toward expenses on the road.

Again, on the advice and introduction of Mrs. Arnold, the girl succeeded in satisfying her needs at an instalment-plan clothing-house. She paid eight dollars down on a bill of more than forty, and agreed to remit the remainder in instalments of four dollars per week.

The final dress rehearsal was called for Saturday morning. They were to leave New York on Sunday night.

On Friday afternoon a sense of uneasiness and uncertainty invaded the temper of the organization. Wilbrow was neglecting the players in favor of prolonged conferences with Gaunt, Rideout, Moran, and Druggett, out of hearing in the auditorium. One or two experienced "troupers" advanced gloomy guesses as to the nature of the "snag": the most favored involved a "shake-up with the Shuberts" over some change in their route. With a singular unanimity the prophets of disaster either avoided or overlooked the actual cause of the trouble.

At ten the next morning—a little late—Joan, with her costume in her dilapidated wicker suit-case, hurried into the theater to find the company scattered about the stage, in poses variously suggestive of restless dejection. Neither the star nor the leading woman was present. There was no scenery in sight, other than that of the production occupying the same stage nightly. Rideout was not visible.

At the back of the orchestra the author, the producer, and Druggett were engaged in earnest but inaudible argument. From their manner Joan inferred that Druggett was advocating some course which was being actively opposed by Wilbrow and passively by Gaunt. The group broke up before she found opportunity to question her associates. Druggett, with manifest displeasure, turned sharply and marched out of the house by way of the front. Wilbrow strode purposefully back to the stage by means of the passage behind the boxes, Gaunt following with an air of intense disgust and unhappiness.

Halting at the center of the stage, the producer turned about and addressed the little gathering.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he said sharply; and waited until he had all their attention. "There'll be no rehearsal to-day, and—and, unless something quite unexpected happens, we won't open Monday. The truth is, there isn't money enough behind this production to finance it beyond Altoona. Moran can't collect on his scenery, and won't deliver. Mr. Gaunt has offered to pay him if we agree to go out, but I can't see it that way. The manager's proposition is that we take our chances of making expenses; but I don't have to tell you people what a swell show we'd have of breaking even on a tank route at this season of the year—hot weather still with us, and all that. We *might*, but that's about all you can say; and I don't think any of us wants to walk home from Altoona. Mr. Druggett thinks that Mr. Rideout will be able to make a deal with the Shuberts, but I doubt it. Just now they're all tied up with their own productions, and have no time to waste on a gambling risk like this. Of course, if I'm wrong, you'll all be notified; but I wouldn't, if I were you, pass up another engagement on the off chance of this thing panning out after all."

Wilbrow paused, but none of his hearers had anything to say.

"I'm sorry about this," he went on. "We're all sorry, naturally. We all lose. Mr. Gaunt here loses as much as any of us—the rights in a valuable property for several months, at least. I'm out fifteen hundred dollars I was to get for putting the show on. Rideout's out the two thousand real coin that he invested in expectation of backing which has failed to show up. Personally, I have refused to shoulder the responsibility of letting you go out with the play in ignorance of the real state of affairs. That's all!"

He hesitated an instant, as if not quite sure in his own mind that he had dealt fully with the situation, and glanced a little ruefully from face to face of the company. For the moment, none made any comment; and with an uncertain nod to Gaunt, Wilbrow turned and disappeared through the stage door.

Gaunt waited a trifle longer, as if anticipative of trouble with the disappointed players; but there was no feeling manifest in their attitude toward him other than sym-

pathy for a fellow sufferer. And presently he followed the producer.

Those left in the theater discussed the *contretemps* in subdued and regretful accents, betraying surprisingly little rancor toward any one connected with it. Even Rideout escaped with slight censure. He was, in the final analysis, one of them—an incurable optimist who had erred only in banking too heavily on hope and promises.

By twos and threes they gathered up their belongings and straggled off upon their various ways, a sorry, philosophic crew. Within ten minutes their dissociation was final and absolute.

XXI

LATE in the evening, Matthias gave it up, and, shaking off Rideout—whose last hope now resided in the author's anxiety to rescue his play—betook himself to an out-of-the-way restaurant to idle with a tasteless meal.

He was at once dog-weary and heart-sick.

The net outcome of ten hours of runnings to and fro, of meetings and schemings, of conferences by telephone, and of communications by telegraph with those who had promised to support Rideout's project with cash, was an indefinite assurance, unwillingly given by the Shuberts, to the effect that, if nothing happened to make them think otherwise, they might possibly be prepared to consider the advisability of producing "The Jade God" about the beginning of January.

The truth of the situation was that neither they nor any other managers were likely, as Wilbrow put it, "to look cross-eyed at the piece" until they could get full control of it; which would be in some three months, when Rideout's contract to produce would expire by limitation. And since Rideout might be counted upon to hold on to his contract rights till the last minute, and to leave nothing else undone in the effort to recoup his already substantial loss, it was useless to think of the play as anything but a property of vaguely potential value.

Matthias believed in the piece with all his heart. During the last three weeks he had watched it come to life and assume the form he had dreamed for it, colored with the rich hues of his imagination and quick with the breath of living drama. Because he had the rare faculty of being able to weigh the worth of his own work, and

because he had looked upon this and had seen that it was good, he had counted on it to earn him the recognition which, more than money, his pride craved in compensation for the wrong it had suffered at the hands of Venetia Tankerville.

He was still sore with the pain of that experience. Privately, he doubted whether he would ever wholly recover from it; but the doubt was a very private one, never discovered even to the most sympathetic of his friends—not even to his aunt Helena, whose scorn of her sister-in-law remained immeasurable.

Fortunate in having been able to afford those several weeks in the wooded hills of Maine, in their fragrant and passionless silences Matthias had found peace and regained confidence in his old, well-tried, sweet, and wholesome code of philosophy, which held that though here and there a man ill-used by chance or woman might be found, the world was none the less sound and good to live in.

For all that, he could hardly bear the thought of Venetia lowering herself to use him as a blind for her love-affair with Marbridge; of Venetia going from his arms and lips to the lips and arms of that insolent animal—Venetia amused by her successful cunning, Marbridge contemptuous in his conquest.

He sometimes wondered with what justice he judged the woman. It comforted him a little, at times, to believe that she had not acted with quite such cruelty as if she had been a free agent; to think her meeting with Marbridge in New York a freak of chance and fate; her elopement an unpremeditated and spontaneous surrender to the magnetism of the man. Marbridge commanded the reluctant admiration of men who did not like him—who knew him too well. How much more easily, then, might he not have overcome the scruples of a girl unskilled in the knowledge of her own heart!

Or had it all been due to the fact that Matthias Gaunt was not a man to hold the love of women? Such men existed, antipathetic to the Marbridges of the world. Was he of their unhappy order, incapable of inspiring enduring love?

He could review a modest circle of flirtations with women variously charming and willing to be amused. One and all, they were light-hearted attachments and short-lived. Those that might have proved more

lasting had been broken off without ill-will on either side—though always by the woman. Venetia alone had named love to him as if it stood to her for something higher and more significant than a diversion of the hour—Venetia who was in Italy, the bride of Marbridge!

And yet, curiously enough, neither memories of Venetia nor regret for his loss of her rendered insipid his belated dinner and made him presently abandon it in favor of the distracting throngs of Broadway. They were thoughts of another woman altogether that urged him forth and homeward—a poignant sympathy for Joan Thursday, the friendless and forlorn, whose high anticipations had that day gone crashing to disaster, together with his own. He couldn't remember what had made him think of her; but now that he did, it was with disturbing interest.

He found himself suddenly very sorry for the girl—more sorry for her even than for himself. What to him was at worst a staggering reverse, to her must seem calamitous beyond repair.

It wasn't hard to conjure up a picture of the child, pitifully huddled upon her bed, in tears, heart-broken, desolate—perhaps, since he had not been home to pay her—superfluous and hungry!

Matthias quickened his stride. Deep solicitude tormented him. He had received proof that Joan's was a nature tempestuous, prone to extremes. He didn't like to think to what lengths despair might drive her.

Through the texture of this new-found care he was conscious of a thread of irritation that it should be a care to him. He realized that he must have been giving a deal of thought to the girl of late. Formerly he had been aware of her much as he was of Mme. Duprat; what kindness he had shown her had been no greater than he would have shown a stray puppy, and of much the same order. To-night he found himself unable to contemplate her as other than a vital figure in his life—a creature of fire and blood and spirit and flesh, at once enigmatic and absolute; with claims upon his consideration no less actual because passive.

He, who had promised his ability and willingness to secure her a footing on the stage, was responsible for her present sorrow and disappointment. Even if his good offices had been sought rather than volunteered, still he was responsible; for she

wouldn't have dreamed of seeking them if he hadn't in the first place insisted on placing her under obligation to him. He had, in a measure, invited her to look to him; now it was his part to look out for her.

It was hardly a pleasant situation. Indeed, Matthias resented it bitterly, with impatience conceding the force of the doctrine—Buddhistic, he fancied—which teaches the fatal responsibility of man for each and every idle turn of his hand. He had paused to pity a stray child of the town; and for that he was now saddled with her welfare. It was exasperating to a degree!

It was merely this subconscious sense of duty, he argued, that had held the girl so prominently in his mind of late—in fact, ever since that night when she had broken down and kissed his hand. It was just that hot-headed, frantic, foolish act which primarily had brought home to him his obligations as the object of her unsought gratitude.

He found her waiting on the stoop, a silent and vigilant figure, aloof from the other lodgers. A woman and two or three men lounged on the steps below. As they moved aside to give him way, Joan rose and slipped quietly indoors, where, in the hall, she turned back with a gesture eloquent of the strain and tenseness of her emotions. To his gratification, however, she was dry of eye and outwardly composed.

"You've been waiting for me?" he asked; and, taking assent for granted, rattled on with a show of cheerful contrition:

"Sorry I'm late. There were ten dozen stones we had to turn, you know!"

Her eyes questioned. He smiled, apologetic.

"No use; Rideout simply can't swing it."

"I've finished typewriting that book," she announced obliquely.

"Have you? That's splendid! Will you bring it to me? And then we can have a little talk."

She nodded.

"I'll go fetch it right away," she said, and turned sedately up the stairs as he unlocked his door.

Leaving the door ajar, and lighting the green reading-lamp, Matthias closed the shutters at the long windows and adjusted their slats to secure ventilation without espionage. Then for some minutes he was left to himself.

Half seated on the edge of the table, he ruefully regarded a cigarette which he was too indifferent, or too distracted, to think of smoking. Smoldering between his fingers, its slender stalk of pearly vapor ascended with barely a waver in the still air, to mushroom above his head. It held his eyes and his thoughts in dreaming.

He was thinking simply of the Joan he had just realized in the half light of the hallway—a straight, slender creature with eyes like troubled stars, her round chin held high as if in mute defiance of outrageous circumstances; vividly alive; leaving a strange impression as of some half-wild thing, at once timid and spirited, odd and beautiful.

To the noise of a light tap on the open door, the girl entered and moved to the table, a mute incarnation of that perturbing memory. She put down the manuscript before acknowledging his silent and intent regard. At this her eyes wavered, fell, then again steadied to his.

He was vastly concerned with the surprising length of her dark, silken lashes and the delicate shadows on her warm, rich flesh. He was sensitive to the virginal sweetness and fluent grace of her round, slender body. Vaguely he divined that the calm courage of her bearing was merely a mask for profound emotions.

XXII

"That's the last," she said quietly, indicating the manuscript. "I finished it this evening," she added, superfluously, yet without any evidence of confusion.

"Thank you. I'm glad to get it."

Ransacking his pockets, Matthias found money, and paid her for the week.

"I suppose that will be all?" she asked steadily. "I mean, you won't want any more typewriting done for a while?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "We'll have to talk things over. To-day has changed everything. If you don't mind, I'll shut the door—people all the time passing through the hall—"

She shook her head slightly, to indicate impatience with his punctiliousness. Unconscious of this, he closed it and returned to her, frowning a little as he reviewed her circumstances with a mind that seemed suddenly to have lost its customary efficiency of grasp.

He found her eyes and lost them again, glancing aside in strange embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly, looking down at the manuscript that she had just delivered, and abstractedly disarranging it with thin, long fingers—"awfully sorry about the way things have turned out. I—"

She interrupted him sharply.

"Oh, no, you're not!"

He looked up quickly, amazed and disconcerted by the hint of anger in her tone. A little tremor ran through her body. She lifted her chin a trace higher, while she met his stare with eyes hot and shining. Red spots like signals blazed in her either cheek.

"I beg your pardon—" he stammered, confused.

"I say you're not sorry. You're glad. You're glad, just like anybody else might be. I don't blame you."

She shot the words at him like bullets, with a confusing display of passionate resentment. He opened his lips to speak. Thinking better of it, or else not thinking at all in his astonishment, he gaped witlessly, wholly incapable of conceiving what had got into the girl.

With a flash of scornful satisfaction in her eyes she received these evidences of confusion, so easily to be misinterpreted. Then, quickly, she lowered her head and turned away, leaning against the table, her back to the light, and her face in shadow.

"I don't blame you," she muttered sulkily.

Recovering, he cried in amaze:

"My dear girl, what do you mean?"

"I mean—why, just that you're glad to get rid of me," she returned, looking away. He remarked the nervous strength with which her hands closed over the edge of the table, the whitening of their small knuckles. "It's perfectly human, I guess. I've been a nuisance so long—you've got every right to be tired of me hanging round—"

"But, my dear young woman—"

She silenced him with an impatient gesture.

"Oh, don't call me that! It don't mean anything. I guess I know when I'm not wanted. I'll go now, and not bother you any more."

She moved a pace or two away. Then, before Matthias could muster faculties to cope with this emergency, she resumed:

"All the same, I don't want you to think I don't appreciate how good you've been to me—and patient, and all that. I am grate-

ful—honest—but I'm not as stupid as you think. I can tell when I'm in the way!"

"But, Miss Thursday, you entirely misunderstand me—"

"Oh, no, I don't. You've made yourself plain enough, even if you didn't think I noticed. It don't take a brilliant mind to see through a man when he's just *trying* to be polite and kind—and all the time bored—"

"But, Miss Thursday—"

She turned toward the door.

He made a gesture of open exasperation. It was all so unfair! He had only meant to be kind to her, and considerate; and she had drawn against him one of those strange, bitter indictments which seem to be peculiarly the product of a certain type of feminine mentality, and against which man is constitutionally incapable of setting up an effective defense—reason and logic alike being arbitrarily ruled out of court by the essential injustice of the charge. She chose to accuse him of having adopted toward her a mental attitude of which he was wholly guiltless; but there was no way by which he might persuade her of his innocence.

And it was so confoundingly clear that she considered herself, temporarily at least, abused and altogether justified of her complaint!

"Please," he begged, "don't go yet. Give me a chance!"

Her hand was on the knob. She hesitated, with an air of expectant and generous concession.

"You're really quite unfair," he began.

He paused, to regain control of himself, and to wonder, blindly, why it was that he tolerated her impudence—for it couldn't be called anything else. It would be much more sensible, and quite just, to accept her construction of their indefinite relation and to let her go her way without further argument. And yet, in spite of this feeling, he could not refrain from an attempt to set himself right with her.

"I don't quite know what to say to you," he resumed patiently, "when you insist on putting thoughts into my head that never were there. I've really wanted to help you—"

"Why?"

The monosyllable brought him up startled and staring.

"Why? I can hardly tell."

"Didn't you know better?"

"I don't understand you."

Her eyes were wide and dark to his; all trace of petulance had faded from her manner.

"You ought to have. You ought to know," she insisted swiftly, "that a man like you can't just be kind to a girl like me without—oh," she cried, "I suppose it would have been different if the show had gone out—and everything—but now, with that hope gone, and nothing more to do for you, with no prospects but to lose you—the only friend I've got in the world!"

Her voice broke at a high pitch, and she fell silent, turning away to stare with swimming eyes down at the table. He saw her trembling violently, her lips all quivering. His amazement was extraordinary and bewildering. He heard his voice, as it might have been another's, saying:

"Does it really mean so much to you?"

"Oh, can't you see?"

With a little, helpless motion of her hands, she lifted quickly to him a face of flushed and tear-gemmed loveliness. Another man might have been numb to its appeal; to Matthias it proved irresistible, coming sharp upon the shock of comprehending that she offered him her love, herself.

In a stride, hardly knowing what he did, he folded her in his arms. She lay therein for an instant, as if bewitched by the exquisite wonder of this consummation of her fondest, maddest dreams. Then, in a breath, she became a woman reanimate and wild with love, clinging to him with all her strength in an ecstasy of impassioned tenderness.

Bending his head, Matthias found her lips.

"My dear, dear girl!" he murmured.

"Oh," she breathed, "I have loved you always!"

"If I had only known—if I had only known!"

"How could you? I didn't know—not till a little while ago, and even then I couldn't have told you—only the thought of losing you—my dear, my dear!"

"I never guessed."

"You're not sorry? You're not angry with me?"

"I adore you!"

"You will love me always?"

"Always and forever."

"And never send me away from you?"

"You shall never leave me but of your own will."

"I think I was going mad with the thought of losing you!"

"My beloved girl!"

There was nothing in the wide world but their love. They sheltered in its shadow like two desert-worn travelers in the penumbra of some isolated oasis. At each other's lips they had discovered the springs of life; insatiable thirst possessed them; they drank of its nepenthe, and the world receded and was lost in the obliteration of their desire.

The dusky stillness of the room was murmurous with whispers, sighs, terms of endearment half smothered and all but inaudible.

To these a foreign and alarming sound—a rapping at the door.

Matthias lifted his head, wincing at the interruption. The girl in his arms moved feebly, as if to disengage. He held her for a moment still more close. The beating of her heart sounded sonorously against his bosom.

"Hush!" he said in a low and warning voice.

The rapping was repeated. At once he released her. She moved away, blushing and disheveled. The fragrant freshness of her starched linen waist was a crumpled disorder. Her hair was in disarray. Her crimson face was one of many evidences of the tumult of her senses.

In the hallway a man's voice said:

"He must be in. There's a light—"

A woman answered impatiently:

"Of course he's in; but the chances are he's asleep." She called in a louder tone: "Matthias, Matthias!"

"Oh Lord!" Matthias groaned, recognizing the voice of his aunt.

He stole a glance at Joan, hesitated, shrugged; there was no help for it. He opened the door.

Helena swept in with a swirl of impatient skirts.

"Good Heavens!" she cried. "What ails you, Matty? We knocked half a dozen times. Were you—"

Her glance encountering Joan, the words dried on her lips.

Tankerville, at her heels, jerked a motor gauntlet from his fat hand in order to grasp that of Matthias.

"Surprised you, eh, getting in so late?" he chuckled. "Well, it's all accidental. We were bound home—been visiting the Hastingses for a week, you know—but the

car broke down just this side of Poughkeepsie and delayed us, and—"

He became distressfully aware of his wife's silence, simultaneously ascertained the cause of it, and cut off his speech in full stride.

Matthias laughed a little, quietly. There was no use trying to carry off the situation. They were betrayed by many a clue aside from Joan's confusion.

"You've caught us!" he cried gaily. "We may as well own up. Helena, this is Joan—Miss Thursday—my *fiancée*. And, Joan, this is my aunt, Mrs. Tankerville, and her husband."

Immediately he was conscious of the necessity of bridging the pause that would inevitably hold these three confounded, pending their adjustment to his amazing announcement.

"We had intended to keep it quiet for a while," he pursued evenly, shutting the door. "Helena, let me help you with that cloak. But since you've declared yourselves in, we can only ask you to hold your blessed tongues until we're ready. I'm sure we can count on you both."

Tankerville puffed an explosive—

"Oh, certainly!"

Helena glanced shrewdly from Joan to Matthias. He smiled his confidence in her, knowing that he might count upon her doing the right thing to put the girl at ease. He knew equally well that he might count upon her violent opposition to the match as soon as she discovered that he had engaged himself to her pet abomination, an actress.

With a bright nod to him, she turned back to Joan, drew near to her, and dropped kindly hands upon the girl's shoulders.

"But, my dear," she expostulated, "you *are* beautiful!"

XXIII

ESCORTING his aunt to the car, Matthias helped her in and closed the door. Then, with a grin of amused resignation masking the trepidation to which he was actually a prey, he folded his arms on the top of the door and invited the storm with one word of whimsical accent:

"Well?"

"Is it true?" she demanded, downright incredulous.

"Most true," he insisted with convincing simplicity.

The tip of one gloved finger to her chin, Helena considered remotely.

"She's very beautiful," she conceded, "and sweet, and fetching, and hopelessly plebeian. She'd be wonderful to have around, to look at; but to listen to—oh, my dear! What *are* you thinking of?"

"Cut it!" Tankerville advised from his corner. "None of your business, old lady."

"That consideration never yet hindered a Gaunt," retorted his wife; "or a Tankerville, either, as far as I've been gifted to observe. However"—she turned back to Matthias—"you are unquestionably in love, and I hope you'll be happy, if ever you marry her. I sha'n't interfere—don't be afraid. But—I could murder Venetia for this!"

"Good night," said Matthias, offering his hand.

Instead of taking it, his aunt leaned forward, caught his cheeks between both hands, and kissed him publicly.

"Good night," she murmured tragically. "And Heaven help you! When is it going to be?"

"We haven't settled that yet," he laughed; "but you can be sure I sha'n't marry until I'm able to support my wife in a manner to which she's unaccustomed."

He returned to Joan with—until he recrossed the threshold of his study—a thought ironic concerning the inconsistency of Helena's veneration of caste with her union to fat, good-natured, pretentiously commonplace George Tankerville. For that matter, the Gaunts themselves were descendants of a needy, out-at-elbows English adventurer, who had one day founded the family fortunes by taking title to Manhattan real estate in settlement of a gambling debt, and on the next had died in a duel—the only act of thoughtful provision against improvidence registered in his biography. So Matthias wasn't disposed greatly to reverence his pedigree.

Social position, at least in so far as affecting a claim upon his consideration, meant little to him. The sole class distinctions he was inclined to acknowledge were those of the intellect and of the heart. In his world people were either intelligent or stupid, either kindly or egoistic. To the first order, with humility of soul he aspired; for the other he was, without condescension, heartily sorry.

But there was nothing half so analytical in the humor in which he returned to Joan—only wonder and rejoicing and delight in her.

He found her near the door, tense and hesitant, as if poised on the point of imminent flight. There was in her wide eyes a look almost of consternation; they seemed to glow, shot with the fire of her lambent thoughts. A doubting thumb and forefinger touched her chin; a thin line of exquisite whiteness shone between the scarlet lips.

Closing the door, he opened his arms. She came to them swiftly and confidently. Doubts and fears vanished in the joy of his embrace; she was no longer lonely in a world unfriendly.

From the eloquent deeps of their submerged and blended senses, words now and again floated up like bubbles to the surface of consciousness.

"You still love me?"

"I love you!"

"It wasn't pity—impulse?"

"It was—love. It is love. It shall be love, dear heart, forever and always!"

"You told her—your aunt—we were engaged?"

"Aren't we?"

A convulsive tightening of her arms. A whisper barely articulate:

"You really—want me—enough to marry me?"

"I love you!"

"But—"

"Isn't that enough?"

"But I am—only me—nothing—a girl who dares to love you."

"Can I ask more?"

"What will your friends say? You'll be ashamed of me."

"Hush! That's treason."

"But you will—you won't be able to help it—"

A faint, half-hearted cry of protest; words indistinguishable, silenced by lips on lips; a space of quiet.

"How shall I make myself worthy of you?"

"Love me always."

"How shall I dare to meet your family, your friends?"

"You will be my wife."

"But that won't be for a long time—"

"Yes, we must wait—be patient." She lifted her head, wondering. "But don't fear; love will sustain us."

"I will be patient. It will need time for me to learn how not to disgrace you."

"What nonsense!"

"I mean it. I must be somebody. I'm nobody now."

"You are my dearest love."

"I must be more to be your wife. Give me time to learn to act. When I am a success—"

"No more of that!" There was definite resolution in the interruption. "You must give up all thought of the stage."

"But I want to—"

"It's not the place for you—for my wife—to be."

"But we're not to be married for a long time, you say."

"I'm a poor man, dear. I have enough for one, not enough for two. It may be only weeks, it may be months or years, before my work begins to pay."

"But meantime I must live—support myself somehow."

"You will leave that to me."

"I must do something—be independent—"

"Won't you leave it all to me? I will arrange everything—"

"I will do whatever you wish me to."

"And forget the stage?"

"I don't know—I'll try."

"You must, dear one!"

It was not a time for disagreements. Joan clung more closely to him. The issue languished in default, was forgotten for the time.

Transports ebbed; the faintest premonitory symptoms of a return to something resembling sanity made their appearance. Of a sudden Matthias remembered the hour.

"Do you know," he said with tender gravity, having consulted his watch, "it's after eleven?"

"It doesn't seem possible," she laughed happily.

"And I'm hungry," he announced.

"Aren't you?"

She dared to be as frank as he:

"Famished!"

"Come along, then! Run, get your hat. It gives us an excuse for at least two hours more."

By the time she had repaired the damage this miracle had wrought with her appearance, Matthias had walked to Broadway and brought back a taxicab. The attention affected her with a poignant and exquisite sense of happiness. It was only her second ride in a motor vehicle.

The top being down, they sat very circumspectly apart; but Matthias captured her hand, and eye spoke to eye with secret laughter of delight, each reading the other's

longing thought. The speed of the cab, its sudden slackening as it picked its path down Broadway, the flow of cool air against her face, the swimming maze of lights through which they sped, the sense of luxury and protection, added the last touch of delirious pleasure to Joan's mood.

Matthias had chosen a restaurant near Madison Square, where they could sup without the girl being made to feel out of place in her modest, workaday attire. His thoughtfulness was misapplied, for Joan was exalted beyond such annoyances. The feminine glances which she detected, of pity and contempt and jealousy, she took complacently as tributes to her prettiness and her conquest.

From a seat against the wall, in a corner, she reviewed the other patrons of the smoke-wreathed room with a hauteur of spirit that would have seemed laughable had it been suspected. She thought of herself as the handsomest woman there, and the youngest; of Matthias as the most distinguished man and—the luckiest. The circumstances of the place and her partner enchanted her to distraction.

The food Matthias ordered she devoured heedlessly; but there was a delicious novelty in the experience of sipping her first glass of champagne. It was, for that matter, the first time she had ever tasted good wine, or any kind of alcoholic drink other than an occasional glass, at home, of lukewarm beer, cheap and nasty to begin with and half stale at best, and the cheap red wine of the Italian boarding-house to which Quard had introduced her. She had never dreamed of anything so delicious as this exhilarating draft with its exotic bouquet and aromatic bubbles. With a glowing face and dancing eyes she nodded to Matthias over the rim of her goblet.

"When we are rich," she laughed softly, "I shall never drink anything else!"

He smiled quietly, enjoying her enjoyment; but when emptied, the half-bottle he had ordered was not renewed. Without it, there was enough intoxication in his fondness, in the simulacrum of gaiety manufactured by the lights, the life, the laughter, and the interweaving strains of music. She felt that she was living wonderfully and intensely, a creature of an existence transcendent and radiant.

It was after one o'clock when another taxicab whisked them homeward through the quieting streets. She sat as close as

could be to her lover, and would not have objected on the ground of "people looking" had he put an arm round her. Though he didn't, she was not disappointed, sharing something of his mood of sublimely sufficient contentment. But when he bade her good night at the foot of the stairs, in the deserted and vaguely lighted hallway, she gave herself to his caresses with a passion and abandon that startled and sobered him, and sent him off to his room and bed in a gravely thoughtful temper.

Lying awake until darkness was dimly tempered by the formless dusk that long foreruns the dawn, he communed severely with his troubled heart.

"Things can't go on this way—as they've started. There's *got* to be sanity. It's myself I've got to watch, of course," he said, with stubborn loyalty to his ideal. "I mustn't forget I'm a man—nine years older—nearly ten. Why, she's hardly more than a kiddie. She doesn't *know*. I've got to watch myself!"

And in her room, four floors above, Joan sat as long before her bureau, her chin cradled on her slender, laced fingers, intently eying the face shown her by gaslight in the one true patch of the common, tarnished mirror.

When at length she rose, suddenly conscious of a heavy weariness, she lingered yet another long moment for one last fond look.

"It's true!" she told herself, with a little nod of conviction. "I'm beautiful. *She* said I was. He thinks I'm beautiful. I must be!"

XXIV

For a long time Joan lay snug between sheets, staring wide-eyed into a patch of lustrous blue morning sky, reviewing the new and wonderful adventure of her heart from a point of view detached, remote, and critical. Many thoughts recurred that in the excitement and ardor of the night had been passed over and neglected; and with them came a new, strange, and intoxicating sense of power.

The first waking thought was like her last before sleeping—"I am beautiful." Her second, not "I love him," but "He loves me." Her third grew out of the latter—"I can make him do what pleases me."

Yesterday a lonely suppliant at the shrine of love; to-day love's very self, the adored and desired of the erstwhile god newly

humbled to the level of humanity! A fit of petulant beauty in tears, a whispered word of passion—strange and strangely simple incantation to have turned a world upside down! How easily were men subjected to the spell!

The sense of power ran like wine through her being. She felt herself invincible, an adept of love's alchemy. She had surprised its secret, and now the world of man's heart lay open to the exercise of her disastrous art.

For an instant she experienced an almost terrifying intimation of an empire, ripe for conquest that lay beyond Matthias; but from this she withdrew her troubled gaze, nor would she look again—not yet.

She considered the mad extravagance of last night's supper—taxicabs, champagne, tips! Was he, then, able to afford such expenditures? In her understanding they went oddly with his pretensions to decent poverty. Or had he merely lost his head under the influence of her charms? This last theory pleased her. She adopted it, with reservations; the question was one to be cleared up.

He disapproved of a career upon the stage for her. She smiled indulgently. That matter would be arranged in good time. She meant to have her way.

At a tap on her door she changed suddenly from the aloof egoist to a woman athrill before the veil of portentous mysteries. She sat up in bed, called out to know who was knocking, gave permission to the chambermaid to enter, and received a note in the hand of Matthias:

Past twelve o'clock, and still no sign of you, sweetheart. I give you thirty minutes to dress and come to me. If you don't, I'll come after you. After breakfast, we'll run out of town for the day—our first day together!

MATTHIAS.

Half wild with delight, she hurried through her toilet and ran down-stairs, to find her lover waiting in the hallway, watch in hand.

He closed it with a snap, and made her a quaintly ceremonious bow.

"In two minutes more—" he observed, in a tone of grave menace. "But before we go out will you have the kindness to step into my humble study? I have something to say to you."

She appeared to hesitate, to be reluctant and preoccupied.

"What about?" she demanded distantly; but her dancing eyes betrayed her.

"Business," he said, sententiously. His gesture indicated a vigilant universe of eavesdroppers. "Nobody's but our own!"

Nevertheless, there was none to spy upon them as he drew her gently down the hall and into the back parlor. She yielded with a charming diffidence.

In his embrace the sense of power slipped unheeded from her ken; there returned the deep, oblivious rapture of overnight. Lips that first submitted gave in return and demanded. She clung heavily to him, a little faint, and breathless with a vague and sweet and nameless longing.

At breakfast, in a neighboring restaurant, Matthias disclosed his plans for the day. They involved a motor-trip down along the north shore of Long Island, dinner at Huntington, a return by moonlight. Joan, enchanted by the prospect—the sum of her experience outside New York comprised a few infrequent trips to Coney Island—consented with a strange mingling of eagerness and misgivings. The thought of the cost troubled a conscience still haunted by memories of last night's prodigality.

"I didn't know you had an automobile," she said.

"I haven't; I'm chartering one for the day."

"But—but—won't it be awfully expensive?"

"Don't worry, dear," Matthias laughed.

"But you know you aren't—rich."

"I'm a magnate of happiness, at all events; and to-day is *our* day, the first of our love, sweetheart. For twelve long hours, we're going to forget everything but our two selfish selves. Why fret about to-morrow? It always manages to take care of itself, somehow. Frankly, I don't care to be reminded of its existence to-day; for to-morrow I must work."

A day of quicksilver hours slipping ever from their jealous grasp—hours volatile and glamorous; in Joan's half-dazed consciousness a delectable pageant of scenes, sensations, emotions, no sooner comprehended than displaced by others no less wonderful.

Abed long after midnight, visions besieged her bewilderingly—a length of dusty, golden highway, walled by green forest, with a white bridge glaring in sunlight at the bottom of a hill; the affrighting onrush of great motor-cars meeting their own,

and the roar and dust of their passings; the bright harbor of Huntington, blue and gold in a frame of gold and green, viewed from the marble balustrade of the Chateaux des Beaux Arts; the wrinkled, kindly, comprehending face of a waiter who served them at dinner; the look in her lover's eyes as she repeated, on demand, guarded avowals under cover of the motor's rumble; the ardent face of a boy who seemed unable to cease staring at her in the restaurant; the silver and purple of the road by night; wheeling ranks of lights dotting the desolation of suburban settlements east of Brooklyn; the high-flung span of a great bridge, a web of steel and concrete strung with opalescent globes; the glare of the city's painted sky; the everlasting pulsing of the motor; their last caress on parting at the foot of the stairs!

On the morrow she returned to her typewriter like *Cinderella* to her kitchen. What work Matthias was able to invent for her was neither arduous nor immediately required. She was able to take her time with it, and wasted many an hour in dreaming.

Her mind was, indeed, more engaged with thoughts of new dresses than with the circumstances of her love, or with her services to her lover. She was to receive thenceforward twenty-five instead of ten dollars a week. Matthias had experienced little difficulty in overruling her faint protestations. They were to be together a great deal, he argued, and she must be able to dress at least neatly. Moreover, by requiring her promise to marry him at some future time, when his fortunes would permit, he had in a measure made her dependent upon him. She couldn't reasonably be asked to wait for long on the barest pittance.

His arguments were reinforced by one of which he knew nothing—a maxim culled from the wisdom of Miss Mazie Dean:

"It's up to a girl to look out for herself first, last, and all the time!"

The platitude had made an ineffaceable impression upon Joan's sense of self-preservation. And if Matthias were able to afford nightly dinners for two at good restaurants, with theater-tickets several times a week in addition, he ought to be able to afford a decent compensation to his stenographer, especially when it was his wish that she should refrain from attempting to earn more money on the stage.

It was, however, true that no offer had

come to Joan of other theatrical work, and that the issue of her ambition remained in abeyance. It was a subject which she didn't care to raise, and which Matthias, since that first night, had considered settled.

Customarily, they met each evening at half past six, some distance from their lodgings—a precaution against gossip on the part of the other inmates of the Maison Duprat. Thence they would go to dine at one of their favorite places, where food was good and evening dress not obligatory.

Thereafter, if Matthias meant to work, they would take a taxicab for a brief whirl through Central Park, or up Riverside Drive to Grant's Tomb and back. Or, if he considered attendance upon some first-night performance important enough to interfere with his work—as part of the education of a student of contemporaneous drama—they would go to a theater, where he always contrived to have good but inconspicuous seats.

In all, Joan must have attended eight or nine first nights with him; and since Matthias refused to waste time on musical comedy, they saw, for the most part, plays dealing with one phase or another of social life in either America or England. From these Joan derived an amount of benefit that would have surprised any one ignorant of the quickness of perception and intelligent adaptability characteristic of the American girl, however humble her origin.

Even the poorest plays furnished her with material for self-criticism and improvement. As plays, she was but vaguely interested in them; but as schools of deportment, they held her breathlessly attentive. She never took her gaze from the stage so long as there remained upon it an actress portraying, however indifferently, a woman of any degree of cultivation. Gestures, postures, vocal inflections, the character of their gowns, and the manner in which they contrived to impart to these something of the wearer's personality; the management of a teacup or a fashion of shaking hands—all these were registered and stored away in the girl's memory, to be taken out when alone, reviewed, dissected, modified to fit her individuality, practised, and eventually adopted with varying discretion and success.

She, who was to be the wife of a man of position, was determined that his friends and associates should find little to censure in her manners.

(To be continued)

THE TALL ONE AND THE WEE ONE

BY RUTH SAWYER

AUTHOR OF "ONE DAY," "A PIG'S CHRISTMAS," ETC.

IT had been Dr. Danny's boast through forty years of practise that never in his father's time, or in his, had a trust been misplaced or a kindness gone unpaid. Making it, he was not mindful of his own power to draw naught but goodness from his people; he was thinking only of the unfailing worthiness of Donegal folk.

"I am not meaning," Dr. Danny would add to the tail of his boast, "that I have not had my doubts, but in the end they were thrashed. Aye, always!"

"'Tis thrue," confirmed Tomais the bailiff, as one with authority. "Moreover, I can tell ye how it comes so—an' 'tis not because virtue hangs over every man's door in Donegal. Whenever Dr. Danny asks for bread and is handed a stone, do ye think he throws it afther the man that fetches it? Never! He takes it—always wi' that smile o' his—an' thanks besides, and says as how it will come in mortal handy for grindin' his meal. An' the man gets so shameful he asks the docthor immediately can't he fetch the meal for him, an' do the grindin' into the bargain! So 'tis bread the docthor gets in the end every time—that's how it comes thrue."

But Tomais the cobbler wagged his head ominously. He was a man from another county, with a tongue as sharp as his needle, and an eye ever searching about for the cloud to cross the sun.

"'Tis sinful," said he, "to be overboastful. Some day, ye'll see, yon docthor will be findin' a hole in Donegal virtue big enough for all his patchin' to let through a bit o' real devilmint. Ye'll see!"

The prophecy came to pass; although, as the bailiff reminded the doctor afterward—

"The blame lay at the door o' County Tyrone, an' not Donegal, praise be!"

And one of the neighbors—having put by a dim memory of Willie Shakespeare—quoted soberly:

"Some be born vagabones; some have it learned them; but there be others that take to it natural, no matther what the birth or the raisin'!"

The last was the way with the two of them—the Tall One and the Wee One. What were their Christian names, if they ever had any, Donegal has long since forgotten. Posterity will know them only by the names old Hannah gave them the day they scraped the mud of Tyrone from their brogues on the doctor's threshold.

II

It was a hot day in midsummer when the two came over the rise of the hill that bordered Tyrone and the two neighboring counties. Silence lay between them—a sign that things were not prospering. The growth of a fortnight's beard covered their faces, rags were aplenty, and there was never a suspicion of soap or water about either of them.

It was the Tall One that raised the silence:

"'Tis small use of your talkin'," and he frowned at the other from under a pair of eyebrows as thick and overroofing as a fresh-laid thatch. "Yourself knows well that afore ever one brogue passes its mate ten more times, it is choosin' we'll be atween Fermanagh and Donegal; an' not a sign to show will it be luck or a constable waiting over the bordher!"

"'Tis not myself that holds the gift o' gab," snorted the Wee One. "'Tis a deal o' trouble ye'd be missin', if yourself would think once for every hundtherd times ye speak; an' pattern afther your bethers!"

"Is it yourself ye are meanin' by them compliments? Faith, I'm thinkin' 'tis too grand ye are gettin' entirely, an' we'd best be partin' at the next crossroads!"

But at the next crossing the arm of the Wee One was through his companion's, and their heads were close together.

"We'll set yondther by the mill-sthream an' eat the bannock I found by chance, just, in a cabin by Omagh, an' I'll tell ye what is in my mind this day."

The Tall One nodded approval, while he drew from out the rags of his shirt a shapeless, sticky bundle wrapped in a sheet of the *Derry Journal*.

"'Tis a sin," he said mournfully, passing a half-filled honeycomb under the nose of the Wee One. "Aye, 'tis a sin how the farmers make them wee black creathures work! I took this from one of the hives furninst Omagh to save them the throuble, just, of fillin' it entirely. 'Twill go grand wi' the bannock!"

The two stretched their lengths on some bracken banking the stream, and silence again fell between them while they ate. When the last crumb of the bannock had gone, and a final lick had been given the *Derry Journal*, they closed their eyes and dozed contentedly in the sun, after the manner of vagabonds who mind well the scriptural warning concerning the cares of the morrow.

An hour they slept, and then the Wee One rolled over and prodded his companion with an urgent fist.

"'Tis like yourself to sleep peaceful an' leave me to thrash my mind wi' worry over the future. Harken now. Yondther"—and his finger pointed to the distant hills of Donegal—"there lives a docthor."

"What's that to us?"

"'Tis meat an' shelter—an' clothes an' silver, maybe—that's what! Will ye listen to me sensibly, or shall I leave ye for the good-for-naught ye are, an' thrail my fortune alone?"

The Tall One eyed his fellow vagabond despondently.

"Faith, ye've killed my hopes like a black frost. Did ye ever see good fortune an' a docthor ridin' together?"

"'Tis different, this. Maybe ye've heard tell o' this docthor, and maybe ye've not. Anyhow, I'll freshen your memory a bit. It seems this bodach from Donegal is as soft as butter new-churned. 'Tis as easy workin' the milk o' human kindness

from the one as buttermilk from the other. All ye need is a long face an' a longer throuble, with a tongue to match, an' ye can get anything from a free bed to a crock o' gold from the poor, simple man."

"An' what is our throuble?" asked the other, interest catching him.

The Wee One looked over at him pityingly. "Man, man, your memory is failin' ye fast, that's sure; an' 'twill take a deal o' freshenin'. Ye've got the erysipelas, an' ye've got it bad! All on account o' the smallpox scare, that's turned Tyrone foolish, ye've been thrown out o' work. Not a body will house ye or feed ye; an' I, bein' with ye, am farin' the same. The constables are afther the two of us for the pest-house, an' we've thramped ten days, dodgin' them an' starvin'."

"The constables is throe enough; but how in the name o' Finn MacCumhal will I get the erysipelas?"

"'Tis clean ye'll get first—that's what!" said the Wee One, and he pointed with a commanding finger to the stream below. "A spill yondther will mend the two of us considerable. Afterwards ye can part wi' that King Edward beard o' yours, an' I'll part wi' the same. Then we'll be searchin' for the nearest bed o' nettles in Donegal, an' ye'll get your erysipelas afore another sun goes down!"

A rebellious groan finished the sentence.

"Be a man, can't ye?" snorted the Wee One. "Faith, would ye rather go back to Tyrone, an' get jailed for the pig we lifted off Father MacHugh?"

"But couldn't yourself be gettin' the erysipelas?" suggested the Tall One.

"Myself—an' ye carry the tale? How far do ye think ye would get over the docthor's door-sill, wi' that murdtherous face o' yours? No, no, laddy! 'Tis ye for the nettles an' me for the tale!"

Another groan followed, but the rebellion had gone out of it, and there was naught but misery left in. Before ever it had passed beyond the stretch of bracken the two were stripped of their rags. Like adventurers in a strange country, they dropped fearsomely into the mill-stream.

"Take a fistful o' sand an' scrub—'tis better nor soap!" commanded the Wee One.

The other, recognizing the voice of generalship, obeyed.

Their journey to Donegal was uneventful, and is soon told. They lifted a pair

of fowls off a farmer at Drumquin, and bargained them to a tinker at Lough Derg for a razor. It was there they shaved—each man the other; and, treading on the heels of evening, they skirted Donegal Bay and came at dusk upon the ruins of the Abbey of the Four Masters.

"'Tis as likely a place for nettles as a sick man would care to see," said the Wee One. The next moment he was astride a fallen tombstone, laughing loud with the joy of victory. "Come here yourself, an' I'll give ye the grandthest attack o' erysipelas an Irish docthor ever laid his two eyes on!"

III

It was midnight when old Hannah heard their knocking. Peering at them from under the lamp she held, she called across to Dr. Danny in his study:

"There be's a tall one an' a wee one wantin' ye—will I let them in?"

So the christening was made; and luck stood by as godfather to them both. For it happened that the doctor himself was but just housed after a day of wearisome visits; and his heart was full of thanksgiving for his own warm hearthside, and pity for the homeless who tramped the road. Moreover, the old couple he had housed for a year past had been claimed by a son whose memory and conscience had slept overtime; and their room was empty.

If there was any set of mortals for whom the doctor had scant use—it was his brother practitioners in the County Tyrone; so he listened eagerly to the tale that dripped smoothly from the tongue of the Wee One.

"'Tis like them!" he said at the end. "I have known a Tyrone doctor to start a scarlet fever scare with a case of nettle-rash," and he chuckled appreciatively.

Then he took the lamp from old Hannah's hand and held it close to the face of the Tall One.

The seconds were centuries for the vagabonds. While Dr. Danny's sharp eyes traveled at a periwinkle's pace over the one, the other stood in the shadow and trembled. Full well did the Wee One know the price he would pay if his plan failed. Only once had he felt the avenging arm of the Tall One, but he had not forgotten its strength.

Fear dragged at his heart as his eyes followed Dr. Danny's to the Tall One's face. The sand of the mill-stream had fretted the skin, the tinker's razor had scraped it

sore, and the Wee One had spared neither muscles nor nettles on it.

"Sure, I'd not be knowin' it was a face at all, if it wasn't afront of his hair!" he thought. "If the docthor turns us back on the road this night, I'll be lyin' undther them nettles by mornin'!"

But Dr. Danny put down the lamp with a shake of his head.

"'Tis not a miracle at all that they took it for smallpox. Hannah, here—ye can put the two of them in the empty room upstairs; we'll let them bide a while till we see what comes of it. 'Tis not erysipelas, either, I'm thinking."

The trembling went out of the Wee One's knees, and it was with a steady hand that he rubbed his stomach.

"Ten days o' starvin', wi' naught to thramp on but the smell of another man's dinner, does be a bit discouragin'," he remarked thoughtfully.

"It does that," said Dr. Danny heartily. "Hannah, ye can fetch them the cold duck, and what else ye have to go with it."

It was well for the two that Dr. Danny did not sit by as they ate. Old Hannah wore a grim smile as she gathered up the bare bones of the duck, and measured five fingers less of the doctor's old port.

"They'll bear watchin'!" she muttered to herself, as she closed the door of their room on them that night.

As her brogues clumped out of ear-shot, the Wee One patted the goose-feather quilt on the bed with one hand, while he dug the Tall One in the ribs with the other.

"Ducks inside of us an' geese atop of us! Faith, is it not worth the price of a few nettles, laddy?"

IV

BIT by bit the promise foretold by the Wee One was fulfilled. The milk of human kindness flowed aplenty; food and drink—aye, and clothes. The doctor picked out two of his good homespun suits and sent them up by old Hannah the next morning; and though legs and sleeves overlapped the one, and a considerable length of ankle and wrist was left uncovered on the other, the two appeared at breakfast respectable and volubly grateful.

It was then that the Wee One resumed his generalship.

"'Tis not willin' at all we are to be acceptin' your favors, an' eatin' you victuals, with never a bit in return. We'll not be

boastin' o' the past that was ours once—an' there be's many a gentleman afore us that has taken the road along wi' misfortune. A gentleman's honor be's that delicate, 'tis easy hurt; an' it's not for the likes o' us to take charity from any one. So while we bide undther your roof-tree we'll see to it that ye are not the loser. Your garden's needin' a bit o' work, an', if ye agree, we'll do some prunin' an' fixin' up for ye."

Now the garden was Dr. Danny's Eden, and his roses—next to his patients—the thing that lay closest to his heart. He knew every slip and graft of them, and nursed and coaxed the fragile and the sickly into good health after much the same manner that he used with his people. But of late there had been a deal of sickness among the hills, which had kept him away from cock-crow to thrush-call, and the garden told plainly of the enforced neglect. So it was with a smile and nod of approval that he left the two that first day, a spade and hoe across the back of each, and drove away toward the hills.

Then it was that the Tall One turned with a snarl, and raised his spade above the other's head.

"Ye've loaded me with a straw too many, an' I'll not play your camel an instant longer! I've washed to please ye, an' scraped my face to please ye, an' let ye card my face wi' nettles as if I were a sack o' wool instead of a human man; but I'll not break my back wi' spadin' for any docthor in Christendom. I'll go back to Tyrone an' get jailed first!"

"Whist, laddy, who asked ye to be doin' either? Do ye think I've spent my life cultivatin' the habits of an Irish gentleman to ruin my character entirely wi' a sthroke o' work?" The Wee One closed one eye in a knowledgeable way. "Come away from the house, an' the ears o' that ferret-woman, laddy, an' I'll tell what's in my mind."

The two passed out of Hannah's sight, behind the trellised roses.

"There's a lad hereabout we can hire for ninepence a day to do the work. We can instruct him while we rest an' enjoy the scenery furninst."

"'Tis a grand idea!" The sarcasm that was in the voice of the Tall One was as biting as a green gooseberry. "But how are ye knowin' there's a lad hereabout? An' findin' him, how will ye get the ninepence a day—from off the leprecaun?"

The Wee One again closed an eye in a

knowledgeable way. That was all; but it marked the beginning of what had long been prophesied by Tomais the cobbler.

The lad was found and bound, and the promise of ninepence a day—to be paid at the week-end—held his tongue. Through the days that followed the Tall One "instructed" from under the shade of a tea-rose bush, while the smoke from the doctor's best cigars curled skyward. Luckily for the two, old Hannah was heavy and slow of foot, seldom crossing the door-sill save on sick-bed missions or for mass.

The doctor, returning after each hard day, found his roses pruned and blooming fairer and more abundantly; and his heart warmed toward the two.

"'Tis as I have long said," and he repeated the old boast to the bailiff. "A kindness never goes unpaid in Donegal."

V

WHILE Dr. Danny boasted, the Wee One took up his trail, with the scent of fortune fresh in the wind. He found the doctor's "books"—an old linen-bound ledger—holding the records of the money paid for services, and a few brief notes of history relative to patients and cases. There was no account entered against the unpaying, for Dr. Danny had never yet been known to send a bill among his hill people. A man gave what he could, when he could, and the doctor never allowed a second payment for the same service, no matter how small the first might have been. Hence the ledger.

It was this book that lay across the knees of the Wee One, on the fourth day after their advent. He ran a stubby finger down the column of names and figures:

Peter O'Friel, for pneumonia.....	£1
Barney McBride, baby.....	10s
Michael Hegarty, leg broken.....	5s
Earl of Dromore, rheumatism.....	£5

And so on. The Wee One chuckled to himself and wagged his head after the manner of a man well content. A moment he listened for old Hannah's steps in the kitchen beyond. Then he measured two fingers down on the brandy decanter from the doctor's closet, drank to the mark, picked out a cigar from the box on a neighboring shelf, and, closing the door softly behind him, went out.

"'Tis a sin," he said aloud, speaking to a gander crossing the road. "Maybe ye

are not knowin' it, but 'tis a sin for the work of such a grand man to go for a slither. If they paid more, they'd be thinkin' more of what they be's gettin'; an' 'tis myself will be pointin' them this day the thorny way to virtue!"

So it came about that the hill people made the acquaintance of the Wee One. He dropped into their cabins "neighbor like," and whether he made a long visit or a short one, he never came out without a fuller pocket and a more contented smile.

"'Tis but their duty I'm learnin' them," he said to the Tall One, as he paid off the lad and counted the remaining shillings and pennies between them. "'Tis a sorry sight to see them that close-fisted. Faith, I'm near weepin' when I finish the tale o' the docthor's troubles; how 'tis meat but once a week, an' the tea low in the crock, an' never a dthrop in the bottle against cold weather an' old age. 'An' why?' says I. 'Tis on account of the greedy lot o' ye, workin' him to the bone for the price of a tuppenny bit here an' a sixpence there.' 'Twould warm your heart, laddy, to see them hill folk steppin' lively to the pile laid by in the chimney-corner, or in the heel of a sock, an' bring out the silver."

A beatific grin spread over the face of the Tall One, but with the Wee One's next remark it faded.

"Laddy, your erysipelas is improvin' over fast. We'll be thrampin' to the abbey this night for another attack!"

VI

A MONTH passed—a month of toil for the lad among the roses, and of food, drink, and silver aplenty for the vagabonds, with nettles once a week for the Tall One. Then came a night when Tomais the bailiff happened upon the two unawares in the Abbey of the Four Masters. Listening, he learned more concerning vagabondage than he had known in all his years of service to the British law.

"'Twill take the heart out o' Dr. Danny," he muttered, as he passed on down the road; "but 'tis a rare chance for a man to teach virtue to a pair o' rascals!"

What passed between the bailiff and the doctor in the study that night, I cannot be telling; but when the two vagabonds came in, they were greeted with the usual smile.

"'Tis fearsome I have grown about you," said Dr. Danny, his eyes looking straight into the Tall One's. "I'm thinking I have

not been careful or considering enough. The erysipelas is growing no better, and like as not the other will be taking it. 'Tis time ye had the best medical care I can give ye; so I'll paint the both of ye with iodine this night, and to-morrow I'll stay home and look after ye properly."

As he took out a small brown bottle, and covered the faces of the two with a generous hand, a worried, uneasy look was cast from the tail of each vagabond eye.

"Aye, 'tis worse than erysipelas!" continued Dr. Danny, with a grave air. "There's a greenish look about the eyes and a thick sound to your tongue—which is bad, very bad!"

It was heavy hearts the two of them carried to bed that night; and the weight grew with the morning, when Dr. Danny came to them at dawn, a thermometer and stethoscope in his hands.

"Ye've got a high fever, both of ye," he said, after they had been thumped well and their pulses felt. "And, what's more, your hearts are mortal weak. I can never forgive myself for letting two poor, kind-hearted lads work as ye have over the roses—and ye sick and failing. Have ye pains anywhere?"

There followed two groans. While one pair of hands felt cautiously over a humpy brown face, the other rubbed a well-fed stomach.

"Poor, poor lads!" Dr. Danny's eyes grew moist with the sadness of it all. "Faith, there will be a burden on my conscience till I have the two of ye out of danger!"

The Wee One rolled slowly toward the outside of the bed, but a firm hand rolled him back again.

"Faith, is it an undertaker ye are wanting, instead of a doctor?" Dr. Danny asked in amazement. "Ye must rest quiet on your back, till the heart trouble and the fever go, and I discover what ails ye. I'll have old Hannah brew ye a bowl of senna tea for your breakfast."

Years of fear and misery were crowded into that day. The two lay flat on their backs, holding their breath, the better to count the heart-beats, and listening for old Hannah's feet on the stairs when she should come fetching the senna tea. For they had it for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper, without a morsel besides.

Ever and anon came Dr. Danny to thump, and sound, and count their pulse,

and take their temperatures; and always did he leave with a more worried shake of his head and the look of trouble deeper in his eyes. The two, noticing, would draw the goose comfortable closer about their chins, and groan aloud.

On the second day Dr. Danny lingered by the bedside.

"Are ye feeling better?" he asked anxiously.

The two shook their heads.

"I'm thinking," he went on thoughtfully, "I've found the trouble. 'Tis a sad day, and a sadder task to break it to ye! Are ye feeling sick in your stomachs?"

The two groaned assent.

"Did ye stop, by chance, and rest by a stream on your way hither, and eat a bite, maybe, falling asleep afterward while ye lay on the turf?"

"Aye, we did that!"

"Then it's as I've been thinking—the two of ye have swallowed an alp luachra!"

The two stiffened and rose upright in bed. Their hair rose with them; their faces whitened.

The alp luachra! Aye, full well they knew, as every son of the Irish sod knows, the tales the old women tell of those who have slept with their mouths open by running water, and have had the little green lizards run down their unsuspecting throats. The tales are as old as the faeries, and as plenty, and only the foolish scoff at them.

"The alp luachra!" wailed the Wee One.

"St. Patrick!" groaned the Tall One.

"Aye," said Dr. Danny, "'tis bad business. Can ye feel them squirming? No doubt but there are half a dozen by now—they are terrible creatures at multiplying!"

Two trembling hands went to two stomachs and rubbed cautiously.

"'Tis myself that can feel them," whispered the Wee One, "cavortin' an' swishin' their tails! For the love o' mercy, can ye cure us, docthor?"

The Tall One let go of his breath with a groan and turned his face toward the wall, closing his eyes as one resigned to certain death. Dr. Danny considered carefully before he spoke.

"Aye, I can cure ye; but 'tis a hard treatment, and ye must promise strict obedience before I take ye in hand, or the end may be fatal. First, where was the stream ye rested by?"

"In Tyrone—just over the bordther."

"Good! Listen, then. For two days ye must eat salt pork—no other food, and no drink whatsoever—not even a drop of water. On the third ye tramp back to Tyrone, and there, flat on your faces, on the bank of the stream ye will lie. The alp luachras ye have swallowed, along with the families they have raised since, will be so dry with the pork they will be crazy for water, just, and as soon as they get a whiff of the stream they'll come running out for a drink. Remember, 'tis a pound of pork a day, and no water! Lest temptation should get the upper hand of ye, I'll lock the door behind me, and keep the key."

VII

It was two weak and shuffling vagabonds that took the road for Tyrone on the third day.

"Can ye hear your tongue scrapin'?" asked the Wee One hoarsely.

"I can that. Faith, 'tis a hundthred yards long an' as thick as a sod o' turf. Nettles was paradise to this!" sighed the Tall One.

They reached the border at last, and staggered blindly up the hill and down to the mill-stream—seeing naught, heeding naught. Like a driven, spent quarry they fell, with barely strength enough to hang their heads over the running water and open their parched mouths.

It was then that Tomais the bailiff stepped out of the bracken near by and laid a firm hand on the shoulder of each.

"A word wi' the two of ye!" he said slowly. "Hereafter, this is as near as ye had best come to Donegal. 'Tis there that the climate be's worse for erysipelas; an' ye'll find that nettles grow longer an' sharper in your own county. Moreover, Dr. Danny's thinkin' he can keep the wolf from his door without the help of either of ye; an' he was askin' me to tell ye there was no steady cure for the alp luachra but honest work, taken regular, eight hours a day!"

A twelvemonth later, Tomais happened on the bailiff from County Tyrone, and asked him concerning the two.

"Faith, 'tis reformed they are, entirely; they've not been on the county since. But, do ye know, I've noticed a strange thing about the two—they'll go a mile round by the bog rather than pass a pig on the road, an' ye can't get either o' them nigh a churchyard or a mill-stream!"

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

STOCK-EXCHANGE REFORM

TO persons familiar with Wall Street and its methods it is not a matter of surprise that the storm which has threatened the New York Stock Exchange for years should have broken at last. There is practically no difference of opinion among them that the institution has itself to thank for the crisis in its affairs.

Instead of administering it as a great public market, which is its proper function, the governing committee persisted in treating the exchange as a personal concern. They did so in the face of a growing hostility toward trusts, combinations, great aggregations of wealth, and special privilege of all kinds. Until too late, also, they deferred action upon some very wise measures of reform suggested by the Hughes Committee, three years ago.

It is likely that, in any event, the institution would have come in for some corrective or supervisory legislation, for such is the spirit of the times; but it is doubtful if the corrective movement would have assumed its present large proportions if the exchange had shown a readier disposition to square itself with public demands.

The action-compelling developments came quickly at the last, despite long-continued criticism and repeated demands for an investigation of speculative methods. Certain unpleasant disclosures brought out in the course of the "money trust" investigation at Washington confirmed some of the suspicions of those who sweepingly declare that the great financial institution is little better than a licensed gambling-place. Public sentiment was aroused to such an extent that Governor Sulzer, late in January, addressed a special message to the New York Legislature, calling upon that body to correct existing abuses, and a

comprehensive program has been drawn up with that end in view.

Flagrant manipulation, through which fictitious values have been imparted to securities, is the greatest evil of which the public has reason to complain. In his comments upon this practise, Governor Sulzer was exceedingly severe, but none too severe, we think, when he called upon the legislators "to end these shifty schemes and to forbid these clever combinations to catch the unwary and mislead the public."

It is unfortunate that the leading public security market of the United States should be made to appear in this unenviable light; but it cannot be denied that an impression has long prevailed, throughout the country, that Wall Street is a place where men practise the tricks of the cogging dicer, and that things have happened which at least partially confirm this view. Unfortunately, too, the exchange has done too little in the past to defend itself against ignorance and fanaticism, or, what would have been better, to disarm its critics by instituting reforms.

Of course, the exchange is not called upon to reply to every demagogue and muckraker, nor can it undertake to enlighten every stupid critic, or to explain to each ignorant investor that shares of the get-rich-quick variety are not the sort in which Wall Street deals. But the chief function of the institution might have been made clearer than it has been to the public mind. Everywhere the exchange seems to be regarded as a huge gambling-hall, and yet it is the medium through which most of the capital for the development of our great railway and industrial enterprises has been procured, and it is the recognized market where the best securities the country knows, or the world knows, are regularly bought and sold for cash as investments.

It must be admitted that there are unpleasant facts in the record, such as the

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of February.

vast extent of mere speculative transactions, where the entire capital stock of a company has been bought and sold many times over in the course of a year; disastrous failures, which have followed scandalous manipulations, whereby brokers' customers have lost heavily; and the neglect of the governing committee to determine the financial standing of exchange members who have defaulted, or to enforce the penalties for derelictions as severely as they should. But these make only one side of the story.

The New York Stock Exchange is blamed for many things for which it is in no wise responsible—as, for instance, the misdoings of individuals not members of the board, and the overcapitalizing of corporations. The exchange has no control over non-members, and it neither enacts defective corporation laws nor organizes companies that take advantage of bad statutes to water their stock.

Manipulation would lose much of its force and effect if stock issues were more nearly representative of value, and it could not be carried on extensively unless the schemers were in command of banking credit. Fair-minded critics should not lose sight of these facts—that the exchange does not make laws, or create corporations, or grant banking credit to schemers. It is a market-place for securities, and the best and fairest we have.

The best and fairest exposition ever made of the New York Stock Exchange, and its methods and practises, is that of a committee appointed in 1909 by Governor Hughes, now an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. Of manipulation this body said in its report:

While we have been unable to discover any complete remedy short of abolishing the exchange itself, we are convinced that it can prevent the worst forms of this evil by exercising its influence and authority over its members to prevent them. When continued manipulation exists, it is patent to experienced observers.

The remedial and corrective measures advocated by Governor Sulzer find expression in eleven bills introduced in the New York State Legislature. These measures, or at least most of them, are well-considered and essentially fair. Those which aim to safeguard the investor against fraudulent misrepresentation of properties, dishonest practises by brokers in the use of their cus-

tomers' securities, fictitious transactions by members within the exchange, and manipulation by schemers outside of it, have the hearty indorsement of all reputable brokers.

In fact, this effort to correct abuses from without by legislative enactment gains the greatest force and effect from similar efforts made by the members themselves to correct abuses from within. For instance, to prevent manipulation upon the part of exchange members, severe penalties now attach to the execution of an order where the purchase and the sale involve no actual transfer of ownership. To discourage speculation by those who have no warrant to speculate at all—persons of slender means—severe penalties are imposed on brokers who carry accounts upon inadequate or improper margins.

In these and numerous other new provisions we see the actions of a chastened exchange. Our only regret is that the governing board did not see its way clear to take these steps long ago. To have done so would have avoided an immense amount of trouble and hard feeling, and would have saved much money; for Wall Street has suffered severely in peace of mind, in public esteem, and in business prosperity through the harassing experiences of recent months.

Persons who have given the closest study to the New York Stock Exchange believe that it can best accomplish its reforms by continuing as an unincorporated association, for thereby it can discipline members drastically for offenses which violate no statutes, and which could not be reached if a member could carry his case into court. Such were the conclusions of the Hughes Committee, which advised against incorporation.

Of all the corrective bills before the State Legislature, the only one to which serious objection has been raised is a measure proposing incorporation and supervision through the State banking department. In view of the delicate relations existing between a broker and his principal, for whom he acts in a fiduciary capacity, and in view of the great temptations which might beset a public official if called upon to deal with speculation, there certainly is much to be said against incorporating the body.

Governor Sulzer's attitude in dealing with the subject has commended itself to right-thinking men. He does not accept the word of the hostile critic and the

demagogue, that all dealings in securities are evil, or that all abuses can be corrected by incorporating the exchange, or by abolishing "short selling." On the contrary—and this is the most encouraging feature of the present reform movement—he has urged a careful study of the subject, and has issued an impressive warning against ill-considered or hasty action which might result in serious harm to the financial supremacy of New York, driving away capital and disorganizing business.

This, it is feared by many, would be the result if a suggested increase in the stock transfer tax, raising it from two dollars to four dollars per hundred shares, should be carried into effect. In the public mind this proposal is associated with the stock exchange reform bills, but it is a tax measure applicable to securities dealt in anywhere in New York State. It would place the commonwealth at a disadvantage compared with its neighbors, and would probably divert some business from New York to the exchanges of Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, where there is no such tax.

From reasonable and well-considered legislation Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange have nothing to fear and much to gain, for whatever gives to the investor an assurance of square dealing will raise the institution in public esteem and render it of greater service to the community in the future than in the past. As a result, securities may be less speculative than before the new enactments, and Wall Street may lose some of its attractiveness for the thimblerrigging crew; but stocks and bonds will become more truly representative of value than ever, and the financial district will be the better if manipulators can be driven out.

STOCK-MARKET UNCERTAINTIES

WALL STREET has been much disturbed by a reappearance of liquidation, which resulted in a severe depression of security prices. Good stocks like Atchison, Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Louisville and Nashville, and others of that class have fallen to a lower level than prevailed at any time during the preceding year; but severe as the losses have been among standard railway issues, the industrial division suffered even more. In fact, the weakness centered

chiefly upon certain new and unseasoned properties of this group, many of which have declined from fifteen to forty points from the highest figures reached last autumn.

The sickening collapses in the recently created concerns have been very disquieting to inexperienced investors, many of whom, no doubt, have lost heavily thereby; but the outcome is only what the financial district had reason to expect. It is in no "I-told-you-so" spirit that we remind our readers of an article entitled "A Dangerous Tendency" which appeared in the September number of this magazine, in which we sounded a note of warning against the purchase, as an investment, of "industrial preferred stocks of manufacturing and trading concerns which capitalize good-will and prospective profits for millions of dollars."

In the article we gave consideration to the many new securities which bond bankers were offering to investors under the specious argument that because it cost them more to live, they should buy something promising higher interest or dividend yields. This, as we pointed out, was "a promise which some of them may not be able to fulfil for any great length of time." We added the following caution:

Having no interest in promotions, and being free to express our unbiased views on the subject, we may say that we do not concur in the idea that at a time of uncertain investment tendencies one should give the preference to untried and speculative things, as against the well-secured issues of established enterprises.

Numerous factors contributed toward Wall Street's recent unsettlement, and many of them continue as restraining influences at this writing. Among them may be mentioned the Balkan War and the concomitant evils springing therefrom, such as the hoarding of gold in France, Germany, and Austria. This has resulted in high interest rates the world over, which have seriously impeded financial undertakings abroad. Moreover, it has drained this country of gold to the amount of some thirty million dollars.

To these unsettlements may be added the uncertainties surrounding the change of the Washington administration; the impending special session of Congress, with the potential disturbing effects of tariff revision and possible currency legislation; the still

unsolved questions involving industrial trusts; the agitation for stock-exchange reform; and several other more or less disquieting developments.

It is only natural that under these circumstances general industry should assume an increasingly conservative attitude; and the fear of lessened industrial activity adds to the uncertainty of the future, from the Wall Street point of view. In fact, there seems virtually nothing to encourage speculative buying at this time, nor can there

be while so many problems disturbing to sentiment remain unsettled.

But one should not lose sight of the fact that the decline in prices is establishing a better basis for investment, and that many excellent stocks are now selling where they return about six per cent on the purchaser's money. These are worthy of the consideration of the cash buyer now; and if, through any misfortune, stocks should decline still further, they will become even more attractive from the investment point of view.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THIS department will pay no attention to anonymous communications. The names of readers making inquiries will not be disclosed, but they should be sent to us, together with the writer's post-office address, as an evidence of good faith. Answers will be made either in the magazine or by letter, at as early a date as possible. In some instances delays are unavoidable, owing to the time consumed in making careful investigations.

Letters of inquiry should be addressed to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE (Financial Department). Whenever possible, they should be accompanied by prospectuses and any correspondence which may have passed between readers and the promoters of propositions promising unusual returns to investors. Such material will be returned, if desired. Prospectuses give information, or alleged information, which is frequently essential in prosecuting investigations. Moreover, many doubtful projects are unknown in large cities, the vendors of the shares confining their offerings to residents of small places, counting upon the supposed ignorance or gullibility of such persons.

Write proper names clearly. Life is too short to permit a busy man to waste time over bad handwriting.

WHAT A "VOTING TRUST" IS

During the "money trust" investigation at Washington many references were made to the control of railroad, industrial, and banking corporations by "voting trustees," but I saw no explanation of what a "voting trust" is, or how one comes into existence. Will you kindly let me know how they are created, and what purpose they serve?
J. S. P., New York.

The voting trust is a legal device which, so far as corporations are concerned, almost solves the problem of "eating one's cake and having it too." It enables a financial group to control a corporation and direct its policy without owning it, for the shareholders have

no voice in the management of the property. They surrendered that, with their shares, to the voting trustees, who hold the stock in trust and vote it at the annual elections.

Much of the early railway-building of the United States, prior to 1873, was highly speculative, and the practise obtained of building the roads with bonds and stock bonuses. The shares, though representing no cash investment or actual value, carried voting power. Sometimes bonds had voting power, but customarily the stock was pooled, or proxies were obtained from the owners, in order to continue the policy of management along some given line.

This was "proxy control," and on occasions it was bitterly denounced. The era was one of laxity in corporation management, and many of the undertakings were highly speculative. Railroads were treated as footballs instead of arteries of commerce, as at present, and their shares were often exploited outrageously in the stock-market.

The system of pooling stock to control a property was fruitful of gross abuses. It was used to perpetuate the administration of speculative cliques, whose attitude toward minority shareholders was like that of Tweed when he asked the taxpayers of New York:

"What are you going to do about it?"

The problem was solved by various court decisions which held it to be against public policy for a shareholder to divest himself of his voting rights. In some instances, it was declared illegal to vote pooled stock at an election for directors. The problem was met elsewhere by enacting laws for cumulative voting, so that a minority interest could secure representation on a board of directors.

With a property emerging from receivership, or with a new concern, it is often highly desirable to continue a fixed policy of management or development for a series of years; or it may be necessary to prevent a property from falling into hands which would disturb an existing situation. These purposes are

served by voting trusts, which, in effect, are a legalized form of pooling, permitted by some States under rigid provisions.

The duration of a voting trust is always limited by law, usually to a term of five years, at the expiration of which the shareholders must give assent to its continuance for another period, if they desire to keep it in force. A voting-trust certificate is a receipt for stock deposited with trustees. It shows, in effect, that while the holder has parted with his shares, and with their voting power, for a term of years, he is still entitled to dividends.

The testimony before the Pujo Committee at Washington, disclosing that two large financial institutions of New York—the Bankers Trust Company and the Guaranty Trust Company—were controlled by voting trustees, was a surprise to the financial district. The existence of these voting trusts was not generally known, and the application of the device to banking concerns was novel in Wall Street's experience.

Though serving good purposes on occasions, the voting trust is not a popular thing. It implies that a company is in leading-strings, and dominated by financial overlords; and shareholders generally resent the inference that they cannot manage their own property.

THE MARVELOUS MULTITYPE

What do you think of the Multitype Machine Company, of Portland, Oregon, as an investment? It is selling stock in order to get funds to manufacture the Sunotype. Is the Sunotype likely to prove as great a success as the companies mentioned in the enclosed pamphlet?

F. C. S., Portland, Oregon.

To admit ignorance is humiliating, but I must confess that until I read the above letter and enclosure I had never heard of the wonder-working Sunotype, which is described as a "combination of the standard typewriter, a type-setting machine, a linotype, an embossing device, and a printing-press," all in one.

Just how it works I do not know, but the pamphlet leads you to infer that the process is continuous from the time you touch the typewriter keys until the material reels forth in printed form from the press. According to the pamphlet, the Sunotype is a "small sister" of the Multitype, but you must accept them on faith, for the prospectus says:

We have not gone into any of the technical details of the construction of the Multitype Machine, for the reason that few would understand us if we did. Nor will we attempt to do so with the Sunotype.

Since you are assured that you could not comprehend the Multitype or its "small sister," even if explained to you, why bother about the matter? The purpose of the literature is not to describe a mechanical device, but to point you the way to a fortune, which may be had through buying stock—the par value of

which is not mentioned, but that, too, is a mere detail.

The promoters are philanthropically inclined, and would protect you even against yourself. For instance, they say:

Don't let anything, be it indifference, skepticism, or prejudice, rob you or your family of that which will make your future one of contentment, and will provide an income for your children after you.

In return for the great boon of fortune and contentment that they would confer upon you, they will take a little of your money. As an extra inducement, if you pay cash, you will obtain a five-per-cent discount on your shares, payable in stock.

The success of the Sunotype is predicated upon an estimate of use which conforms to no ordinary limitations. That no pent-up Utica, or anything else, contracts its powers may be inferred from the fact that—

If all the city directories and gazetteers of the world were corded up in stacks where one might view them, perhaps a faint conception of the gates that are open for the reception of the Sunotype might be portrayed in a small manner to the human mind.

To this huge sum of prospective Sunotype buyers, made up of all the individuals named in all the city directories and gazetteers of the world combined, who knows but the promoters may draw on other sources—the "sucker lists" of the Sterling Debenture Corporation and the A. J. Wisner Company, for instance—and add the names found there to the number of eager buyers?

With the success of the Sunotype demonstrated so convincingly by a promoter's say-so, who can longer remain skeptical? That enormous profits are assured may be inferred from the fact that the promoters have consulted with that eminent financial authority, *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, and submit the following precise statement of earnings:

Were half a million Sunotypes ready for the market at this moment, every one would be sold within a year. Estimating the net profit at only \$100—and we believe it will be \$200—there would be \$50,000,000 to be distributed to stockholders, and this is not a visionary estimate.

Perhaps *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* may be called upon for an independent audit of the above figures, but that remains to be seen. In any event, the future is gloriously bright, for soon, according to the prospectus—

The Sunotype will be walking arm and arm with the Multitype among the job-printing and newspaper offices of the country, as well as journeying alone, among men and corporations engaged in all manner of large business avocations.

The final urgent appeal made by these promoters in their efforts to bestow a fortune upon you is something of an anticlimax, for you are besought to buy Multitype Machine Company stock at one dollar a share, not because of the fifty millions of prospective

profits from the Sunotype, but because some one is said to have made money through buying stock in something else. To me this is the one weak point in the argument. After reading of the possibilities of the Sunotype, I should not be content with a paltry fifty-four thousand dollars which the promoters say some one obtained from one hundred dollars invested in Bell Telephone Company stock. Unless the Sunotype returns at least one hundred thousand for each dollar invested, the prospectus-writer will have labored in vain, and I shall feel that he has misrepresented his proposition.

"CONVERTIBLE" — "CUMULATIVE"

If consistent with your policy, will you kindly explain for a regular reader "convertible bonds" and "cumulative stock"?

J. H. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

As the term implies, a convertible bond carries a privilege to the holder of exchanging it into something else, usually into the common stock of the issuing corporation. Such bonds are a direct obligation of the company, running for a definite period of time, and bearing a fixed rate of interest. Convertible bonds may be unsecured, but usually they are backed up by collateral, and in some instances they are secured by liens on the property of the issuing company, or some portion of it.

In addition to being assured of a fixed income on his investment, the holder of a convertible bond has a possibility of sharing in increased earnings, if the company makes them, through the appreciation of the stock into which the bonds may be exchanged. It may not be necessary to convert the bond to take advantage of an enhancement of price, for the bonds fluctuate in sympathy with the stock, and may be sold at a profit on an advance.

The privilege of conversion may be fixed at par or some other figure. It does not follow, however, if the stock falls below the convertible price, that the bond will be similarly depressed, for the interest charge stands as a fixed obligation. This imparts stability to the issue, irrespective of a decline in the stock. The safety of a convertible bond is determined by the standing and credit of the company and the terms of issuance and conversion.

Convertible bonds rank with speculative rather than with investment securities, for in practically all cases they are junior liens, and betake very much the character of stock, into which they usually merge. Convertible bonds, however, as a class, are about the safest "speculative investment" we know.

Many corporations divide their capital stock into classes, such as common and preferred.

Preferred stock is subject to several other possible subdivisions, as, for instance, first, second, or even third preferred. Moreover,

the preference may concern a prior right of the holder to share in the assets of a company in liquidation, or a prior claim on dividends only. This preference as to dividends may be "cumulative" or "non-cumulative," and there are other possibilities concerning the distribution of earnings between different classes of stock; but we need not concern ourselves with these.

Cumulative stock is a preferred issue upon which, as the term implies, dividends, if not paid in whole or in part, accumulate. For example, if a company having seven-per-cent cumulative preferred stock outstanding fails to earn or disburse seven per cent on this issue in a given year, the unpaid dividend becomes an obligation which the company must liquidate at some future date. If it declares five per cent, leaving two per cent unpaid, the balance accumulates, making nine per cent that the company owes its preferred shareholders the following year.

There are instances where huge sums in unpaid dividends have accumulated against corporations. A case in point is the American Can Company, which has just paid its preferred shareholders twenty-four per cent of the thirty-three per cent that was due them in back dividends.

Such accumulations of unpaid dividends usually affect the credit of a company adversely, and they render capital readjustment difficult. The unliquidated amounts constitute a charge ahead of the common stock, on which no dividend can be paid until the obligations due on the preferred are cleared away. These accumulations always imply a structural defect in the formation of a company, for they show that it was capitalized in excess of fair earning capacity.

A QUARRY OF BLASTED HOPES

Not many years ago the Colorado Yule Marble Company offered me some of their stock at \$95 per share with the assurance that "it would pay six per cent the first year, twenty to thirty per cent the second year, and over one hundred per cent within five years." I was also assured that "less than four hundred shares remain to be sold, and we refer you to more than a thousand satisfied and enthusiastic stockholders."

As the fifth year has now passed, I would like to know if the company is now paying the hundred-per-cent dividend promised long ago.

T. J., Washington, D. C.

The Colorado Yule Marble Company is not paying the large dividends promised to the shareholders years ago, and it gives no present indication of being able to pay anything. Countless other promises made by its enthusiastic "fiscal agent," when wildly beating the highways and byways for shareholders, also remain unfulfilled, and it may safely be said that they never could have been and never will be made good.

A large deposit of marble is under the company's ownership, and it might have achieved a fair commercial success by this time under different methods of exploitation; but the shareholders and every one else wearied at length of a ceaseless flow of rodomontade from a "fiscal agent" who sought to wrest the rainbow from the sky to put it in his stock-selling literature. What is more to the point, they tired of chipping in money and yet more money, when nothing came back, and one promise of huge earnings after another came to naught.

Financial difficulties have overtaken the Colorado Yule Marble Company. In January the directors sought authority from the shareholders to bond the property for \$2,500,000, in order to avert a threatened receivership. But it will not be an easy matter to sell bonds, for the financial statement shows that the company's business has been conducted at a loss. The capital issues were expanded and muddled through bonus stock, paper dividends, and the like, and the concern became heavily obligated on account of bonds, notes, past-due coupons, bank loans, indorsements, and current bills, aggregating \$1,300,000 in pressing claims. So great were its necessities when it appealed to the shareholders that its bank balance was reduced to a pittance of \$54.01. Accounts receivable, however, were \$308,000.

No proposition that we can recall furnishes a better illustration of the harmful effects of flamboyant promotion than the Colorado Yule Marble Company. It possessed an element of merit, and might have developed successfully had it proceeded slowly and along established lines. But it wanted to be big, like the frog that blew itself asunder in attempting to swell to the size of a bull. If the concern finally escapes a like fate, it will be fortunate. In any event, the shareholders have a long and weary wait before them.

INVESTMENTS FOR A WIDOW

I am writing to ask your advice in investing \$10,000 which has come to me. I am a widow sixty years old, and I want an absolutely safe investment, one that will yield me four and a half or five per cent, paid regularly, as this is nearly all I have for support.

I have one daughter, and she has a child incurably ill, who may live for years. I want this money made secure for her and the child after me. It will always give them bread.

Mrs. W. F. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The purpose aimed at by this correspondent—that of securing a safe and permanent income of four and one-half to five per cent for dependent persons—can best be obtained through a wide diversification of the ten-thousand-dollar fund. The possibilities of an investment of this character are varied, and almost any number of combinations can be arranged.

We believe, however, that the appended list

gives sufficient variety for safety and the degree of security desired, together with the indicated yield. The bonds are of one thousand dollars each, with the exception of the last, which is also issued in five-hundred-dollar denominations, one of which would about round out the amount of the investment:

SECURITY	PRICE	YIELD
New York City 4s of 1950	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.15
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 4s of 1950	94 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.25
Colorado and Southern first 4s of 1929	94	4.50
Baltimore and Ohio (P. L. E. and W. Va.) 4s of 1941	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.75
Missouri, Kansas and Texas first 5s of 1944	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	5.05
New York Gas and Electric Light 4s of 1949	86 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.75
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe adjustment 4s of 1905	86 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.65
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph first 5s of 1937	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	5.05
Corn Products Refining 5s of 1934	92 $\frac{3}{4}$	5.55
P. Lorillard Co., 5s of 1951	99	5.05
New York Telephone first 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s of 1930	98	4.60

At prevailing prices the above bonds will cost our correspondent approximately \$9,866. They give an actual annual income of \$462.50, or almost four and three-quarters per cent on the money invested.

THE WAR ON STOCK-SWINDLERS

In August, 1908, I invested \$1,000 in Oxford Linen Mills stock. Though I became doubtful of the company about two years afterward, it was too late to make a recovery. I have just read the exposure of this company and the Sterling Debenture Corporation, appearing in the February number, and wish to express my satisfaction.

The country owes MURSEY'S MAGAZINE a debt of gratitude for its pursuit and exposure of these schemes. Now make us all doubly grateful by securing a prevention of such enterprises!

R. H. P., Philadelphia, Pa.

This is one of many letters from correspondents who approve our course in relation to the Sterling Debenture Corporation, and whose only regret is that the exposure of that concern's methods could not have been made earlier, for most of them say that it would have saved them from loss.

We much regret that they have suffered, but until this department was established we could not treat of the subject of illegitimate finance. Our work in that direction started contemporaneously with the department, and we believe that it has played an important part in lessening the evil; but we very much doubt if stock-swindling can be prevented entirely while human nature is constituted as it is.

In checking the most flagrant forms and the worst abuses, however, amazing progress has been made within the last few years. Instead of a crusade carried on by a few publications, the movement has broadened until it now includes influential bodies like the Investment Bankers' Association of America, the recently organized International Association of Brokers, and numerous clubs and leagues of advertisers and advertising agents.

The result has been to stimulate activity upon the part of the authorities, both Federal

and State, and there is far less of the offensive "financial" advertising in responsible newspapers and magazines than there was. This is an important gain, for the facilities freely accorded to crooked promoters to spread their traps for the unwary in apparently decent publications contributed more largely than almost anything else to the expansion of the get-rich-quick evil.

The greatest strides, however, have been made in the matter of legislation. Three years ago what was known as the "prospectus law" stood on the statute-books of but six States of the Union. It is said that in no less than thirty States "blue sky" laws—the new and more popular name for legislation against dishonest company-promoters—have either been enacted or are now under consideration.

But no amount of legislation, no mere multiplicity of laws, will protect men and women from their own folly. So long as people continue ignorant and credulous, and believe that huge fortunes may be won for a pittance in some ridiculous patent, or in some wildcat oil company or gold-mine, rogues will be found to spread the snares and entrap them.

Nature itself furnishes the explanation of the get-rich-quick industry and the fraudulent promotion business. Cupidity plays on credulity, just as the big tyrannize over the little and the strong devour the weak.

It would be a proper step, however, if, in addition to the enactments of "blue sky" legislation by the States, the national authorities would pass some form of Federal registration law, compelling every company that uses the United States mails to disclose a balance-sheet, and to reveal all its promoters' and vendors' contracts, its basis of capitalization, and the like.

In complete publicity is the greatest safeguard against questionable promotion and illegitimate finance, if not a complete preventive.

LEGAL RESTRICTIONS OF A TRUSTEE

I am seeking an investment for about \$10,000, where safety is more essential than the interest or profit that may be derived from the money, for I am holding this sum in trust for a minor. Will you kindly let me know if the following securities conform to the above requirements?

American Real Estate, six-per-cent gold bonds.
El Paso Electric Company, preferred stock.
Public Service Investment Company, preferred stock.
Galveston-Houston Electric Company, preferred stock.
Northern Texas Electric Company, preferred stock.
C. H. W., Jamaica, N. Y.

The nature of the will or other instrument under which this correspondent is acting, if there be one, is unknown to us, and we cannot determine what latitude is allowed him in investing the money. A man should take no chances in administering a trust fund, and C. H. W. will be well advised if he consults a

trustworthy lawyer before making any investment whatever.

However desirable any or all of the securities mentioned may be for a business man, they do not conform to the standard of a trustee investment. If our correspondent would be absolutely safe, he should familiarize himself with the provisions governing such an investment in New York State. They are prescribed by statute, and insure safety of the highest degree.

Under these laws a trustee may invest in first mortgages on improved real estate, in the municipal bonds of this State and a few others, and in mortgage bonds of a limited number of important steam railways. The requirements are strict, and do not permit investments in real-estate debentures, or in the bonds of street-railways, public utility or industrial corporations, or in those of many steam railways; and all stocks are excluded.

A WOMAN'S INHERITANCE

I have recently come into an inheritance which is invested in good first mortgages, yielding from five to six per cent. Although knowing this to be perhaps the safest form of investment, I have decided to get some good bonds returning about the same interest, so that at any time I can go to Germany to live. The amount which I would like to lay out in safe securities of different kinds is between \$20,000 and \$30,000. Will you kindly let me know what is best adapted for my purpose?

Mrs. W. M., Janesville, Wis.

We do not feel that we should assume the grave responsibility of advising this correspondent on the delicate matter of her inquiry, except in a general way; for to do so properly we should want to know every circumstance of the case, and her letter is so meager that we do not even know whether it is necessary to sell the mortgages. We are ignorant of the character and location of the property securing the loans, and of their duration. Without these and other facts we would not take the risk of substituting other securities in an investment which gives a yield as high as five or six per cent.

We hope our correspondent will exercise great care in shifting her money from good first mortgages into bonds or other securities. It is always a delicate matter to change an established investment, and such operations are a fruitful source of disappointment, and not infrequently of loss. One cannot, with safety, obtain a better interest yield than five or six per cent—nor, indeed, as much as that from high-class railway and municipal bonds.

Although it may suit the reader's convenience better to have her investment in the form of bonds than in first mortgages, we do not see wherein it is to her advantage from the standpoint of investment to make the change. We should advise that at least a part of her inheritance be continued in its present form.

Real-estate loans, to be sure, usually run for short periods, while most bonds have more or less remote maturities. Possibly, if our correspondent takes up a European residence, her mortgages may run off while she is abroad, forcing her to reinvest the proceeds; but ordinarily one experiences little difficulty in extending a real-estate loan, or in securing another mortgage for the money. If our correspondent leaves her affairs in the hands of a responsible agent, she should have no trouble in keeping her money employed.

We think this correspondent should take up her proposition with a responsible lawyer or banker, or with an experienced business man, to whom she can explain her situation. If, after a thorough consideration, they should determine that it is to her advantage to shift her investment from mortgages into bonds, we should be glad to suggest a list of securities which we believe to be desirable for a woman; but neither in the matter of safety nor in that of income yield can we improve on good first mortgages paying from five to six per cent.

A CHANCE TO LEAP INTO THE DARK

What do you think of the Mutual Underwriters' Syndicate of Chicago, the literature of which I am enclosing? Is it likely to be a big money-maker?

W. H. B., New York.

Until I became acquainted with the Mutual Underwriters' Syndicate, I had supposed that the high-water mark of credulity in company-promotion was attained in South Sea Bubble days in England, in 1720; but I am not so sure about it now, for this proposition makes me feel that we have not made very much progress in the nearly two hundred intervening years.

In its general plan and scope, the Mutual Underwriters' Syndicate, which is fathered by Charles H. Babb & Co., of Chicago, is as like one of the most celebrated of the South Sea undertakings as one pea is like another. During that period of financial insanity people rushed to put their money into the shares of companies "to make salt water fresh," "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain," "for a wheel of perpetual motion," and the like; but perhaps the most interesting and typical promotion of all was one thus described:

For an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed.

In his book on "Lombard Street," Walter Bagehot says of this characteristic project:

Each subscriber was to pay down two guineas, and hereafter to receive a share of one hundred, with a disclosure of the object; and so tempting was the offer that one thousand of these subscriptions were paid the same morning, with which the projector went off in the afternoon.

The basis upon which you are invited to participate in the Mutual Underwriters' Syn-

dicate is curiously similar to the foregoing. The shares are ten dollars each—a close approximation to two guineas—and "one share grows to two hundred shares almost overnight." The promoter says so, and he asks, in larger type than the rest:

Can you grasp it?

Personally, I cannot, and I do not know who can, for Mr. Babb does not explain. "I cannot disclose the full details of this wonderful business undertaking," he remarks; and you will no doubt appreciate that "the reason is obvious. Others would make strenuous efforts to get the control," if they happened to know what the wonder-working project is, and where it is to be found.

But while silent on the nature of the undertaking, the promoter makes it crystal-clear that if you join the Mutual Underwriters' Syndicate, and chip in ten dollars, you will draw two hundred shares out of the pot. Unless my arithmetic is at fault, this would establish a price of five cents a share, which seems cheap enough for a wonder-worker.

Mr. Babb says enthusiastically:

Of all the investment opportunities that have been presented to you, I am positive that you have never had the equal to this one.

To these words I subscribe most heartily, for I feel certain that no one, in recent times, has had such an opportunity of taking a leap into the dark as is offered by Mr. Babb, through his preposterous syndicate.

THE MACKAY COMPANIES

I bought a number of shares of the Mackay Companies' preferred stock several years ago at 77½. In the past year there has been a decided slump, until it is now quoted around 68. Any information you can give me concerning this issue, and the reason for its decline, will be appreciated.

H. C. P., Evanston, Ill.

The Mackay Companies is constituted differently from most enterprises in this country, being a voluntary association administered by trustees. It controls through stock-ownership a very important and extensive system of telegraph and cable lines, and it is believed to be transacting a large and profitable business. This can only be inferred from external evidences, however, for the company does not disclose its status or its operating results in its financial statements. Indeed, these really appear to have been devised in order to conceal the details.

For example, the last annual report gives a balance-sheet as of February 1, 1913, which is as follows:

Assets—investments in other companies, \$92,013,749; cash, \$353,155; total, \$92,366,904.

Liabilities—preferred shares, \$50,000,000; common shares, \$41,384,400; surplus, \$986,504; total, \$92,366,904.

The profit and loss account is arranged on the same plan:

Receipts—income from other companies, \$4,136,009.

Disbursements—dividends paid on preferred shares, \$2,000,000; on common shares, \$2,069,020; operating expenses, \$31,324; balance, \$35,665; total, \$4,136,009.

Though models of simplicity, the foregoing are not illuminating; and as the subordinate companies make no reports, an investor is almost wholly in the dark. The annual report says that the income from the subordinates is greater than the amount required to pay the dividends on the Mackay stocks, but the company's policy is to obtain only enough money for that purpose from its constituents, and the shareholders may do their own guessing as to what the actual income may be. A fund of twelve million dollars, realized from a sale of American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock about three years ago, is on hand in cash and securities, according to the report.

We believe in full publicity in corporation affairs. We think that a concern as prominent as the Mackay Companies has nothing to lose, and much to gain, by presenting its enterprise in an intelligent manner, giving a balance-sheet and an income account in full detail. We do not think that the decline in Mackay Companies preferred has anything to do with this matter, however, for the company has pursued its policy of concealment from its organization. The depreciation is no greater than it has been with numerous other stocks, and we believe that it has resulted from general causes, which have depressed nearly all securities alike in recent years.

A BANKRUPT COPPER-MINE

Can you give me any information concerning the Victoria Chief Copper Mining and Smelting Company, of New Mexico? I was induced to buy five hundred shares on the strong backing of an illustrated weekly paper, which I have since learned has recommended several questionable stocks. I am unable to obtain any information of the company from the promoters or from the weekly paper, and I would like to know how to proceed in recovering my money.

J. M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

According to Stevens's "Copper Handbook," the recognized authority on copper-mining enterprises in this country, the Victoria Chief Copper Mining and Smelting Company "ranks with the rankest." I do not think our correspondent stands any chance of recovering his money, for neither the promoters of the enterprise nor the weekly paper which advised this "investment," and which has recommended some decidedly shady propositions, is likely to take the shares off his hands. Our correspondent should charge his loss to experience, and eschew such purchases in the future.

We would also warn him against participating in any proposed reorganization of the

concern, for that has been attempted before. The Victoria Chief Copper Mining and Smelting Company, which is bankrupt, was organized and reorganized by "Colonel" Robert H. Hopper and Miss Julia N. Bigelow, an interesting firm who promoted many other non-revenue-producing mines, including the Sierra Consolidated Gold Mining Company, the Wellington Copper Company, the Statehood Mines Company, and the Vanadium Queen Mining Company. I have no flattering account of any of these propositions.

Many of the claims made by the promoters on behalf of the Victoria Chief Copper Mining and Smelting Company are pronounced utterly false by the "Copper Handbook," which gives the enterprise about the worst reputation that I have ever seen in print in an authoritative manual.

ELEMENTARY FACTS ABOUT BONDS

Please explain the meaning of "2s" and "4s" in connection with bond quotations, and also "selling at 95 or 110," and "due 1936 or 1999."

H. N., Greeley, Col.

These questions are purely elementary, but we know of no better place for one to start, who wants to know something about financial matters, than at the bottom.

The terms "2s" and "4s," used in connection with bond quotations, are abbreviations of "two-per-cents" and "four-per-cents," indicating, of course, that the bonds bear interest at the rate of two and four per cent per annum respectively.

"Selling at 95 or 110" indicates the selling price of the securities quoted in percentage of their par value. Thus a thousand-dollar bond at 95 may be purchased for \$950. One selling at 110 commands a premium, and is purchasable at \$1,100.

"Due 1936 or 1999" is self-explanatory. It means that the bonds mature, and the principal becomes payable to the owner, in the year 1936 or 1999, as the case may be.

A DEFUNCT OIL COMPANY

I would like to ask if the Titus Oil Company is still in existence, or consolidated with any other oil company. If so, can I claim back dividends? I have one hundred shares of this stock, par value ten dollars, which were bought June 17, 1865.

A. F. B., New York.

The Titus Oil Company of Pennsylvania was alive as late as 1870, but there is no record of its having paid dividends. The charter was declared void in 1883, when three years' taxes were unpaid. No value whatever has been found for the stock of companies bearing somewhat similar titles—the Titus Estates Petroleum Company, formed in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, in 1865, and the Titusville Oil and Land Company, formed in New York in the same year.

THE STAGE

A PROPHET OF PANIC

NEVER in the history of the American stage has there been so much talk about the theater, so great a quantity of matter printed concerning its affairs, and so little profit made out of it, in proportion to the effort put forth, as during the season now drawing toward an early close. It may be that the one condition precipitates the other—that the prominence given to the theater in print and conversation has

misled managers as to the extent of the public desire to buy seats at the box-office. This cause, however, is more remote than one that actually stares us in the face in stone and mortar as we walk up and down Broadway, and peer into the contiguous streets in the "white light" district. Manager A. H. Woods expressed the whole thing in a nutshell in an interview cabled from London, in late January, to the *New York Tribune*:

There are too many theaters in New York,



RUTH CHATTERTON, LEADING WOMAN WITH HENRY MILLER IN "THE RAINBOW"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



FRANCES SLOSSON IN THE NEW PLAY, "THE IRON DOOR"

From a photograph by Bushnell, Seattle

and no plays to put in them—that is, no successes. At the present time there are only four real successes in New York, and there are sixty-eight theaters.

The result, Mr. Woods predicted, would come in the shape of a theatrical panic, closing half the Broadway playhouses and turning them into garages for motor-cars.

Of course, the managers themselves are directly responsible for this condition of affairs. Four years ago—in May, 1909—I predicted in this magazine the very situation which has now come to pass. Referring to the dramatic supply I wrote:

In proportion to its population, New York has more theaters than any other city in the world. Why have so many of them been built? Not in response to any public demand, but largely on account of quarrels among the managers. The purveyors of plays have been divided into two or three camps, each determined to have its own playhouses and thus be independent of the others. And these houses, once built, must be kept in operation to pay interest on the money invested in them.

To the onlooker it would seem as if the last state of this overgorged amusement public was going to be worse than the first.

The managers have been to blame in other ways than in putting up more theaters than the population called for. Plays have steadily grown shorter, and the intermission music has been eliminated, so that instead of meeting the desperate situation by giving the public more for its money, they are actually offering less. Moreover, when there is a real success, good seats are to be obtained only at the hotels or special agencies, at a premium of at least fifty cents extra. Is it any wonder that the cheaper vaude-

ville and picture houses are prospering at the expense of the so-called legitimate?

Mr. Woods must have counted in some of the "picture palaces" when he asserted that there are sixty-eight theaters in New York. A few weeks since, with at least half a dozen of the Broadway houses closed for lack of suitable attractions, I took the



JANE GREY, LEADING WOMAN IN THE SUCCESSFUL DRAMA OF CRIMINAL LIFE, "THE CONSPIRACY,"
ONE OF THE FEW AMERICAN PLAYS CHARLES FROHMAN HAS EVER PRODUCED

From her latest photograph by White, New York



BEATRICE BECKLEY, WIFE OF JAMES K. HACKETT, AND LEADING WOMAN WITH HIM IN
"THE GRAIN OF DUST"

From a copyrighted photograph by Marceau, New York



BILLIE BURKE, STARRING IN THE PINERO SUCCESS, "THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"—A SERIES OF PORTRAITS SHOWING HER IN A VARIETY OF POSES

From her latest photographs by Sarony, New York



PAULINE FREDERICK, LEADING WOMAN AS POTIPHAR'S WIFE IN THE SUCCESSFUL BIBLICAL PLAY,
"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

trouble to count the number of producing theaters in the city, and found we had thirty-two, against twenty-eight in London. This does not include four new ones, still building at this writing—the Longacre in Forty-Eighth Street, the Shubert in Forty-

older and larger down-town auditoriums, erected in the days when bluster and rant was the fashion in drama, rather than the quiet methods of to-day.

Following close on the heels of Mr. Woods's prediction of a theatrical panic



ALICE YORKE, ONE OF THE WIVES IN THE LEHAR OPERETTA, "THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES"

From a photograph by Maffett, Chicago

Fourth, the Ames in Forty-Fifth, and the Princess in Thirty-Ninth Street. Fortunately, all of these are little houses—the Princess is to hold no more than two hundred and ninety-nine people. It is well that such small places should replace the

came Henry W. Savage with his onslaught on the dramatic critics. This attack was delivered in an address before the National Press Club less than a week after the failure of his production "Somewhere Else."

Mr. Savage asserts that the New York



GABY DESLYS, THE FRENCH ACTRESS, NOW BEING FEATURED IN THE WINTER GARDEN HIT,
"THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS"

From her latest photograph—copyright by White, New York

critics write from the point of view of self-exploitation, and are "chiefly concerned not with an analysis of the play, but with an effort to find a nail on which to hang some sharp saying or some clever impression which shall add to the personal popularity of their column, and not to the dignity of the performance. When we gamble, as we do, forty thousand dollars on a single production," he adds, "we are entitled to a jury which shall be competent, reliable, untrammelled, and I may say sympathetic."

Very good, but isn't the jury entitled to something? When Mr. Savage really gave them worth-while goods, as he did in "The Merry Widow," the critics did not need to look for some nail on which to hang a gibe. No, their verdict was a chorus of praise; and I do not recall that Mr. Savage made an address anywhere stating how much indebted he was to them for their indorsement of a worthy offering.

Mr. Savage talks about having gambled forty thousand dollars on a single production. Our managers seem to think only in figures with a dollar-mark ahead of them. The fault with "Somewhere Else" lay farther back than the mounting. The idea on which the play was built was not worth the money lavished upon it. Possibly the producer realized this, and thought he could get away with it, as they say, by smothering the stupidity of the book with scenery.

The libretto of "Somewhere Else" was written by Avery Hopwood years ago, when he was just out of college. Since then he has distinguished himself with "Seven Days" and "Nobody's Widow"; and when a manager comes along with a good offer for a work from which the author has long since ceased to expect anything, it is human nature to dig up the old manuscript and sell it. But what plausibility is there in a story which depends upon a woman's frantic desire to see the stepdaughter of a man with whom she is in love? Furthermore, when that stepdaughter is thirty-six, and the lover has assured his *fiancée* that she is seven, you have the same sort of crass absurdity that brought "Mama's Baby Boy" to grief in the same Broadway theater.

UNDERRATING THE PUBLIC

Exactly the opposite ailment troubled "The Old Firm," a whimsical comedy starring that capable English player, William Hawtrey. The basic idea of the piece

is promising, but the production, aside from the acting of Mr. Hawtrey himself, is not up to the mark. The name, too, is a drawback. "A Deal in Futures," a phrase often used in the piece, would have been preferable, or even "The Man from Below," under which title the play was performed in Boston some four or five years ago.

Harry and Edward Paulton, creators of "Erminie" and "Niobe," are the authors—which perhaps accounts for the hopelessly antique methods of handling the material. The first scene shows an inventor, who is at the end of his resources, and whose home is about to be taken away from him. In a fit of desperation, he wishes that he could sell himself to the devil. At this psychological moment, and in the midst of a thunder-storm, there appears a gentleman with pointed mustaches and a goatee, who announces that he has come in response to a summons. He is really a manufacturer interested in *Hake's* inventions, and is delighted to have the old man sign a contract with him. But *Hake* supposes he has delivered himself over to Satan, so when next day he finds his living-room repapered and money in the bank, his joy is tempered with trepidation.

Here is the skeleton for a comedy that ought to dress up well. As the Paultons have sent it forth, however, it is a thing of shreds and patches, padded with old-time melodrama, and cheapened with poor puns and with the use of every conceivable device to wring a laugh. It is this mistake of underrating the intelligence of the modern audience that is working as much harm to the stage as is the overbuilding of theaters. A piece that consists of inane drivel deserves its fate when it goes to the wall. Just as machine-made melodrama has gone out, so has the comedy that is mere slapstick and word-play.

So far as melodrama is concerned, the managers have waked up to the situation. Most of them appear to be still asleep with respect to the fun-producers. I heard recently of a team who were trying to get a comedy sketch produced on the vaudeville circuit. They brought in an agent to see a rehearsal.

"It's good," he told them. "The public will like it just as it is, but you can't get it booked."

"Why not?" asked the players, amazed, for they were new in the business.

"Because," was the reply, "there isn't

enough lowbrow comedy in the thing to get it past the men who sit in judgment."

PLUNGES THAT PLEASE

After half a season spent in listening to plays with situations only bobbing up at long intervals, like islets amid a sea of dialogue, it was a grateful change to revisit the Hippodrome, where talk is of necessity at a discount, and situations are the stock in trade of the house. The occasion was the addition to the bill of "Gipsy Life," a dramatic spectacle in three scenes. To make room for it, two of the least interesting scenes in "Under Many Flags" have been dropped. The new piece not only introduces new circus acts as part of a real tent show, but reveals a forest glade by moonlight that forms one of the most exquisite sets of the season. And some sixteen to twenty plunging horses restore to the Hippodrome the tank feature that first made it famous.

Plunges of an altogether different character had a brief New York showing in the motion pictures of the Kolb Brothers' journey through the famous cañon of the Colorado River. To my mind, adventures of this sort, where men must wrestle with forces that are not cognizant of the camera, are the best of all themes for moving pictures. For sheer thrill it is hard to beat certain stages of the journey through the dangerous rapids of the Colorado, although the travelers missed what would probably have proved the most interesting view of all; for one of their boats overturned, and the occupant of the other had to drop the crank of the picture-machine in order to save his brother from drowning.

It is a pity the views were not taken with a kinemacolor machine, but this may very possibly be done ere long. Herein lies a difference between travelogues and the manufactured scenarios, for scenery cannot be copyrighted. Anybody else with a couple of boats, a camera, and an unlimited supply of courage is at liberty to risk the same perils and make a new set of pictures.

THE VALUES IN "ROMANCE"

"Romance," the best-written play young Edward Sheldon ever turned out, promises to prove the most popular. It is distantly reminiscent of Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," for in both pieces the heroine is a famous opera-singer, and the general atmosphere is similar. But

there all resemblance ceases. The Fitch play was a comedy, Sheldon's is drama.

There is a touch of fantasy in "Romance," the prologue and epilogue being laid in the present and the intervening acts in the New York of the sixties. The grandson of *Bishop Armstrong* comes to him on New Year's eve, announcing that he is about to marry an actress. In the effort to dissuade him from such a step, the grandfather turns back to a leaf in his own past, and the story he tells of his own wild love for an Italian singer, and how she saved him from himself, forms the three acts of the play proper.

As the bishop talks before the fire, the lights dim until they are quite out, and they are kept low in the auditorium until the scene has changed from present to past. Then we hear the chatter of the guests at a reception in honor of the opera-singer at the *Van Tuyl* mansion, when Patti was in her prime and *Cavallini* was her only rival. Gradually the stage is illuminated; and at the end of the third act a similar transition takes the audience back to the bishop's study, as he finishes the tale, which, after all, fails to make the young man change his intention.

Doris Keane covers herself with glory as the opera-singer. To be sure, it is a part bristling with opportunities for effective work; but Miss Keane deserves the praise she has won, if only for her skill in making swift transitions from one phase of the woman's temperament to another. William Courtenay, of course, enjoys the chance of shifting from the old bishop to the young rector, and back again. He looks the part of the handsome young clergyman better than he acts it. But, although he has been seen much in light comedy of late years, it must not be forgotten that he was the lover to Virginia Harned in Pinero's "Iris." A. E. Anson achieves distinct success as the middle-aged banker, who is a friend of the rector, and the revelation of whose relations with the prima donna marks the big scene of the play. Gladys Wynne makes an appealing figure of the girl the bishop is supposed to have married after his period of storm and stress.

SCENIC AND SARTORIAL RIVALRY

In Mr. Savage's arraignment of dramatic critics, alluded to elsewhere in this issue, he bemoans their tendency to hang verbal quips on every possible peg, to the

detriment of a production under review. No doubt there still rankled in the Savage mind the plays that had been made upon the titles of his two recent Manhattan failures—"Somewhere Else" and "What Ails You?" But ringing the changes upon a play's name may be made to contribute to that play's welfare, as well as to its undoing. It all depends on the offering itself.

For example, here is the latest spectacular farce at the Winter Garden. Three out of half a dozen notices now before me have head-lines built out of the name of the piece, and all are complimentary to it. Says the *Times*:

Lightning Speed to "Honeymoon Express."

This is from the *Evening Mail*:

"The Honeymoon Express" Runs at Sixty Songs an Hour—Makes Fast Time and Is Never in Danger of a Wreck.

And the *Press* said almost the same thing:

"Honeymoon Express" Fast All the Way.

As a matter of fact, not only was this Winter Garden hodgepodge of girls, costumes, and songs well named, but the incident that supplied the title made a bigger hit than either girls, costumes, or songs, while the individual scoring highest was not one of the feminine contingent, but Al Jolson, the black-face comedian, who leaves Gaby Deslys in the rear in the number of encores.

The incident aforesaid is a race between a train and an automobile. At first it is indicated by lights representing respectively the car-windows and the machine's head-lamps; at the finish it is shown down-stage, close to the footlights, by life-sized representations of the real things. As to Gaby—possibly because most people are not quite sure how to pronounce her last name, she is always called by her first one—this young Frenchwoman has certainly worked hard to learn how to talk English and how to act; and she flits from costume to costume with almost as great speed as the Honeymoon Express itself.

If you want something a bit more polished than either her work or Jolson's, you may extract real enjoyment from the "pianologue" given by Melville Ellis and Ada Lewis. No higher compliment can be paid by the huge Winter Garden audiences

either to the artists or to itself than the close attention manifested during the ten minutes of this capital act.

A SHORT CUT TO DICKENS

In "The Yellow Jacket" we have realism without scenery. An English actor now touring the United States is absolutely convincing without the aid of either scenery or make-up, and with only such properties, in addition to a chair and table, as can be carried in his pocket.

The young man is Frank Speaight, who began his career with Charles Wyndham, but, dissatisfied with the low salaries paid to junior members of the profession in England, decided to branch out for himself. His "dramatic Dickens recitals" have become famous, not only in his home isle, but in Australia and America as well. No less wonderful than his performance, which is really protean minus change of costume, are his clever adaptations of the Dickens novels, condensing each story within the traffic of an hour and a half. In no happier way can the modern reader, who complains that he has no time for Dickens's long-drawn-out books, familiarize himself with characters that have become parts of every-day speech.

Mr. Speaight uses no manuscript, for his entertainments are distinctly not readings, nor does he underrate the intelligence of his audience by stopping to explain who is speaking. His wonderfully mobile face shows us at once the transition from *Pickwick* to *Mrs. Bardell*, from *Sam Weller* to the *Fat Boy*, from *Steerforth* to *Mr. Peggotty*. How Dickens himself would have loved to see his people of fancy made to live in fact as they seem to do while we are watching and listening to Frank Speaight!

A TWENTY-MINUTE SATIRICAL DELIGHT

Of the offerings new to Broadway in the first fortnight of the Irish Players' second New York engagement, by far the most delightful was "The Magnanimous Lover," in one act, by St. John G. Ervine. Based on an idea like that of "Hindle Wakes," it is comedy where the English play was serious. It is acted with that persistent ignoring of the audience which is one of the most delightful traits in these mummings from Dublin.

Maggie Cather has borne a child to Henry Hinde, who goes to Liverpool, where he gets religion and prospers in a material

way as well. Conscience pricking him, he comes back to Ireland with an offer to right the wrong he has done to *Maggie*, by making her his wife. His father, a grocer, and immensely proud of the fact that *Henry* now has a shop of his own and two assistants, accompanies his son to shoemaker *Cather's* place. He does not fail to point out to *Maggie's* parents what a magnanimous thing *Henry* is doing, for he could have married the minister's daughter in Liverpool. But when *Maggie* herself appears, she spurns the proposal. With keen insight, she sees that it is only to ease his conscience that *Henry* is making her the offer.

"You think you are better nor I, then?" she asks him.

"I do that, *Maggie*," he replies. "I'm a saved mon!"

"An' it is I should go to the altar with you, an' you lookin' on me like that! No, thanks! I'll not do it"; and to this resolution she sticks.

That wondrously versatile actress, Sara Allgood, plays *Maggie*; but where all make so excellent an ensemble, it seems unfair to single out one for praise. The Irish intonation of the actors is music to the ear attuned to it. The only pity is that in so large a theater as Wallack's, the carrying power of the voices falls short of the rear seats.

Speaking of the Irish Players, it is quite possible that we may soon see a performance given by a much-heralded all-American cast, George Cohan and Willie Collier having organized a club to be composed exclusively of native actors.

GOOD TITLE TO A HALF-GOOD PLAY

There were many odd turnings in "The Bridal Path," a new comedy by Thompson Buchanan, of which one critic declared that it merely led up a blind alley, while another—mistakenly, as it proved—propheesied for the play a long run.

Mr. Buchanan will be remembered as the author of "A Woman's Way," for Grace George, the last effective vehicle of that charming actress, who seems unable to find another equally good. "The Bridal Path" was written for Billie Burke, but Mr. Frohman preferred to put her into "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," so he paid his forfeit to the American playwright, and young Buchanan turned elsewhere with his script, which at one stage was to be called "A

Man's Way." Edward J. Bowes, husband of Margaret Illington, took it up; and on the strength of Ann Murdock's fluffy bronzed hair and piquant *moues*, he forthwith cast her for the heroine.

From pure comedy, often of a really delightful type, in the first and second acts, the story switched, in the third, to a most unconvincing treatment of wearisome problems. The display of gowns in the wedding scene rivaled those in "All for the Ladies," with the difference that in the Sam Bernard piece the frocks are dreams, while in "The Bridal Path" they were so bizarre as to be mostly nightmares. The storehouse soon claimed them, along with the play.

THE TALKING PICTURES AND OTHERS

Mid-February was an epoch in the "movies" for New York. On the 17th, "The Miracle" pictures were revealed at the Park Theater, assisted by a chorus of nuns and an immense orchestra. On the same day, Edison's kinetophone, or talking-pictures machine, had its first public demonstration at four of the vaudeville houses. On the following afternoon, at the Lyceum Theater, Daniel Frohman gave a private view of "The Prisoner of Zenda," for which James K. Hackett and a supporting cast of such well-known actors as Walter Hale, Minna Gale Haynes, and David Torrence posed in studio, in field, and in flood—for in one scene Hackett swims the moat, sword in mouth.

In the portrait of Mrs. Hackett (Beatrice Beckley) on page 142, she is shown in the costume of *Princess Flavia*, as she appears in this screen representation of Anthony Hope's famous novel. It is a reproduction of the story rather than the play, many episodes of the book which could not be reduced within the space framed by the proscenium being included in this first American product of the Famous Players Film Company. For instance, we look through the palace window, and see the public's acclaim of *Black Michael* and the king as they ride through the square. Again, we follow the dash of the three conspirators through the forest—for which latter a stretch of woods at Sound Beach, Connecticut, was pressed into service.

The preliminary outlay for the taking of these pictures must have been heavy, but as the films can be duplicated to a practically unlimited extent, it is tolerably cer-

tain to be recouped. As Mr. Frohman said in his opening address, "The Prisoner of Zenda" may now be seen in the remotest hamlet, where flesh-and-blood players of such caliber as these would never be likely to penetrate.

This story, in which clash of arms re-sounds, and plot vies with counterplot in piling action thick, lends itself with peculiar effectiveness to the camera. What the results will be when the same concern takes up the quieter comedy methods of Ethel Barrymore, remains to be seen.

As to the "talkies"—for this irreverent age has already nicknamed Edison's latest invention—the synchronism between picture and speech appears to be more complete than is the power of the phonograph apparatus to project the sound. In the initial demonstrations there was no lack of accord between the speaker's lips and the words that issued therefrom, but these words were not always as distinct as they might be. The barking of a couple of dogs was highly realistic, but for some reason the smashing of crockery was ineffective; and in the minstrel entertainment, the bones and tambourine were quite inaudible.

I am frank to admit that the exhibition surpassed my expectations. The possibilities of this adjunct to motion photography are enormous. Imperfection of development alone stands between the kinetophone and an almost boundless sphere of usefulness.

THE DREGS OF THE CRIME DRAMA

Is Broadway so wedded to plays of criminal life as to make a real success out of so poor a specimen as "The Master Mind"? I wonder, and you will know when these lies lie before you.

Edmund Breese, featured in the name-part, appears as a valet holding a small army of criminals in his control. Actors revel in such a rôle, but as set forth by the new playwright, Daniel D. Carter, it leaves many things unexplained, and some of the situations—such as the ready-made family for the heroine—are so far-fetched as to be quite unconvincing. In fact, the piece more closely resembles the supposedly obsolete Third Avenue thriller of ten years back than anything else I have seen outside of the "movies."

"The Master Mind" is said to have been suggested by the Brandt case. In all probability it would never have found a man-

ager with courage to place it anywhere except on a white screen, had it not been for the phenomenal box-office success of "Within the Law."

THE DRAMA LEAGUE AGAIN

In the bulletin issued by the Brooklyn center of the Drama League on "The Poor Little Rich Girl," I find this concise, clear-cut indorsement of a production that in every sense deserves it:

This play is one of the most rare and original fiber. The second act is a veritable gem—a most unusual mixture of a satire on the modern household, childish fancies and questions, dreams, imagination, and actual terrible illness. The wit and humor are most unexpected; it is gurgling with laughter, aching with pathos, and piled full, in every corner, of quaint imagery. It is by far the best play of its kind that has ever appeared here.

The Philadelphia center of the league rather dodged the issue in its report on the same piece, possibly because its bulletin was based on witnessing a dress rehearsal only:

The first act is a satisfactory exposition. The second act is a *tour de force* from the standpoint of psychology and stagecraft. The third act, although short, is a trifle long for the subject-matter presented.

The Drama League's third annual convention is announced for Chicago on April 25 and 26, with its chief topic for discussion "Modern Tendencies in Drama." Among the speakers will be Cosmo Hamilton, of London, author of "The Blindness of Virtue." He will talk on "The Thesis Play"—a type of which his own is a trenchant example. On the 24th there are to be conferences to afford opportunity for the officers of the various league centers—of which there are now twenty—to compare notes on such matters of common interest as the preparation and distribution of bulletins, recruiting new members, and the like. These conferences promise to prove a most helpful phase of the convention. Not only delegates, but all the members of every center are invited to them, and have a right to vote.

At the Chicago meeting the delegates will learn of a little journal recently started by the Philadelphia center, and "to be issued semioccasionally." It is called *The Prompter*. I quote a pithy side-light

on what the make-up of the play-going committee should be, as interpreted by its chairman:

No one should be placed on this committee who approaches the work with the feeling of "What fun! I am going to see a play for the Drama League!" Is there a greater anti-thesis to "fun" than the mental tension of listening critically to a play? There are many who are unfit because they capitulate promptly, on the rise of the curtain, to the artists, to the scenery, or to some sentimental stimulus in the story.

Mrs. A. Starr Best, by the bye, a founder and the first president of the league, is now chairman of the publicity committee in the board of directors, on which latter also sits Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, whose class in dramatic construction has turned out more than one playwright of promise.

A DUPLICATE IN WINNING WIDOWS

In the heyday of his young manhood—for he is not yet thirty-five—George Cohan has abandoned the boards of the theater that bears his name, never, he declares, to return to them as an actor. In the heyday of her middle age, if I may put it so, May Irwin has taken his place on them. She, too, went into retirement a few years ago, but, as so often happens in such cases, she wouldn't "stay put."

Miss Irwin runs to widows, so far as successes are concerned. The farce comedy in which she made her debut as a star at the Bijou, in 1895, was "The Widow Jones," by J. J. McNally. Her present vehicle is "Widow by Proxy," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who wrote "The Real Thing" for Henrietta Crosman.

The resemblance between the new piece and that of eighteen years ago by no means ceases at the title, and yet I should not think of accusing either the author or the star of "lifting." Very likely Miss Cushing never heard of "The Widow Jones," and I shouldn't be at all surprised to find that Miss Irwin herself had no definite recollection of its plot. I had forgotten it, until it turned up in my clipping department.

In the first play the widow was an heiress, pestered by two suitors, who evidently had their eye on her money. To escape, she hies her to a village in Maine, and masquerades as the widow of one Jones, who is

supposed to have been drowned, but who afterward turns up alive.

In "Widow by Proxy," the leading rôle is that of a vocal teacher with a friend in need of money, which she refuses to accept as a legacy from her deceased husband's uncle because his family declined to accept her. May Irwin decides to impersonate her friend and get the money for her, so the two go to a village in Massachusetts, where the husband, though supposed to have died in Alaska, shortly walks in, very much alive.

The two plays are utterly dissimilar in atmosphere, and I mention the faint similarity between them merely as one of those odd coincidences that are constantly cropping up in stage-land. The new farce abounds in droll situations, and of course it is immensely helped by Miss Irwin's inimitable personality and the slight burr in her speech—which latter she gets, not from Keokuk, but from the town of Whitby, in Canada, where she was born.

May Irwin didn't have to return to the stage in order to make money. She is said to have plenty of it, having invested the profits of her earlier starring in New York real estate. She has been married twice, both times meeting her fate in connection with her business. Her first husband was John Keller, musical director at Tony Pastor's, where May and her sister Flo began their careers on the variety stage, as it was called then. Mr. Keller, who died a good many years ago, was the father of her two sons, Harry and Walter Irwin, who took their mother's stage name. In 1907 she married Kurt Einfeldt of Minneapolis, at that time manager of her company.

TEN YEARS OF BILLIE BURKE

At first blush it would seem a very far cry indeed from May Irwin to Billie Burke, of whom we this month present a page of portraits; but the two actresses have—or at least have had—two things in common. Each went on the stage because of financial reverses, and both began with coon songs.

Miss Burke was born in Washington, and was named Billie because her father had felt sure that she was going to be a boy. Educated at a convent in France, she afterward went to live in London, where Mr. Burke had taken up his residence as a journalist. Her debut was made at one of the London halls—the Pavilion, on Piccadilly Circus—when she scored such a hit

with her songs that she was engaged as the first half of the title in the pantomime "Beauty and the Beast," at Birmingham. Then, just ten years ago, she returned to London in musical comedy.

Next Charles Frohman promoted her to be leading woman with John Drew, and in 1907 she made her American debut at the Empire Theater, in "My Wife." A year later she was created a star on her own account, in "Love Watches." These two plays, both from the French, were highly successful in New York, but in regard to "Love Watches" London rendered a contrary verdict when the piece was produced there, with Miss Burke, the following summer. She may console herself with the fact that Pinero's "Mind-the-Paint Girl" has enjoyed a far greater degree of prosperity over here, in her hands, than it did in England, where Marie Löhr played it last spring.

Mr. Frohman has picked Billie Burke for *Lady Noel* in his forthcoming revival of "The Amazons." He gave the part to Miss Löhr in London last summer.

CHICAGO'S PLAY VERDICT

Chicago agreed with New York in respect to "Bought and Paid For," which, on March 8, closed a run of one hundred and eighty-four performances at Mr. Brady's Western theater, the Princess. The Lake City also approved the Winter Garden review, "The Passing Show of 1912"; but it seems to have reversed Broadway's verdict on three other offerings, one serious; the second in comedy vein; the third a musical farce.

"The Blindness of Virtue" has enjoyed a three months' career in the Illinois city, and "Our Wives" lasted an equal period at the Cort. "The Sun Dodgers" endured much longer on the banks of Lake Michigan than it did beside those of the Hudson. With "Little Boy Blue," the case was the other way. Of this piece, which was so well liked in New York, a representative Chicago reviewer wrote:

Many tedious operettas have been imported from the German-speaking stage by American managers during the past ten years, but few have been more vacant of entertainment than "Little Boy Blue."

Offerings new to the boards to be tried in Chicago during March are "The Escape," by Paul Armstrong, with Helen Ware as

the star and eugenics for the theme; "The Silver Wedding," by Edward Locke, author of "The Case of Becky" and "The Climax," with Thomas Wise in the limelight; and "At Bay," by George Scarborough, a new writer, whose offering features a seemingly ill-assorted pair of players, Andrew Mack and Chrystal Herne.

EUGENICS ON THE STAGE

Apropos of "The Escape," if the children of future generations are not physically and mentally well-born, it will not be for lack of effort on the part of some theatrical folk to spread interest in eugenics. In the month in which "The Escape" sees footlights in Chicago, Richard Bennett, in New York, hopes to give a private performance of Brieux's "Damaged Goods." It seems that he cannot make it a public affair, in the present state of the law.

Commenting on the restrictions imposed in the English-speaking countries, Bernard Shaw, in his preface to the published version of Brieux's play, waxes indignant:

Our shops and business offices are full of young men living in lonely lodgings, whose only artistic recreation is the theater. In the theater we practise upon them every art that can make their loneliness intolerable, and heighten the charm of the bait in the snares of the street as they go home. But when a dramatist is enlightened enough to understand the danger, and sympathetic enough to come to the rescue with a play to expose the snare and warn the victim, we forbid the manager to perform it on pain of ruin, and denounce the author as a corrupter of morals.

No doubt what Mr. Shaw says is true—especially his condemnation of the atmosphere of vulgarity and sensuality that disgraces too many of our theatrical entertainments. But it does not follow that because a dramatist's purpose is good—often a difficult matter to test—there should therefore be no restriction whatever upon the public exhibition, before mixed audiences, of matters that offend most people's sense of decency.

As to "Damaged Goods," we are neither attacking nor defending it. It is enough to say, simply as a matter of record, that it deals with the so-called "unmentionable disease."

PLOTS THICK AND THIN

Two of the new plays on Broadway, while alike in being popular hits, are in marked contrast in some respects. In Sam Ber-

nard's show, "All for the Ladies," the story is kept very much to the fore, while in "The Sunshine Girl," which launches Julia Sanderson as a star, the plot is dwarfed to infinitesimal proportions.

"All for the Ladies," at the Lyric, is an adaptation of a French farce, the English version being made by Henry Blossom, author of "Mlle. Modiste." The tuneful music comes from Alfred G. Roby, of St. Louis, who collaborated with Mr. Blossom once before—on "The Yankee Consul," for Raymond Hitchcock.

"The Sunshine Girl" is an importation from the London Gaiety. To overcome the handicap of a dull book—written in part by the composer of the score, Paul Rubens—Charles Frohman has turned it into something like a star vaudeville performance. Last September, in my notice of the piece as witnessed in London, I noted that the musical numbers were pleasing, but few and far between. In the Knickerbocker version there are no less than twenty-four—ten in the first act and fourteen in the second.

The new ones include "You Can't Play Every Instrument in the Band," by John Golden, with words by Joseph Cawthorn, who is featured as the London cabby, and who also introduces his famous concertina. Then there is the wonderful dance by the Castles, Vernon and his wife. Vernon Castle plays the part originated in London by George Grossmith, while to pair off with Julia Sanderson is Alan Mudie, her old team-mate in "The Arcadians."

JULIA SANDERSON AND "FANTANA"

Adele Ritchie, by the bye, now playing in "All for the Ladies," was leading woman at this same Lyric Theater in "Fantana" eight years ago, when Julia Sanderson first had Broadway opera-glasses leveled at her. Miss Sanderson was cast for *Elsie Sturtevant*, "a New York belle, schoolmate of *Fanny's*," and if I recall correctly, she paired off with Douglas Fairbanks, "a recent graduate of Annapolis," who also found himself first facing a Broadway public.

This Japanese-American musical comedy, by the bye, set a new fashion in shows of its type. Do you recall the love-song in the last act, "Just My Style," sung first by the hero and heroine and then by the other principals two and two? It was a distinctly novel idea at that day, though it has since had a host of imitators. "Fan-

tana," with a book by the late Sam S. Shubert and Robert B. Smith, ran for many months. Besides the three members of the cast already mentioned, Jefferson de Angelis and Katie Barry furnished the low comedy, as valet and maid respectively. The piece had three acts with as varied backgrounds as the exterior of a hotel at Monterey, California, a palace at Nagasaki, and the deck of a yacht. The twenty-three musical numbers were nearly all encores, if I may so put it, and in these spring nights of hard scratching for attractions to round out the season, the Shuberts could do much worse than take "Fantana" out of its camphor-balls.

Arthur Hammerstein is already to the fore with a revival of a Japanese piece, "The Geisha," booked to follow "The Man With Three Wives" at Weber & Fields' Music Hall on March 31. He has engaged a strong cast for this dainty musical play, which first brought Marie Tempest to the fore. No more charming piece was ever staged at either of the theaters named for the late Augustin Daly, and it scored a hit both in London and in New York.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Speaking of revivals, among those scheduled are presentations of "The Beggar Student" and "Rosedale." The latter, written by Lester Wallack, has not been seen on Broadway since the late Joseph Haworth staged it in 1894 at the Star Theater, once known as Wallack's, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway.

In London, Sir George Alexander has again—for the third time, if I mistake not—fallen back on Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." His production of the Chinese drama "Turandot" did not please the patrons of the St. James, and he has rushed in the Wilde comedy to bridge the void while another novelty is in preparation. On at least one previous occasion the stop-gap revival of this same scintillant potpourri of epigram and plot served Sir George for several months, and it wouldn't surprise me in the least to find the same thing happening again.

Novelties seem harder to come by in London than in New York. "Drake" appears to be the one best bet of the present season over there, this navy play by Louis N. Parker having played at His Majesty's from September 8 into March.

Matthew White, Jr.

HIS GREAT ADVENTURE*

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF "TOGETHER," "THE COMMON LOT," ETC.

XXVIII

IF the young dramatist had been disappointed by Miss Delacourt's apparent lack of interest in his play and in the part of *Gertrude*, on the occasion of that first luncheon, he was quickly reassured by the energetic way in which, beginning with the next day, she threw herself into her work. As soon as she had time "to roll up her sleeves," as she expressed it, she plunged into the rehearsals, an incarnation of work and enthusiasm.

To be sure, she put the author through some uncomfortable hours while she criticized his piece and suggested changes with her usual frankness and point. She "combed it out," as she said, line by line, and convinced him, against his will, that he should cut freely and sharpen his dialogue all through. Moreover, she set him right on several subtle points in the heroine's psychology.

"She knows what she's about, too," Harrison reported to Brainard. "I don't see how she's done it, but in her flip way she's absorbed a lot in Europe. She knows what all of them are doing. She was quoting Brieux, Barrie, and Shaw at me last night all in one gulp. I must rewrite that third curtain to suit her ladyship."

"You must remember that you are dealing with a star," Brainard observed dryly. "She may be new to the firmament, but she knows what belongs to her starship."

In much the same manner the new leading lady took hold of the other players, and "shook 'em all by the neck and woke 'em up." There were but three weeks left, and she wore the company almost to the point of revolt by the long rehearsals she demanded. When they grumbled, she read them a characteristic lecture.

"It's your last stunt for the old People's. You know you have all got a lot out of the concern—for one thing, much better pay than some of you will ever see again; and a lot more besides. So show that you've got something warm inside your anatomy where your hearts ought to be—at least a dog's gratitude for the hand that's fed you. The piece is all right, too; it will make the jaded pulse of Broadway flutter like an ingénue. Just you give the public a chance to discover that here is a play as *is* a play!"

During these strenuous weeks of rehearsal Brainard was absent most of the time in Arizona and Washington, where the already celebrated case of the Krutzmacht widow was now imminent. He had come to believe that Harrison had more than a professional interest in his *Gertrude*, and he preferred to be absent from the scene of the wooing; but on the day of the dress rehearsal of "Her Great Adventure" he returned to New York and dropped in at the theater on his way home, slipping into a seat in the rear of the dim house.

The piece went with amazing swiftness and smoothness, thanks to the hard work Miss Delacourt had got out of the company. Absorbed by the play, Brainard was completely taken out of the wearying round of his daily perplexities.

"It *is* a play," he muttered excitedly to himself, "and they do it amazingly well. That girl is almost great. If the public will only come to see her, and not take what the newspapers say, they'll understand. She's an actress!"

He repeated these warm words of praise a little later in Miss Delacourt's dressing-room, where he went to congratulate the actress. Louisiana was in street costume, buttoning up her gloves, when he arrived.

* This story began in the November (1912) number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

"I saw you in the back row," she said in reply. "Any better news?"

"I am afraid not. The court reserved its decision. They put up an amazing case, the impudent rascals! They almost made me believe them in spite of myself. I must tell you all about it some time. I think we shall be able to pull off 'Her Great Adventure' just in time before the sheriff closes the doors."

He laughed good-humoredly at the situation, and handed her his cigarette-case. Louisiana lighted a cigarette, then said abruptly:

"I hope you won't be angry with me. I've borrowed something of yours while you were away. Couldn't wait to get permission."

"Honored that you found anything worth taking! What is it?"

"I borrowed a new name for myself!"

"I remember you said that we had ruined the old one for you!" he laughed. "You were sitting over there in the corner, too mad to cry, when you said it."

"After making such a guy of myself as *Cordelia* I couldn't bear to see the old name on the bill-boards. Besides, I think I like this one better, anyway."

"What is it?"

"I'm calling myself Melody—"

Brainard's expression changed suddenly, and he turned away.

"You don't like it," she said coaxingly.

"But it's a pretty name!"

"Melody what?" he asked, with a touch of sternness.

"Oh, just Melody White—that's all."

"But Melody was *her* name," he protested.

"I know! You told me so. But that Melody doesn't exist really; she's just a name—an idea you have. I took a fancy to it—my dotty point, see? I'm superstitious about it. I want to make this thing a great big success, as you made the mine," she said swiftly. "So don't be cross with me for making free with your unknown lady-love's first name!"

Brainard smiled in spite of himself at the girl's insistence on a trivial thing.

"I don't know why I should object," he said slowly.

But he realized that even in speaking he did object. It was one thing to ask him for Melody's sketch, the only memento he had of his mistress, but another to take this liberty with the mythical Melody's name,

and to post it up for the whole world to see on a theatrical bill-board. In a moment, however, Brainard's common sense came back to him.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't take that name as well as another, if you can make it right with Harrison and the manager. I should think they might object, after all the press work they have done for Louisiana Delacourt."

"I can manage *them* all right!"

The new Melody puffed these gentlemen aside in a cloud of smoke.

They drove up-town together in Brainard's car, but neither spoke. The girl, Brainard observed, was unwontedly excited, her little hands gnawing at the muff in her lap, her keen eyes devouring the passing crowd on the streets. Brainard, who was tired in mind and body, was content merely to watch his companion from his corner through half-closed eyes.

After all the hard work of the past weeks, Louisiana—or, as she now preferred to call herself, Melody—was marvelously fresh and pretty. She had the lithe body, the deep-set eyes, the sensitive, mobile features of a real temperament. He wondered whether she cared deeply for Harrison. The young secretary was undoubtedly attractive, and if this play brought him the attention it ought, he might become a good dramatist; but if the girl had an ambition to be a great actress, she had better not tie herself yet to any man. And it comforted Brainard curiously to remember how unmercifully she had handled the young man's play.

"The *Star of the Seven Seas*' is to be withdrawn," she said at last, breaking in on his meditation. "Only two weeks' run—dead failure! Cissie thinks New York audiences are exceedingly provincial. She is going back to dear old Lunnion as soon as she can get there. Maybe I shall be able to help her later."

As the car stopped before a third-rate hotel in the Forties, Brainard inquired:

"So Cissie has moved from the Astor?"

"Yes, Cissie is visiting me now," the actress replied.

"Times change—for us all!"

XXIX

LATTERLY the critics had completely ignored the existence of the People's Theater. Its announcements aroused no more public interest than the program of an

ethical culture society. Brainard, who had at last learned the real importance of publicity, feared lest this same contemptuous indifference on the part of the press might bury his young secretary's play in hasty and undeserved oblivion.

But as he sank into his seat on the following Monday night he was surprised and relieved at the size and the character of the audience. All the leading critics of the metropolitan press were there, also many of "those who know," and whose verdict is useful indirectly. There were some theatrical people, and a few fashionable folk from Mrs. Donnie Peabrain's world. The rest were the ordinary, semiintelligent theater-going sort.

It was an ideal house before which to try out the new piece. If it had anything enduring in it, there were those present who could recognize the fact. Ned Harrison had many personal friends in the city—college mates at various clubs, young literary aspirants, dramatists, newspaper and professional men. Among these, evidently, the word had been passed around that Ned's play was worth seeing—and that was enough. Louisiana had also worked Cissie, and Cissie Pyce had reached other professional circles.

"And now for the play," Brainard sighed, dropping his glasses after this preliminary reconnaissance, "and for our one actress!"

At last, amid the hush of a well-trained, expectant audience, the heavy curtains rolled up noiselessly, revealing the first scene—a rough shack in a mining-camp, with a splendid background of mountains and desert.

There was no doubt from the first curtain that the piece would go—would hold this audience, any audience, by the simple power of its story, its honest pathos and humor, its vitality and veracity. But it was not until the first scene of the third act that the people gathered there awoke to the fact that a real actress, and one whose very name had not been heard before that night, was taking this piece, and the part of the Western girl, *Gertrude*, to present herself as an artist. "Melody White" was her name on the program.

"Who is she?" was the whisper that ran around the theater.

Certainly she was not the Louisiana Delacourt whose liberties with *Cordelia* had made a farce of "Lear"! Quiet, al-

most subdued in her methods, with an extraordinary variety of power, she gave the lines—many of which had a real poetic quality—with a musical accent that swept over the ears of the audience like a soft, summer wave. Her face was lighted with a glow; her slightest gesture seemed to reveal something of the character—the free, fearless, capable woman of the great West.

As the play went on, hardened theatergoers looked at one another in wonder and joy. Here, beyond the shadow of doubt, was a fresh talent, as Brainard had predicted.

At the close of the act, after the furious applause, the flowers, and the curtain-calls for company, actress, and author, there was a clamor behind the scenes for a speech from the founder. The company gathered about Brainard and insisted that he "must say something."

"You talked to 'em when I was down, do you remember?" Melody remarked. "I think you ought to say a word now that I am up!"

So for the second and last time Brainard faced an audience in the People's Theater, and the irrepressible young actress was the occasion for both his speeches. In a few rapid words he reviewed the purposes he had had in mind in opening the theater, two years before.

"We have made many mistakes, of course. Perhaps some of you may think that we have made more mistakes than anything else. We have learned a great deal; and first of all that in our country there is no 'people'—no *one* public. At least, they haven't patronized their own theater! But I can't think that we have altogether failed, after such a night as this.

"One of our desires was to produce truthful American plays of real American life. 'Her Great Adventure' is American to the core, and you seem to think it good. Another object was to discover and educate persons of unusual dramatic talent, to create artists and free them from the base compromises of the commercial stage. To-night you have witnessed the début of such a talent. Having given the world 'Her Great Adventure' and Miss Melody White, we can haul down our colors with honor. Who shall say that we have failed?"

After the play, the company gathered in the library for supper, to celebrate their triumph. It was Brainard's custom to give such a feast at every *première*, but to-night

there was among the fifty or sixty guests an unaccustomed air of success and intoxication that bubbled into speeches and songs and kept them until long after midnight. At last, after dreary failures, contempt, and neglect, the People's had achieved a real, big, popular success! The critics had scattered to tell all New York to go to the People's Theater in West Twelfth Street, to see "Her Great Adventure" and a real American actress.

"We sha'n't be closing right off, I reckon," Miss White whispered across the table to Brainard.

"Not as soon as I expected!" he replied with a smile.

When the party finally broke up, he looked to see the successful author lead away his triumphant star; but, to his surprise, Harrison went off with some young men, to finish his triumph with them at a club. Brainard questioned the actress with his eyes.

"Yes, you've got to take me home in your car! Cissie has left. Don't you see that I have waited until all the women are gone, and now you are making me ask you for a ride outright?"

"I merely wished to efface myself before the hero of the occasion," he replied joyfully.

"No need of such consideration. He's left me to cab it up alone."

"Have you already had the usual tiff between two collaborators?"

"Oh, no," she drawled, as the car started with them. "Not at all! You see, he wanted to push the contract."

"What do you mean?"

"Ned asked me yesterday to marry him. It would be a convenient arrangement, you know; he could write the plays and I make 'em famous!"

"Don't put it that way!" Brainard protested quickly. "He's the best of fellows, and I know that he cares for you."

"It won't hurt him, I reckon. Clever boy—my, how big his head will be after to-night, though!"

The young actress yawned, and snuggled under the fur robe.

"How about yours?"

"I'm just happy. You see, I was right. The play is going to be a great money-maker."

"It certainly looks that way to-night. That means that we shall be able to keep the place open till the end of the season,

and close with the band playing. For all of which we have to thank you!"

"And your clever secretary! Tell me, have you heard anything more about the case?"

"The lawyers telephoned me late this afternoon that the judge had given his decree—in *their* favor."

Her hand stole across to his under the robe.

"Of course, we appeal," Brainard went on; "but they've got a strong case. Fraud, of course, but we can't prove it."

"Why not? Tell me more about the case. I've been meaning to ask you all along; but this play has filled every corner of my little head. Now I can think of something else. Come on up-stairs. I don't feel the least bit sleepy, and you can tell me all about the case—why they won when it's a fraud."

"That's simple enough," Brainard began, when they had seated themselves in the actress's tiny parlor. "This man Krutzmacht, it seems, had married his stenographer out there in San Francisco. At least, she's got a perfectly good certificate."

"But how could he have really married her, if he was already married?"

"You mean if he was already married to the lost Melody's mother? But *was* he married to her mother? We can't find any record of it. Nobody knows, unless we could find Melody herself, and I have given up all hope of that. Krutzmacht might have deceived her too, you know."

"Why, of course he was married to Melody's mother—and wasn't divorced, either!"

"What do you know of it?"

"Stupid!" she said gently, rising and putting her hands on his shoulders. "Can't you see that—I am Melody—yes, the real Melody!"

"Louisiana—"

"Name of my mother's State. I made up Delacourt for the stage. Louisiana Delacourt was my old name—spoiled by *Cordelia*!"

She laughed at his astonishment.

"And you are Melody Krutzmacht?"

"Lord, no! Melody White. Krutzmacht wasn't any father of mine, thank goodness!"

"And your mother?"

"Was Mrs. Della White—legally married to Herbert Krutzmacht in the Amer-

ican consulate at Guatemala City. He met mama down there, and married her, when I was a child. I've got everything necessary to prove what I say. So you just telegraph that judge to hold his horses and get ready to write another decree!"

"And they hadn't been divorced?" Brainard pursued, bewildered.

"Not that! He was bad enough, gave mother a dreadful life, took her up to that desolate mining town in Arizona, and left her there. Poor ma! But he sent her money when he had any—even that last time when he was in New York—and always called her his wife. I have letters to show it."

"But you weren't his child!" Brainard mused.

"Only by adoption; but I am my mother's only living relative, and she died after him!"

"So, as the old man seems to have had no other living heirs to make claim, it is all your money!"

Melody shook her head smilingly.

"Not quite that! A good part of it must belong to my able trustee, who discovered the sulfur and made it pay. Dad Krutzmacht couldn't have had very much to the good when he died. He wasn't a nice sort of man, Dad Krutzmacht," she added thoughtfully.

"Well, he left you a nice little fortune—something over twenty millions. You will have to think more tenderly of the old fellow."

"Ugh! How I hated him and Monument! Just as soon as mother was gone, I fled."

"In the night—rode down to the railroad. I remember now. But tell me, where did you go then, and what happened to you? How did you escape the search I made for you all over the world?"

"That's *my* story! I'll tell it to you some day—how I dishwashed and cooked for a living on a ranch, peddled corsets, and worked in a factory—it's a long yarn. Some of it is in the play; I told Ned the amusing things. But he has fixed it up a whole lot—I don't know myself!"

"It must have been hard for a girl."

"It was, but I am not sorry. It gave you a chance to work the mine, for one thing."

There was a pause, and then Brainard rose to leave, saying:

"Well, Miss White—"

"Just plain Melody, please! I like the name—don't you?"

"It means a good deal to me, as I told you."

The girl blushed, remembering what he had said about his unknown mistress, and drawled:

"But you didn't like my taking it a little bit."

"No," Brainard admitted. "But I don't mind now."

"You oughtn't to, really, seeing that it is my own name by baptism."

They both laughed at this. Melody danced about the small room, woke up the new Boston bull, and made him dance with her. She was once more the child Brainard had first known at the opening of the theater.

"You'll have to squelch that woman who's trying to take poor mama's place," she remarked, in a pause.

"Of course I shall attend to that at once—and all other business until I can straighten out your property and hand it over to you clear of tangles."

"What do you mean? Do you think I am going to take your old mine?" Melody fairly shouted. "It's yours, yours, all yours! You won the first stake with your nerve, and you made the rest of it. And you'll keep it, too, my friend—at least, most of it. Perhaps some day, when I get the fool-bug in my head, and want a company of my own, I'll come around and call on you for a couple of hundred thousand."

Brainard looked at the girl almost severely.

"All the property is *yours*, of course. Krutzmacht meant it so. Your name was the last word on his lips. I have been merely trustee for it. It would be impossible for me to keep it now. You can see that it would be different from what it has been while you were only a name."

"I see what *you* are," she replied slowly. "The honestest, most generous, most unselfish of men—and the foolishhest! Come, let's stop this swapping of compliments like a couple of children—'You take it, George!' 'No, you take it, Edith!' So old Pap Krutz wanted me to have his money! I suppose he thought to make it square for what he put mother and me through. He treated us like peons!"

Brainard laughed.

"You may think differently about your twenty millions in the morning. We'll

wait till then. Good night, and double congratulations, Melody!" he said.

"Yes, we'd quite forgotten how good I was in the play. I'll send you those papers to-morrow morning, and you see that the two scalawags don't make good! I can't be bothered with lawsuits and things until after the season closes. I'm making *my* great adventure now, the same as you did once! I don't want to be disturbed until I have carried it through."

"I'll see that you are not disturbed. Before I go, please tell me why you didn't let me know the truth when you found that picture in my room?"

"I had my idea," Melody replied vaguely, her eyes shining into his. "I shouldn't have given it away now—not until I had really made good—if it hadn't been for that woman winning the lawsuit. When I discovered what the trouble was, I had to tell, of course."

"I almost wish you hadn't!" Brainard exclaimed, starting for the door.

"Why?"

"I think you can tell why!"

And he was gone, leaving Melody with a thoughtful smile on her pretty face.

"I believe," she remarked after a time, as in rapid, unstarlike haste she divested herself of her clothes, "that I shall find a way of compelling him to keep the money—somehow or other!"

XXX

As he had promised, Brainard attended to the business affairs of the Melody estate. The lawyers easily obtained a stay of proceedings and a retrial. With the proof of Krutzmacht's real marriage to the mother of the young actress, the blackmailers' case dropped like a cracked egg, before it got to court. Their counsel, who had been "staking" them in their attempt, foresaw dangerous consequences and withdrew precipitately from the case. The last that Brainard heard of the two partners was that they were appearing again in their melodrama, revamped with a stirring court scene.

After the suit had been disposed of, Brainard amused himself by preparing an elaborate report of his trusteeship of the Melody estate, in which everything was accounted for, to the original items he had spent on his first journey. He also put his own affairs in order, in preparation for that day at the close of the theatrical season

when the young actress would deign to give her attention to business matters. She was too busy at present.

For the improbable had really happened. "Her Great Adventure" proved to be the one undoubted success of the past four seasons. That intelligent first-night audience had gone home and told its friends that they must not miss the new play at the queer theater in West Twelfth Street. They, in turn, had promptly told their friends, and the news had quickly become contagious. Instead of a two weeks' run, the house sold out until the end of June, and a road company was already being prepared to satisfy the curiosity of the provinces. Incredible fact! The People's Theater was making money, even with its low scale of prices.

At the close of the fourth week, when the new manager came to see Brainard in regard to the next season, Brainard smiled at him in amusement.

"I'm out of the theater business, Leaventritt. The place isn't mine any longer."

"I saw that you had won your suit."

"Yes, but the theater isn't mine."

"Sold out?" the manager asked, a disgusted look on his eager face.

"Not that, but I'm out of it, just the same. You'll have to see Miss White about another season. Perhaps she can help you out."

"And just when the blamed sucker had fallen into the mint, so to speak!" the manager complained to a subordinate. "So it's up to Miss Melody White, is it? Well, that lady's no sucker. I'll have to show her good cause!"

The next day, as Brainard was superintending the dismantling of his rooms, word was brought to him that Miss White had called and wished to speak to him.

"Sure it isn't Mr. Harrison that Miss White wishes to see?" he asked the servant, thinking of the new play which Harrison had begun for the actress.

"Sure it isn't!" a laughing voice answered from the hall, and Melody pushed her head through the doorway. "You're pulling out?" she asked in surprise, remarking the disheveled condition of the pleasant library. "Where to?"

"Don't know yet—just stripping for action," Brainard replied buoyantly. "You gather a lot of moss about you whenever

you plant yourself." He pointed to the books and pictures ranged along the walls, ready for the packing-cases. "And one sinks into the moss, too, so that it becomes hard to tear up," he said less cheerfully.

Melody sat down on a lounge, crossed her knees, and slowly pulled off her long gloves, as if she had come to stay.

"My!" Brainard remarked, looking attentively at her clothes, "how dressy the lady is getting to be!"

"Marks of my position," Melody replied, with elaborate indifference. "It makes Cissie's eyes water when the things come home. It's almost as good fun as telling her that I will try to save her a small part in the new play, or something in one of the road companies."

"Haven't you paid Cissie in full for all her airs? Or do you still get amusement out of teasing the poor thing?"

"One has to do something, you know," Melody sighed.

"The ennui of success has come so soon!" Brainard mocked. "You'll be taking to 'citis and lap-dogs. But I have something that may distract your starship's idle moments meanwhile, and give you something to think about."

He stepped into the inner room and returned with a typed manuscript.

"Another play?" Melody inquired in a languid tone. "Have you taken to writing plays, too?"

"Not exactly," Brainard replied, running over the sheets.

"Leaventritt came to see me yesterday," Melody remarked carelessly.

"I sent him."

"So he said."

"You want to be careful. There's a mercenary streak in his blood, and success is likely to bring it out; but he's intelligent and honest enough."

"You're still set on making an idiot of yourself about the money and things?"

"If you mean that I am still determined to render unto Melody the riches that are Melody's by rights, why, yes!"

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Any one of a number of things," Brainard replied cheerfully. While Melody negligently turned over the pages of his elaborate report, he continued, musingly: "It was just seven years ago this month when my play was turned down—the last one I ever wrote. I walked back up the avenue with the manuscript in my pocket,

feeling that the bottom of the world had dropped out. I was a forlorn, broken specimen. It was a day something like this, too." He glanced at the lowering April sky. "It is very different now. I'm not much richer than I was then, but I am a totally different being. In fact, I think now I could call myself a man!"

"I think so," Melody agreed, in a rather doleful voice.

"And a man can always face the world with a light heart, no matter how light his pockets happen to be."

Melody nodded sympathetically, and murmured: "The great adventure!"

"Yes! Life is the great adventure!"

After a long silence, Melody looked up into Brainard's face and stretched out her hands to him.

"Won't you take me—with you—on the great adventure?"

Brainard grasped her hands, and, leaning forward, tried to read the full purpose in the gray eyes.

"Melody!"

"Must I ask twice?" she said, blushing. "It's more than most women have the nerve to do once. You see, after you left that night, I guessed—and—"

As Brainard took her in his arms she threw back her head, and, holding him away, said:

"And you'll have to take the Melody mine along with Melody. I said I'd make you keep the old thing!"

XXXI

"AND what shall we do with the theater?" Brainard asked, in a lucid interval, early in June. "Shall we sell it to Einstein & Flukeheimer for vaudeville? Or shall we keep it for a certain American actress when she wearies of matrimony? Or shall we try to put new life into the great idea, and keep on giving the dear public what bores it, because it's good for the dear public?"

"I never thought much of your great idea," Melody confessed candidly. "The trouble with it is that it doesn't do any good to give people what they aren't willing to work for. You've got to earn your bread, so to speak, in order to digest it properly. The public's got to want good plays and good acting enough to pay the proper price for 'em. You can't get the people interested in an art they don't understand and don't want enough to work for.

Let 'em give themselves the best they can understand and like until they kick for better!"

"That even I have begun to comprehend, O Minerva and Melody combined! Still, there are exceptions to your philosophical principle—for example, yourself, goddess, and me, who digest with an excellent appetite our heaven-sent cake."

"Didn't you earn it—and me? As few men ever earned the love they take! And I reckon I earned you, too."

There followed an uncluid interval.

"But what, then," Brainard resumed, after the interval, "shall we do with one large, commodious theater-building; also one great idea with a hole punched in it, through which the gas has escaped?"

"I've been thinking of that problem, too. We might turn it into a cooperative company, and let the players own it and run it to suit themselves."

"Even into the ground?"

"Just that! But there are some good heads in the company, and it will give them all a chance. Besides, we can afford it, dear!"

"Yes, we can much better afford to give it away than to keep it running," Brainard admitted. "As your husband, I can't countenance all the follies I put on you as mere trustee!"

So the last night of the season, a warm June night, the players of the People's Theater got together at the close of the performance in the pleasant library, and Brainard and Melody made them two little speeches. First, Brainard explained to the company the plan of a cooperative stock company, in which all were to own shares,

with a board of directors, of which Leaven-tritt was to be chairman and Harrison secretary. Then Melody said:

"You heard the boss on the new plan. You're in great luck, let me tell you! And you will be awful chumps if you fight among yourselves, or otherwise don't make a go of it." Melody looked severely at Cissie Pyce, who was seated obscurely in the rear of the room. "Of course, you'll all think yourselves Coquelins and Sarahs. Well, you're not. Mind what the manager says. You've got the prettiest, nicest theater in the city, a fair company, and a good start with Mr. Harrison's new play. I sha'n't be with you next season. As you've doubtless heard, I've taken a new manager—for life—and we're going abroad on our first tour. So buck up! Don't fight! Good luck!"

And thus was formed the noble Company of Actors, with one Edgar Brainard as honorary president, and Mrs. Edgar Brainard, *née* Melody White, as honorary vice-president. All the company came to the wedding, and later trooped to the dock to see the couple depart for Europe.

A floral offering from the company—an elegant version of the great scene in Harrison's play, done in roses and carnations—filled their stateroom to the exclusion of much else. It was labeled, "Their Great Adventure."

"That's right," Melody said. "It's life, not art!"

"We've made a fair start, don't you think?" Brainard added.

Melody replied by raising her lips for the expected kiss.

THE END

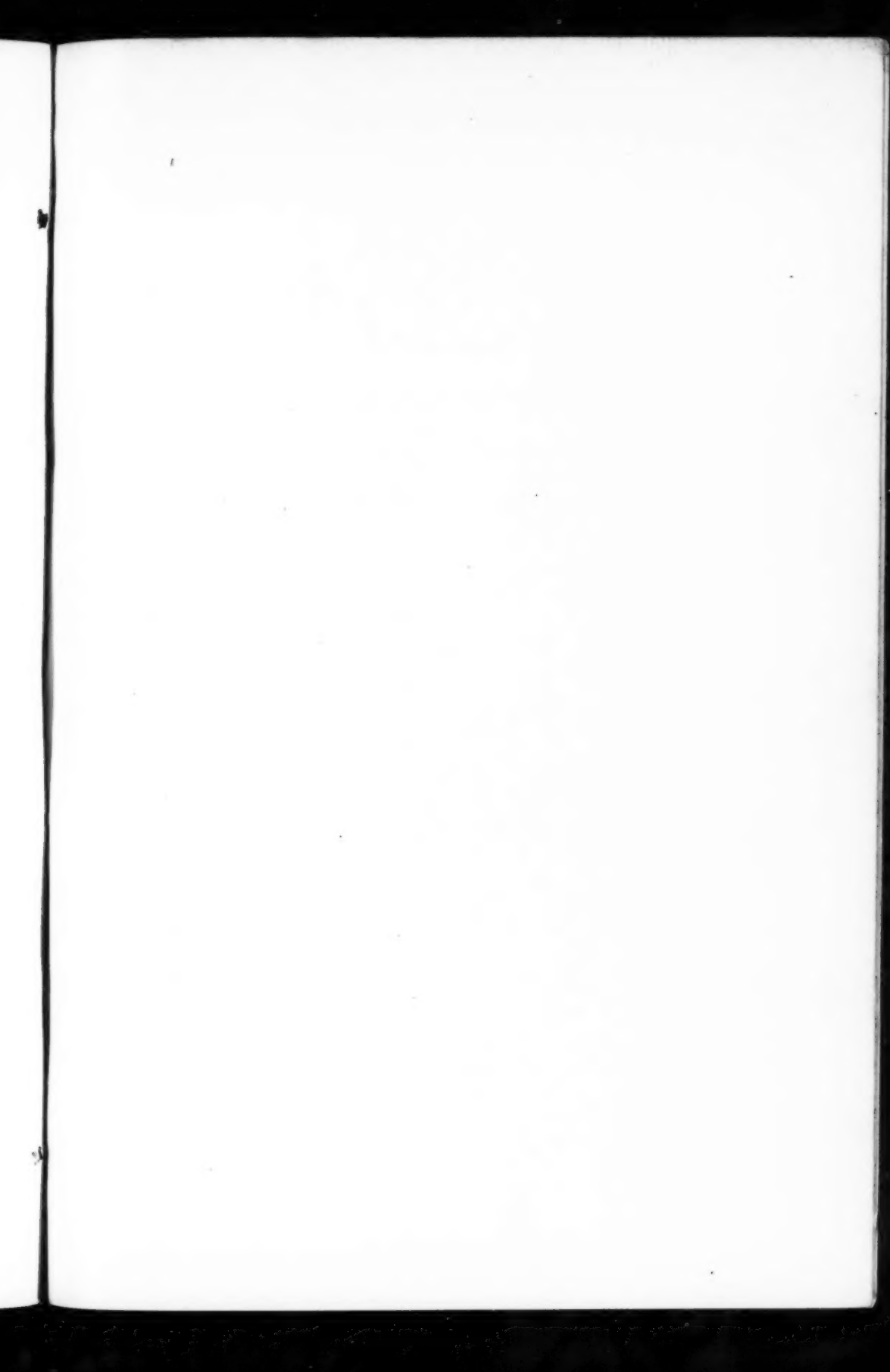
LOVE IN APRIL

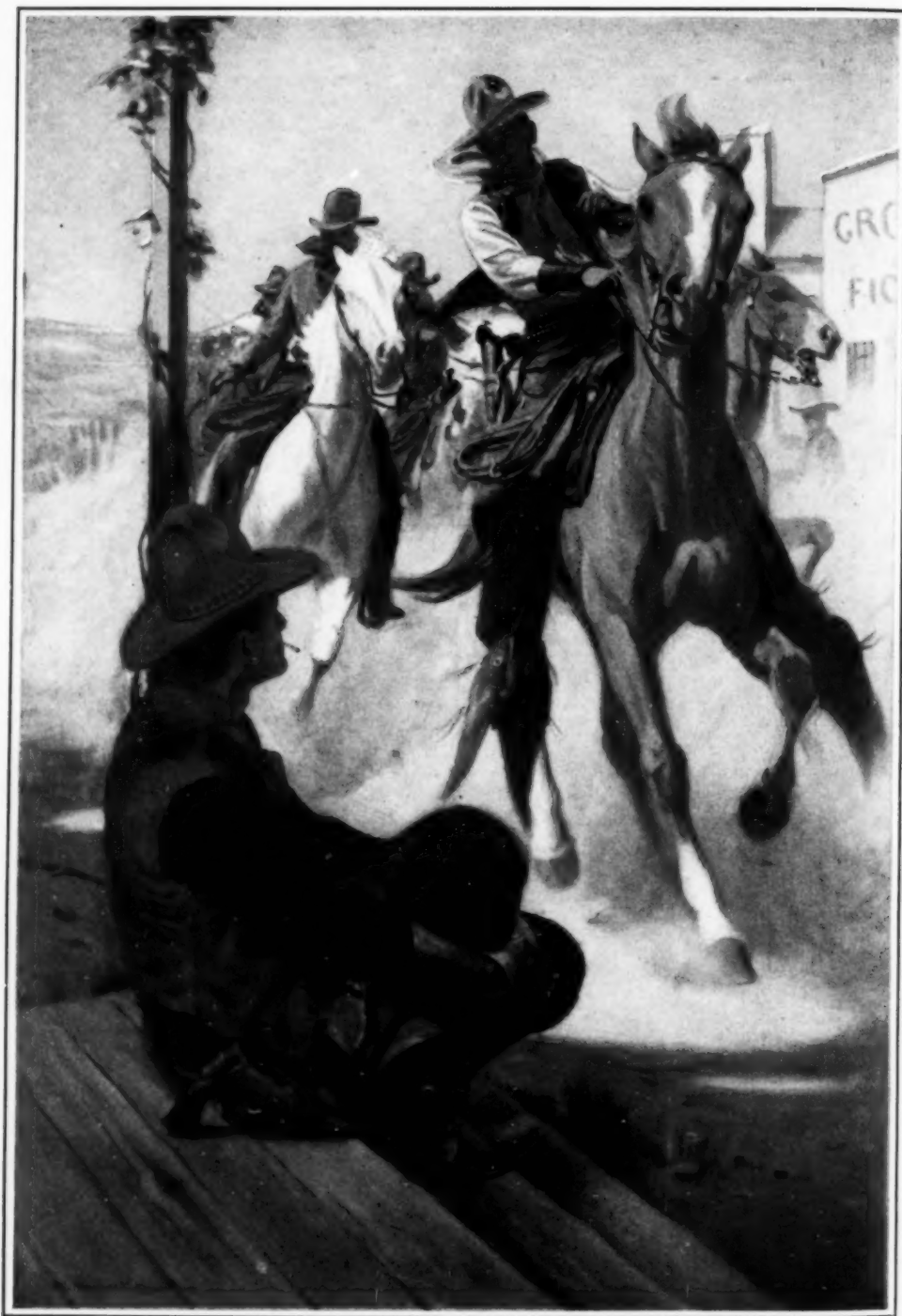
The incense of the jasmine fills
The valleys bright with dew,
And the blue hollows of the hills
Are dimpling into view.

The mocking-bird and thrush, elate,
Sing songs athrob with glee,
And each blithe warbler finds a mate
On verdant bush or tree.

Meadow and grove are ringed with light,
As mists of morning part;
The spring leaves stir, my love's in sight,
And April fills my heart!

William H. Hayne





THE CLATTER OF HOOFES STOPPED BEFORE THE DOOR

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

[See story, "The Light of Western Stars," page 222]